April 13, 1935

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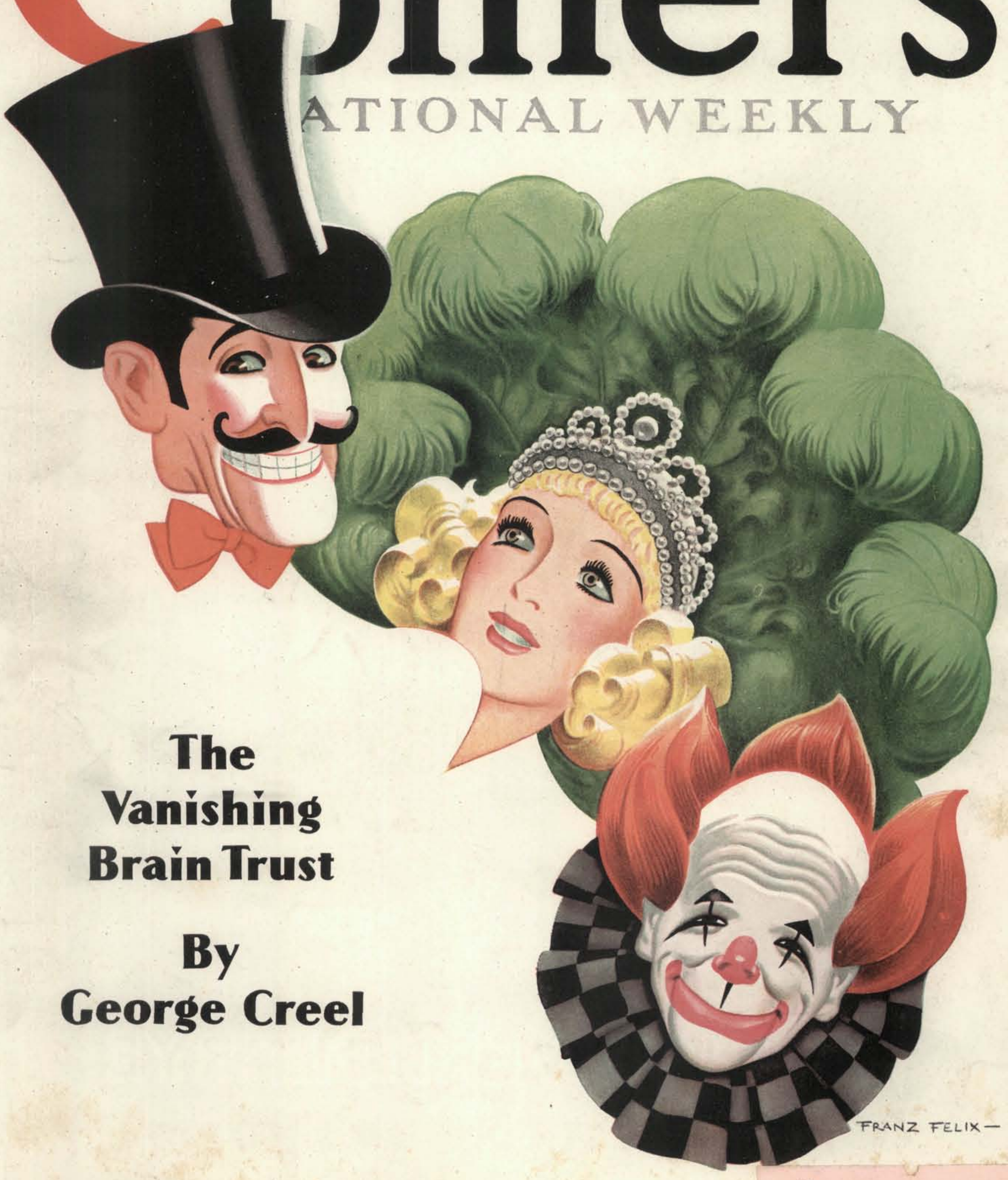
FRANZ FELIX—

The Vanishing Brain Trust

By
George Creel

MRS G R PETERSON
920 N WASHINGTON
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APRIL 13, 1935

Riddle for Today . . .

A red maraschino
A thick slice of orange
Piquant and juicy
A trim cut of pineapple
Lush as Hawaii
Sugar . . . bitters . . . ice
Then
A brimming silver jigger
Of Old Overholt rye . . .

Now what have you?

Don't all speak at once
The answer is correct
You have an Old Fashioned
Like nobody's business
Old fashioned in name
Old fashioned in flavor
And in rich grainy
Fruity heady
Heart-warming
Goodness

Old Overholt rye
Is aged 4 years
In Arkansas oak
Then bottled in bond
A grand, bland
100 proof
Straight rye
That has soothed
Grateful gullets
Since 1810.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
A. Overholt & Co. Inc.

OLD OVERHOLT RYE

BOTTLED IN BOND

NATIONAL DISTILLERS
THIS EMBLEM PROTECTS YOU

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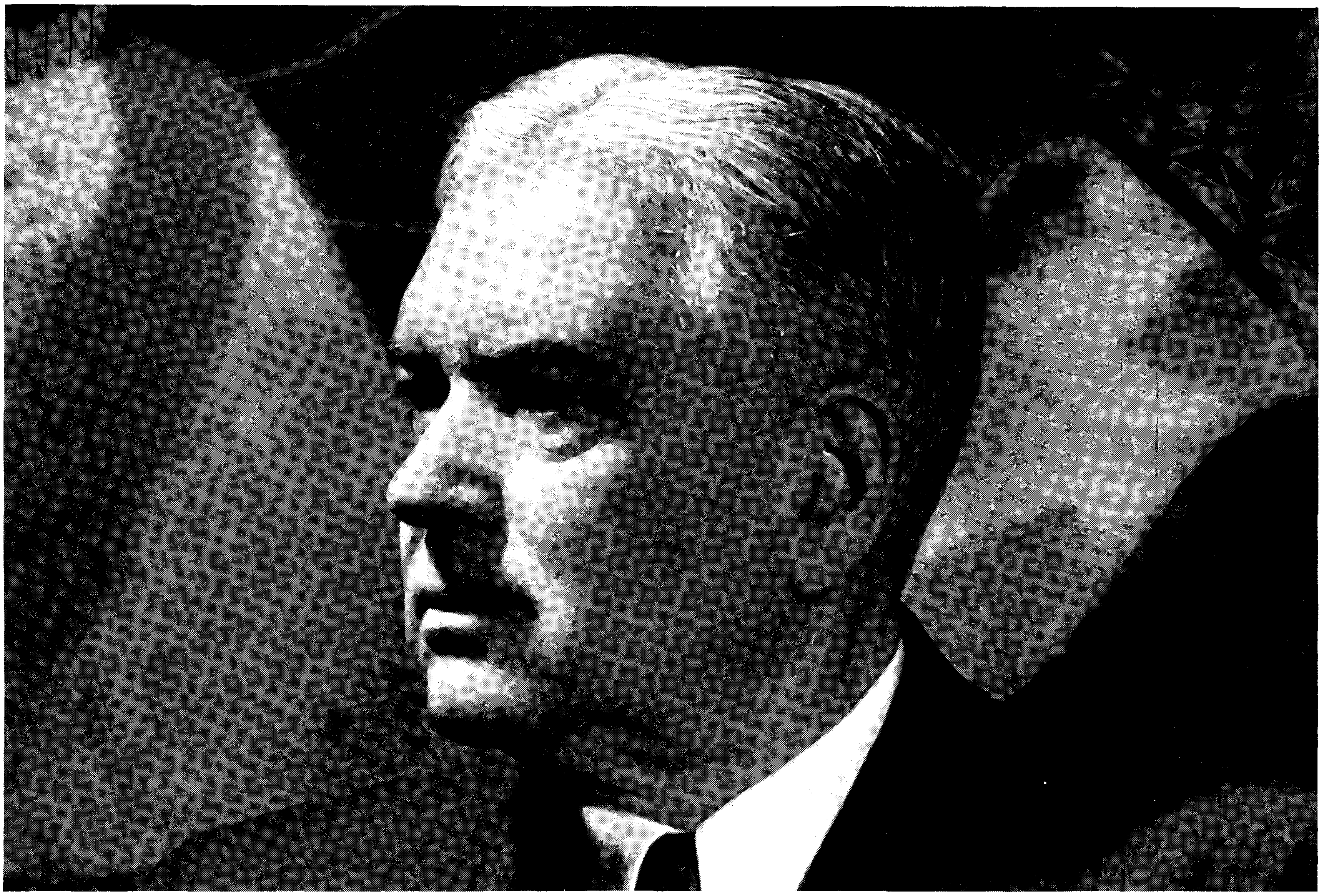

Brought Water to a Million Arid Acres but he's a DENTAL CRIPPLE just the same!

"Pink Tooth Brush" Began it

LONG AGO in his transit-carrying days, he ate the rough, coarse food of railroad mess cars and contractors' camps. But little by little in his climb to success, soft and well-cooked foods took the place of rough camp fare. His gums, robbed of vigorous work, grew tender... sensitive! Then he had his first warning—a tinge of "pink" on his tooth brush.

He ignored it—*absolutely.*

His intelligence should have warned him—his dentist's advice driven home his danger. Today he admits his fault—but today he's a Dental Cripple.

It's not a new story—it's happened before. You can't trifle with "pink tooth brush"! Don't leave yourself open to serious gum disorders—to gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea.

There's no mystery about "pink tooth brush." Our modern foods do not and cannot give our gums the work they need. Robbed of that work they grow sensitive and tender—and sooner or later that warning tinge of "pink" appears.

Play safe—get Ipana Tooth Paste today. And add gum massage with Ipana to your daily health routine.

Brush your teeth regularly with Ipana. And each time you brush your teeth, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it into your gums. Try this faithfully for a month. Your teeth will be far brighter, your gums much healthier—and you can forget about "pink tooth brush."

Professional Opinion says:

- *From a standard dental text:* "Refined foods are... soft, so as to require little or no mastication."
- *A well-known authority says:* "Bleeding of the gums always means trouble and should receive attention at once."
- *Excerpt from a professional treatise:* "It is important to brush the gums in order to keep them in a healthy condition."

IPANA
Tooth Paste

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO NEW YORK
S USED ALWA 'S REP

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

TOM CLINCH was field man for a firm of business analysts. That's a bad job for anyone in love. He told Bee that he was coming right back from New Orleans, but the firm ordered him on to Dallas and from there to Chicago. Bee had to wait and she wasn't very good at waiting. Tom wrote, of course, but he was very bad at writing.

When she found out that Tom's plane was going to stop in Cleveland, she went to the airport. She had fifteen minutes in which to settle the future of two lives. In "A Man of Achievement" Elmer Davis traces love's unsteady course.

WHEN the original of the Little Red Schoolhouse was opened in Dedham, Massachusetts, about 1645, the commotion in adjoining communities was intense. It was freely prophesied that this radical program of universal education was playing directly into the hands of Satan. There would be hell to pay. Since that time the Little Red Schoolhouse has become one of the foundations of the Republic and perhaps our best-loved institution. But now its days are numbered. In "Little Schoolhouse in the Red," Walter Davenport presents the facts.

"OUR friend Gahagan is a very truthful man and tells wanton and unnecessary lies." That's Mr. Pond speaking, of course, and right, as usual. But the story of Lord Crome's dinner was not a lie; it was a horrible fact, a sinister and haunted occasion on which black melodrama broke off only to yield place to tragedy. G. K. Chesterton is the author of this intense mystery, "The Ring of Lovers."

W. B. COURTNEY turns your attention to villainy of another sort—the constant and insidious attack of insects who are working on the theory that man is an interloper and usurper on this planet. "This Year's War" describes plans for counterattack, with portraits of the enemy by Ifor Thomas, Collier's staff photographer.

LONNIE CROYDEN was a dark-haired girl, with black eyes and a long throat and no time for anyone who wasn't a square shooter. It was pretty funny when she fell in love with a professional wrestler and then went to see him perform. But not so funny for Lonnie. "One Fall to a Finish" by Nancy Pope tells her story.

ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN, Kyle Crichton, James Gould Cozzens, Quentin Reynolds, Sax Rohmer and W. R. Burnett contribute stories and articles. An all-star cast, functioning smoothly.

This Week

April 13, 1935

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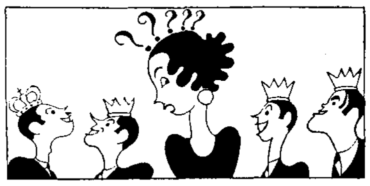
Any Week

PEOPLE who remember everything they read become pretty difficult at times. One of these is Mr. Ted Rigganer of Minneapolis, Minnesota. He recalls that a year or two ago we published a piece about the smoke nuisance. In it, we admit, was a great deal about the killing qualities of the black soot erupting from factory chimneys. "Listen," shouts Mr. Rigganer, "I will bet you would like to see a lot of fine black sooty smoke pouring from every factory chimney in the land."

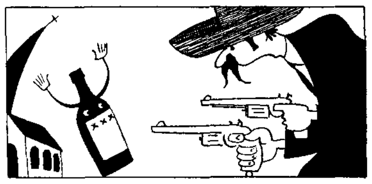
THE man's right. But we have several other things on our mind. For example, we ought to be doing something about the problem that has Miss Lillian Johnson of La Plata, Missouri, by the throat. Says she: "I see that there seems to be a great ingathering of converts to Huey Long's Share-the-Wealth doctrine. If Every Man is to be a King, just what will my status be? Will I be a queen, duchess or just a plain lady? I'd rather be a duchess, as I already have the white hair. But I'm in doubt as to an unmarried woman being able to qualify. Perhaps, after all, I'd better try to be just a lady."



WHICH will make some people as mad as Mr. D. C. Earnest of Edinburg, Texas, was some days ago, when, in a burst of patriotic fervor, he marched into a five-and-ten and bought himself a handful of American flags. A bit later, gloating over the beauty of his purchase, he received a cruel blow. "There on Old Glory," shouts Mr. Earnest, "was the legend 'Made in Japan.' Please stand back before I murder several innocent bystanders who may be waving the same flag made in the same place."

JUST how far Miss Holly McGill of Pasadena, California, is going to get with her latest project is not for us to say. But if you're in favor of "less plaintive wailing and hand-wringing accents by radio announcers" you might let her know. "Heaven knows," says Miss McGill, "I don't want professional cheerleaders screaming at me through my receiver, but my heart is being broken every night by the 'Oh, Won't You Please, Please, Please Buy a Peck of Schnozzle's Rubber Nose Protectors' pleaders. And I'm getting tired of crying. My receiving set is all rusted from the tears of these male contraltos."

LIFE is pretty difficult everywhere. Here, for example, is Mrs. Julia W. Hinchecomb of Kansas City, Missouri, wondering what on earth a body's to do. She had just finished George Creel's piece about Don Tomas Carrido Canabal of Tabasco, Mexico. "This man," sighs she, "is a devil, to defy God and destroy His churches. But, on the other hand, he hates the devil's strongest ally, strong drink. On one hand he is the enemy of mankind and on the other he is the enemy of mankind's greatest enemy. I have decided that Don Carrido must be a little bit touched in the mind. What do you think?"



MR. H. M. KEELING of Dallas, Texas, warns us that the time is very near when we'll have to choose between the Townsend Plan and "the jackass ideas of Huey P. Long. If," says he, "this country doesn't get the Townsend Plan it will get something worse."

WE THINK that a pretty good time was had by all in Alabama after its wet-dry referendum. Anyway, Mr. Joe Carlipp of Birmingham says he enjoyed it. "Boy, did we celebrate!" cries Mr. Carlipp. "For nine weeks my buddies and I were working night and day to keep the demon out of our holy state. The liquor interests gave us an awful fight but by golly we kept Ole Bama dry. When we knew the results we celebrated like Christians. I would have written before but I just came to. Whoopee!"

"YOU say," writes Mr. Robert S. Taber, "that our relief and the British dole are one and the same thing. Wrong. In England the dole is paid to Englishmen and only to Englishmen. My newspaper tells me that there are 4,000,000 aliens in this country illegally. If employed, they are keeping citizens out of work. If they are on relief, they are taking money from Americans. America will wake up some day."

AND Mr. Joseph C. Centuron of Flint, Michigan, wants to know whether we ever knew a "first-class rabble-rouser who was broke." Says he: "I'm flat but healthy. I have a swell voice and a lot of words I haven't any use for at present. How can a guy get into this rabble-rousing racket? Do I have to study anything?"

NO; that would be fatal.

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SO LITTLE . . . SO LOVABLE

and so dependent on you

WHAT excitement there was when she got her first tooth. And her second! And now there are seven. Already she is making brave attempts to say a word or two.

Much of your life is given over to keeping her well and happy. For she is so little and lovable—and so dependent on you.

During the day and through the darkness of night you have a feeling of safety and security because of the telephone. It is an ever-watchful guardian of your home—ready to serve you in the ordinary affairs of life and in time of emergency.

In office and store and factory and on the farm the telephone is an equally important part of every activity.

The telephone would not be what it is today if it were not for the nation-wide Bell System. Its unified plan of operation has developed telephone service to its present high efficiency and brought it within reach of people everywhere.

An extension telephone in your bedroom, sun room, kitchen or nursery will save many steps each day. It insures greater safety and privacy yet the monthly charge is small.

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Five steps to a more enjoyable life

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2. Ask for Sanka Coffee . . . brewed black as night, if you wish. Let your nose, even in a cynical mood, hover over the cup. Sniff. Sniff again . . . and revel in that pungent, fragrant aroma of the fine coffees that go into Sanka.

3. Now sip. Roll Sanka around on your tongue. Ah! What flavor! What downright goodness and satisfaction. All the promise of that fragrant aroma richly fulfilled. After all, there's no beverage that can take the place of good coffee.

4. Satisfaction? Sanka Coffee gives it to you in brimful measure. That glow of well-being that is the only satisfactory finale to a good meal. That at-peace-with-the-world feeling that envelops you body and soul.

5. Bed time. You tumble in and are asleep almost before your head dents the pillow. That's because this magnificent coffee whose flavor, fragrance, satisfaction thrilled you is 97% caffein free. You can drink it at any time and *sleep*.

ALL PURPOSE GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE
97% of the CAFFEIN REMOVED

TIP TO COFFEE-LOVERS—Make Sanka Coffee *strong*—the way fine coffee *should* be made. Serve it piping hot.

Its fragrant aroma will set your palate tingling with anticipation. A sip—another sip—and all your coffee-loving senses glow. You settle back to the absolute satisfaction that no beverage but really great coffee can bestow. Sanka Coffee is sold by grocers everywhere. It is a product of General Foods.

Sanka Coffee

REAL COFFEE • 97% CAFFEIN FREE
DRINK IT AND SLEEP

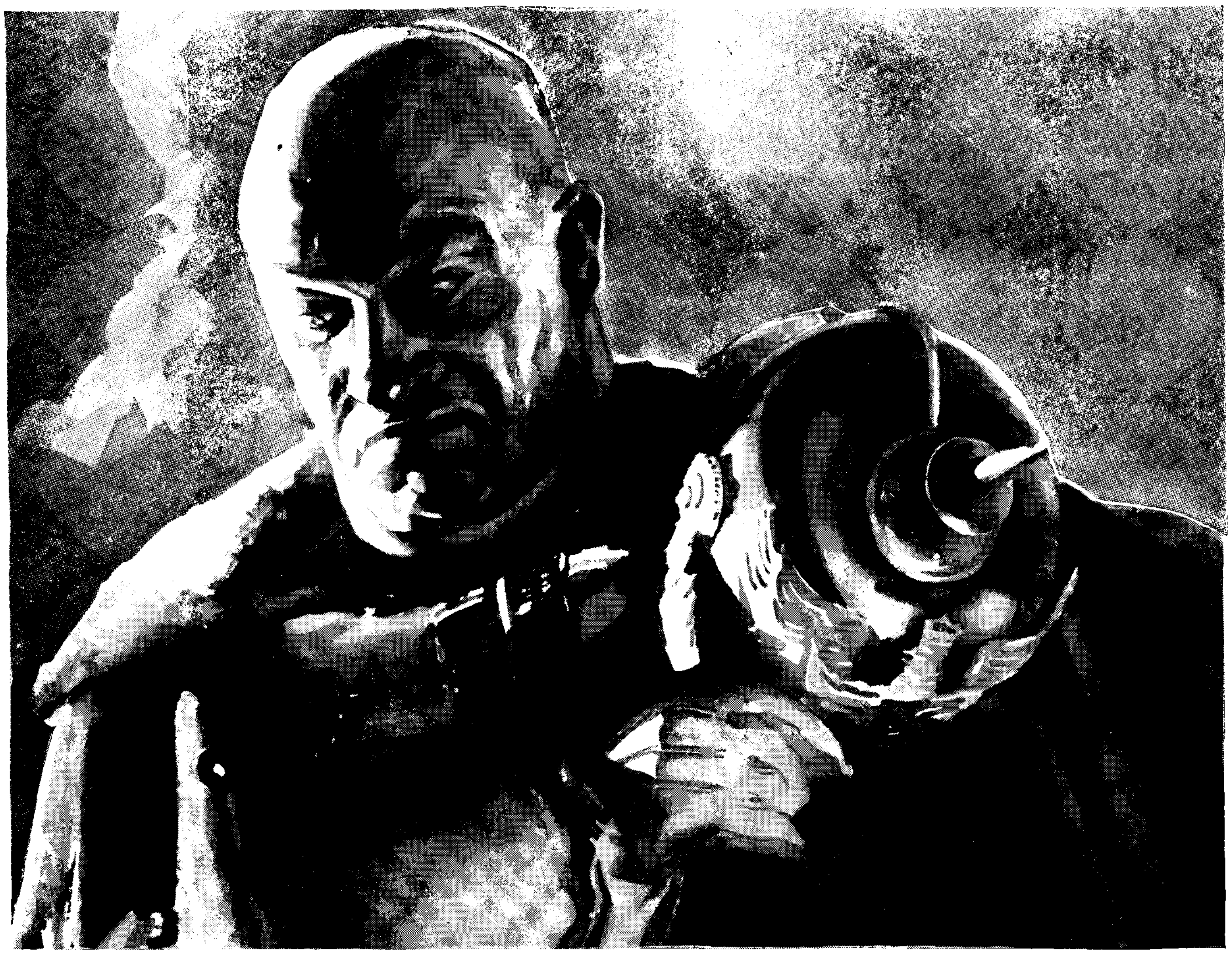
Collier's
The National Weekly for April 13, 1935

The Three Horsemen

By G. K. Chesterton

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

Concerning the sinister Marshal Von Grock and the man he sentenced to death — a memorable story by the world's most brilliant performer on the trapeze of surprise



Grock said no prayer, but in some dark way his mind was moved

THE curious and sometimes creepy effect which Mr. Pond produced upon me, despite his commonplace courtesy and dapper decorum, was possibly connected with some memories of childhood and the vague verbal association of his name. He was a government official who was an old friend of my father, and I fancy my infantile imagination had somehow mixed up the name of Mr. Pond with the pond in the garden.

When one came to think of it, he was curiously like the pond in the garden. He was so quiet at all normal times, so neat in shape and so shiny, so to speak, in his ordinary reflections of earth and sky and the common daylight. And yet I knew there were some queer things in the pond in the garden. Once in a hundred times, on one or two days during the whole year, the pond would look oddly different; or there would come a flitting shadow or a flash in its flat serenity, and a fish or a frog or some more grotesque creature would show itself to the sky. And I knew there were monsters in Mr. Pond also—monsters in his mind which rose only for a moment to the surface and sank again. They took the form of monstrous remarks, in the middle of all his mild and rational remarks. Some people thought he had suddenly gone mad in the midst of his sanest conversation. But even they had to admit that he must have suddenly gone sane again.

Perhaps again, this foolish fantasy was fixed in the youthful mind because, at certain moments, Mr. Pond looked rather like a fish himself. His manners were not only quite polite but quite conventional; his very gestures were conventional, with the exception of one occasional trick of plucking at his pointed beard, which seemed to come on him chiefly when he was at last forced to be serious about one of his strange and random statements. At such moments he would stare owlishly in front of him and pull his beard, which had a comic effect of pulling his mouth open, as if it were the mouth of a puppet with hairs for wires. This odd occasional opening and shutting of his mouth, without speech, had quite a startling similarity to the slow gaping and gulping of a fish. But it never lasted for more than a few seconds, during which, I suppose, he swallowed the unwelcome proposal of explaining what on earth he meant.

HE WAS talking quite quietly one day to Sir Hubert Wotton, the well-known diplomatist; they were seated under gayly striped tents or giant parasols in our own garden, and gazing towards the pond which I had perversely associated with him. They happened to be talking about a part of the world that both of them knew well, and very few people in Western Europe know at all—the vast flats fading into fens and swamps that stretch across Pomerania and Poland and Russia and the rest; right away, for all I know, into the Siberian deserts. And Mr. Pond recalled that across a region where the swamps are deepest and intersected by pools and sluggish rivers, there runs a single road raised on a high causeway, with steep and sloping sides; a straight path, safe enough for the ordinary pedestrian, but barely broad enough for two horsemen to ride abreast. That is the beginning of the story.

It concerned a time not so very long ago, but a time in which horsemen were still used much more than they are at present, though already rather less as fighters than as couriers. Suffice it to say that it was in one of the many wars that have laid waste that part of the world—in so far as it is possible to lay waste such a wilderness. Inevitably it involved the pressure of the Prussian system on the nation of the Poles, but beyond that it is not necessary to expound the politics of the matter, or discuss its rights and wrongs here. Let us merely say more lightly that Mr. Pond amused the company with a riddle. "I expect you remember hearing," said Pond, "of all the excitement there was about Paul Petrowski, the poet from Cracow, who did two things rather dangerous in those days: moving from Cracow and going to live in Poznań, and trying to combine being a poet with being a patriot. The town he was living in was held at the moment by the Prussians. It was situated exactly at the eastern end of the long causeway, the Prussian command having naturally taken care to hold the bridgehead of such a solitary bridge across such a sea of swamps. But their base for that particular operation was at the western end of the causeway. The celebrated Marshal Von Grock was in general command; and, as it happened, his own old regiment, which was still his favorite regiment, the White Hussars, was posted nearest to the beginning of the great embanked road.

"Of course everything was spick-and-span, down to every detail of the wonderful white uniforms, with the flame-colored baldrick slung across them; for this was just before the universal use of colors like mud and clay for all the uniforms in the world. I don't blame them for that; I sometimes feel the old epoch of heraldry was a finer thing than all that epoch of imitative coloring that came in with natural history and the worship of chameleons and beetles. Anyhow, this crack regiment of cavalry in the Prussian service still wore its own uniform; and, as you will see, that was another element in the fiasco. But it wasn't only the uniforms; it was the uniformity. The whole thing went wrong because the discipline was too good. Grock's soldiers obeyed him too well; so he simply couldn't do a thing he wanted."

"I SUPPOSE that's a paradox," said Wotton, heaving a sigh. "Of course it's very clever and all that; but really, it's all nonsense, isn't it? Oh, I know people say in a general way that there's too much discipline in the German army. But you can't have too much discipline in an army."

"But I don't say it in a general way," said Pond plaintively. "I say it in a particular way, about this particular case. Grock failed because his soldiers obeyed him. Of course, if *one* of his soldiers had obeyed him, it wouldn't have been so bad. But when *two* of his soldiers obeyed him—why, really, the poor old devil had no chance."

Wotton laughed in a guttural fashion. "I'm glad to hear your new military theory. You'd allow one soldier in a regiment to obey orders; but two soldiers obeying orders strikes you as carrying Prussian discipline a bit too far."

"I haven't got any military theory. I'm talking about a military fact," replied Mr. Pond placidly. "It is a military fact that Grock failed because two of his soldiers obeyed him. It is a military fact that he might have succeeded if one of them had disobeyed him. You can make up what theories you like about it afterwards."

"I don't go in much for theories, myself," said Wotton rather stiffly, as if he had been touched by a trivial insult.

AT THIS moment could be seen striding across the sun-checkered lawn the large and swaggering figure of Captain Gahagan, the highly incongruous friend and admirer of little Mr. Pond. He had a flaming flower in his buttonhole and a gray top hat slightly slanted upon his ginger-haired head; and he walked with a swagger that seemed to come out of an older period of dandies and duellists, though he himself was comparatively young. So long as his tall, broad-shouldered figure was merely framed against the sunlight, he looked like the embodiment of all arrogance. When he came and sat down, with the sun on his face, there was a sudden contradiction of all this in his very soft brown eyes, which looked sad and even a little anxious.

Mr. Pond, interrupting his monologue, was almost in a twitter of apologies.

"I'm afraid I'm talking too much, as usual; the truth is I was talking about that poet Petrowski, who was nearly executed in Poznań—quite a long time ago. The military authorities on the spot hesitated and were going to let him go, unless they had direct orders from Marshal Von Grock or higher. But Marshal Von Grock was quite determined on the poet's death, and sent orders for his execution that very evening. A reprieve was sent afterwards to save him; but as the man carrying the reprieve died on the way, the prisoner was released after all."

"But as—" repeated Wotton mechanically.

"The man carrying the *reprieve*," added Gahagan somewhat sarcastically.

"Died on the way," muttered Wotton.

"Why, then of course the prisoner was released," observed Gahagan in a loud and cheerful voice. "All as clear as clear can be. Tell us another of those stories, Grandpapa."

"It's a perfectly true story," protested Pond, "and it happened exactly as I say. It isn't any paradox or anything like that. Only, of course, you have to know the story to see how simple it is."

"Yes," agreed Gahagan. "I think I should have to know the story, before realizing how simple it is."

"Better tell us the story and have done with it," said Wotton shortly.

The talk had begun upon Steel Helmets and Storm Troops and the Hitler Revolution, or at least one element in that revolution.

"It's only one yellow patch of Prussia, really; but the patch spreads," said Mr. Pond. "You think it odd there should be all that anarchy about discipline. But all that discipline is anarchy. A servile fear is its only faith; and it's as disobedient as a slave."

"Here, stop a minute," said Wotton, frowning; "you go rather too fast for me." And so, by way of explanation, Mr. Pond told him the story of Petrowski.

Paul Petrowski was one of those utterly unpractical men who are of prodigious importance in practical politics. His power lay in the fact that he was a national poet but an international singer. That is, he happened to have a very fine and powerful voice, with which he sang his own patriotic songs in half the concert halls of the world.

At home, of course, he was a torch and trumpet of revolutionary hopes, especially now, in the sort of international crisis in which practical politicians disappear and their places are taken by men either more or less practical than themselves. For the true idealist and the real realist have at least the love of action in common. And the practical politician thrives by offering practical objections to any action. What the idealist does may be unworkable, and what the man of action does may be unscrupulous; but in neither trade can a man win a reputation by doing nothing. It is odd that these two extreme types stood at the two extreme ends of that one ridge and road among the marshes: the Polish poet a prisoner in the town at one end, the Prussian soldier a commander in the camp at the other.

For Marshal Von Grock was a true Prussian, not only entirely practical but entirely prosaic. He had never read a line of poetry himself; but he was no fool. He had the sense of reality which belongs to soldiers; and it prevented him from falling into the asinine errors of the practical politician. He did not scoff at visions; he only hated them. He knew that a poet or a prophet could be as dangerous as an army. And he was resolved that the poet should die. It was his one compliment to poetry; and it was sincere.

He was at the moment sitting at a table in his tent; the spiked helmet that he always wore in public was lying in front of him; and his massive head looked quite bald though it was only closely shaven. His whole face was also shaven and had no covering but a pair of very strong spectacles, which alone gave an enigmatic look to his heavy and sagging visage. He turned to a lieutenant standing by—a German of the pale-haired and rather pudding-faced variety, whose blue saucer eyes were staring vacantly.

"Lieutenant Von Hocheimer," he said, "did you say His Highness would reach the camp tonight?"

"7:45, Marshal," replied the lieutenant, who seemed rather reluctant to speak at all, like a large animal learning a new trick of talking.

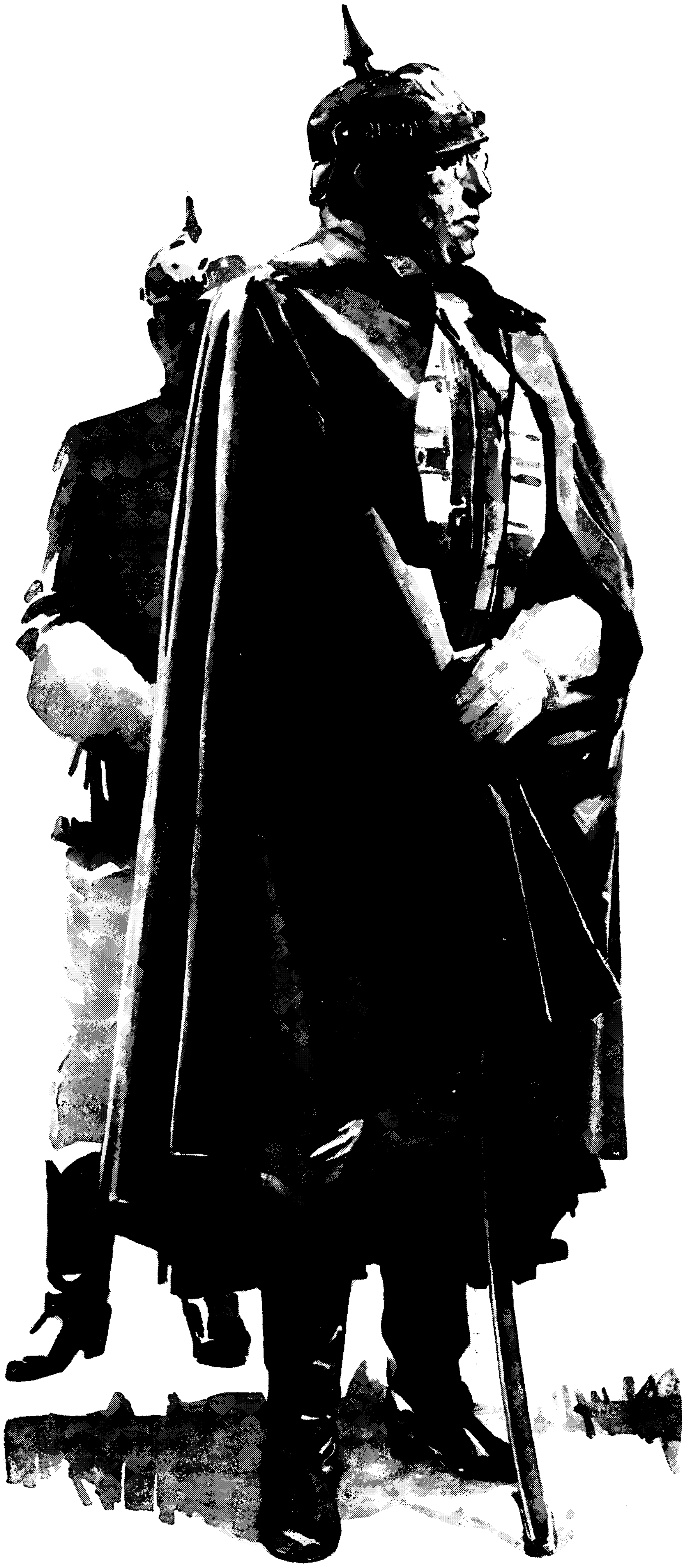
"THEN there is just time," said Grock, "to send you with that order for execution before he arrives. We must serve His Highness in every way; but especially in saving him needless trouble. He will be occupied enough reviewing the troops; see that everything is placed at His Highness' disposal. He will be leaving again for the next outpost in an hour."

The large lieutenant seemed partially to come to life and made a shadowy salute.

"Of course, Marshal. We must all obey His Highness."

"I said we must all serve His Highness," said the Marshal.

With a sharper movement than usual he unhooked his heavy spectacles and rapped them down upon the table. If



the pale blue eyes of the lieutenant could have seen anything of the sort, or if they could have opened any wider even if they had, they might as well have opened wide enough at the transformation made by the gesture. It was like the removal of an iron mask. An instant before, Marshal Von Grock had looked uncommonly like a rhinoceros, with his heavy folds of leathery cheek and jaw. Now he was a new kind of monster—a rhinoceros with the eyes of an eagle. The bleak blaze of his old eyes would have told almost anybody that he had something within that was not merely heavy. At least that there was a part of him made of steel and not only of iron. For all men live by a spirit, though it were an evil spirit, or one so strange to the commonalty of Christian men that they hardly know if it be good or evil.

"I said we must all serve His Highness," repeated Grock. "I will speak more plainly, and say we must all save His Highness. Is it not enough for our kings that they should be our gods? Is it not enough for them to be served and saved? It is we who must do the serving and saving."

Marshal Von Grock seldom talked, or even thought, as more theoretical people would count thinking. And it will generally be found that men of his type, when they do happen to think aloud, very much prefer to talk to the dog. They have even a certain patronizing relish in using long words and elaborate arguments before the dog. It would be unjust to compare Lieutenant Von Hocheimer to a dog. It would be unjust to the dog, who is a much more sensitive and vigilant creature. It would be truer to say that Grock, in one of his rare moments of reflection, had the comfort and safety of feeling that he was reflecting aloud in the presence of a cow or a cabbage.

"AGAIN and again, in the history of our royal house, the servant has saved the master," went on Grock, "and often got little but kicks for it, from the outer world at least, which always whines sentimentalism against the successful and the strong. But at least we were successful and we were strong. They cursed Bismarck for deceiving even his own master over the Ems telegram; but it made that master the master of the world. Paris was taken; Austria dethroned; and we were safe. Tonight Paul Petrowski will be dead and we shall again be safe. That is why I am sending you with his death warrant at once. You understand that you are bearing the order for Petrowski's instant execution and that you must remain to see it obeyed?"

The inarticulate Hocheimer saluted; he could understand that all right. And he had some qualities of a dog after all: he was as brave as a bulldog, and he could be faithful to the death.

"You must mount and ride at once," went on Grock, "and see that nothing delays or thwarts you. I know for a fact that fool Arnheim is going to release Petrowski tonight, if no message comes. Make all speed."

And the lieutenant again saluted and went out into the night; and mounting one of the superb white chargers that were part of the splendor of that splendid corps, began to ride along the high, narrow road along the ridge, almost like the top of a wall, which overlooked the dark horizon, the dim patterns and decaying colors of those mighty marshes.

Almost as the last echoes of his horse's hoofs died away along the causeway, Von Grock rose and put on his helmet and his spectacles and came to the door of his tent; but for another reason. The chief men of his staff, in full dress, were already approaching him; and all along the more distant lines there were the sounds of ritual salutation and the shouting of orders. His Highness the Prince had come.

His Highness the Prince was something of a contrast, at least in externals, to the men around him; and even in other things something of an exception in his world. He also wore a spiked helmet, but that of another regiment, black with glints of blue steel; and there was something half incongruous and half imaginatively appropriate, in some antiquated way, in the combination of that helmet with the long, dark, flowing beard, amid all those shaven Prussians. As if in keeping with the long, dark, flowing beard, he wore a long, dark, flowing cloak, blue with one blazing star on it of the highest royal order; and under the blue cloak he wore a black uniform. Though as German as any man, he was a very different kind of German; and something in his proud but abstracted face was consonant with the legend that the one true passion of his life was music.

IN TRUTH, the grumbling Grock was inclined to connect with that remote eccentricity the, to him, highly irritating and exasperating fact that the Prince did not immediately proceed to the proper review and reception by the troops, already drawn out in all the labyrinthine parade of the military etiquette of their nation. But he plunged at once impatiently into the subject which Grock most desired to see left alone—the subject of this infernal Pole, his popularity and his peril; for the Prince had heard some of the man's songs sung in half the opera houses of Europe.

"To talk of executing a man like that is madness," said the Prince, scowling. "He is not a common Pole. He is a European institution. He would be deplored and deified by our Allies, by our friends, even by our fellow Germans. Do you want to be the mad women who murdered Orpheus?"

"Highness," said the Marshal, "he would be deplored; but he would be dead. He would be deified; but he would be dead. Whatever he means to do, he would never do it. Whatever he is doing he would do no more. Death is the fact of all facts; and I am rather fond of facts."

"Do you know nothing of the world?" demanded the Prince.

"I care nothing for the world," answered Grock, "beyond the last black and white post of the Fatherland."

"God in heaven," cried His Highness. "You would have hanged Goethe for a quarrel with Weimar."

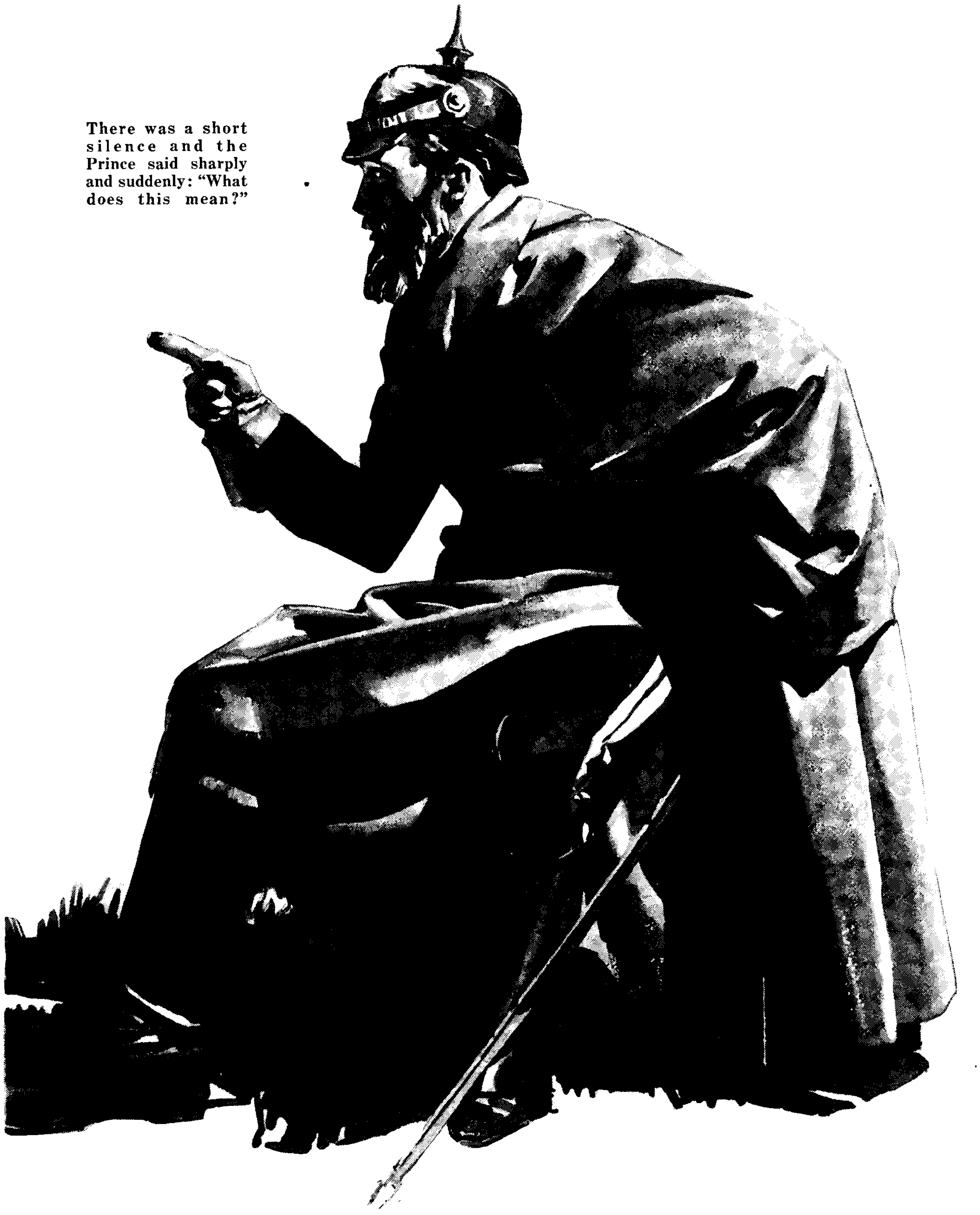
"For the safety of your royal house," answered Grock, "without one instant's hesitation."

THERE was a short silence and the Prince said sharply and suddenly: "What does this mean?"

"It means that I had not an instant's hesitation," replied the Marshal steadily. "I have already myself sent orders for the execution of Petrowski."

The Prince rose like a great dark eagle, the swirl of his cloak like the sweep of mighty wings; and all men knew that a wrath beyond mere speech

(Continued on page 48)



There was a short silence and the Prince said sharply and suddenly: "What does this mean?"

Destroying Angel

By Roland Pertwee

The story of one slight woman, and what she did to three strong men. Could this happen to you? Certainly not

FRERE BENSLEY accounted the friendship of Peter Kelland and Harry Doone among his most valued possessions, which otherwise included some pipes, guns and rods and books, an armchair, which no one but himself understood, and a very old shooting jacket.

He also had his work, which was the sorry business of writing. He wrote when he felt like it, sometimes by night, sometimes by day and sometimes not at all. And his work was good. His book "Heron" had as many subtleties as the colors in a pigeon's breast. His book "Fox" was sly and bold and red. Being a shy man he did not discuss his work, but just did it.

His friend Peter was a painter of wild fowl, and also a sportsman. He was quite indifferent whether he shot or painted the wild fowl. In both performances he was accurate. His brushwork was as tight as the breech of a twelve-bore. He knew little about art and made a living at it.

Harry Doone was just a good-natured ass, who played golf surprisingly well and was nice to have around. Harry was like a well-grown tree. And like a tree he had nothing to say.

The world was going well for this happy and inarticulate trio until, by a freak of public favor, a book of Frere's was a best seller.

Frere found his new importance a little shattering. He was summoned to Town to be feted, interviewed and to behave like a real writer.

His publisher gave a party in his honor. Prominent authors were present and wished they were not. Lady novelists asked him embarrassing questions about his "stream of consciousness" which he was unable to answer. Frere retired into a corner and looked and felt miserable.

HE WAS thus engaged when he attracted the notice of Gloria Lane, who was the loveliest woman in the room, a student of psychology and a stimulating influence. She was also the daughter of Frere's publisher, Barrington Lane, who was wondering when she was going to get married.

A similar wonder stirred in the mind of Gloria as she looked at Frere. All her life she had been used to meeting writers. She knew them as creatures both fine and delicate—as wits, as epigrammatists, as towering reformers. And in all these meetings she had acted as a kind of artificial fertilizer, drawing from their souls and intellects the best that was in them.

For such was her mission. To impel. To inspire. To lead forth. It was a call.

She had never felt the call more urgently than at the sight of Frere Bensley. He was like a man with all his doors and windows shut. Nobody could ever have thrown him a hand and cried, "Come out of that and look at the view."

Unaware of his identity she sought her father for an introduction.

"Bensley? He's the fellow the party is all about. That new book of his is selling five hundred copies a day. He's got a big future if it's handled properly."

To do her justice, Gloria had little interest in the cash side of a transaction. All she craved was a subject to work on. She said:

"Take me along."

He took her along. Gloria led Frere away from the crush. He was quite willing to follow. She said:

"I won't bore you by saying how much I loved your book, but I do wish you'd tell me about how you came to write it."

He looked unhappy.

"I dunno. I just messed about with the idea until it came."

He was not very informative. She said:

"Arnold Bennett once told me that he used to get up at six every morning and walk and work things out in his brain until breakfast. Then he wrote three thousand words between nine and one o'clock. I am sure that a good system is tremendously important."

Frere said:

"Often get up at three myself."

"And work?"

"No. I go flighting for duck with old Peter."

IT WAS a bit of a setback.

"Do you? And where is that?"

"Charazion Marsh, where I live."

She might have known it. Of course he lived on a marsh, haunted by the cry of the curlew and beset by humid vapors.

"A marsh can be very beautiful," she said.

"I know it. Mine is."

He flirted with, but dismissed the idea of describing a Charazion dawn, mirrored in flashes of water between mud banks and beds of reed. It was more seemly not to mention these things.

She asked if he often came to London.

"Not more than I can help."

"Perhaps you don't like meeting people? You struck me at once as a lonely sort of person."

"No fear. Got plenty of friends. Got two, anyway. That's plenty for any man."

Gloria's eyes flashed like a rapier.

"Don't be so dreadfully smug."

"Was I? Sorry. Can't we get out of this and find some place to dance?"

Gloria had not expected so rapid a development.

"It would be rather rude to the rest of the guests."

"Don't imagine they'd notice we'd gone."

She drew herself up and presented a view of her lovely profile.

"They might notice that *I* had gone."

"Yes," he admitted, "I expect they would. We'll call it off then."

Gloria said:

"It takes more than one person to form a resolution. Wait for me in the hall. I'll be about three minutes."

IN a rush-lined pit, with the tide creeping over the marsh and the whiffle of as yet invisible wings above them, Frere told Peter that he was going to be married.

"But it won't make any difference. Things'll go on just the same."

In a sorrowful voice Peter quoted:

" '*Never the lotus closes, never the wild*
fowl wake,
But a soul goes out on the West Wind
that died for England's sake.' "

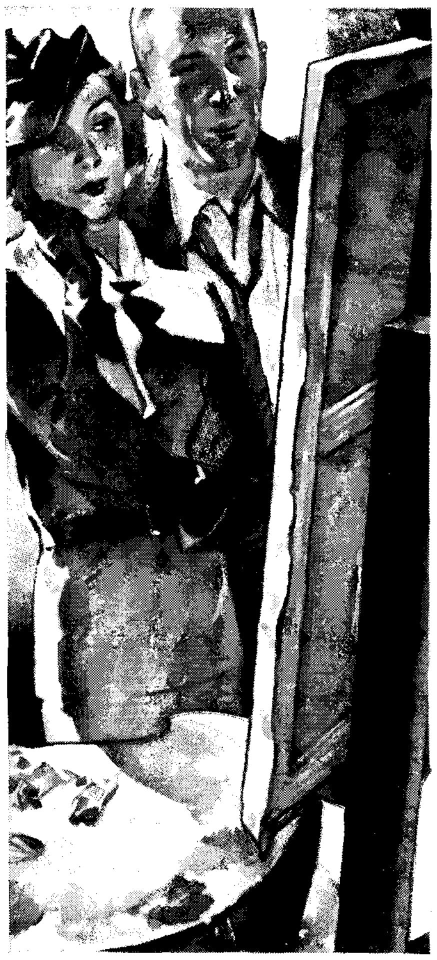
"What's that got to do with it?"

"Nothing. Tss! Over and to the left!"

Came a whistling rustle. A wedge of dark shapes showed indistinctly against the graying sky. The gun spoke. There were two thuds and a splash.

The sun reared itself out of the sea, scarlet and glorious.

THEY went to Paris for their honeymoon and were in time for the last of the November fogs. They found true love for each other in the fog, than which there is no better medium for the banishment of shyness.



She perceived instantly that his methods were out of date

At the hotel, Frere told Gloria that he was supremely happy; for he had divined that whereas men take such matters for granted women like to have them presented in word as well as in deed.

It was Gloria who put a closure on the honeymoon. She told him it was time he got back into harness. Hitherto he had not regarded work as harness and he rebelled, weakly.

"Matter of fact, I've been doing quite a lot over here."

"What are you talking about?"

"That *is* how I work. Let an idea simmer while I'm doing other things."

"Oh!" said Gloria, and was affronted that his mind had been capable of detaching itself from the transports of their honeymoon. It was impossible to say when he might have been thinking of something else.

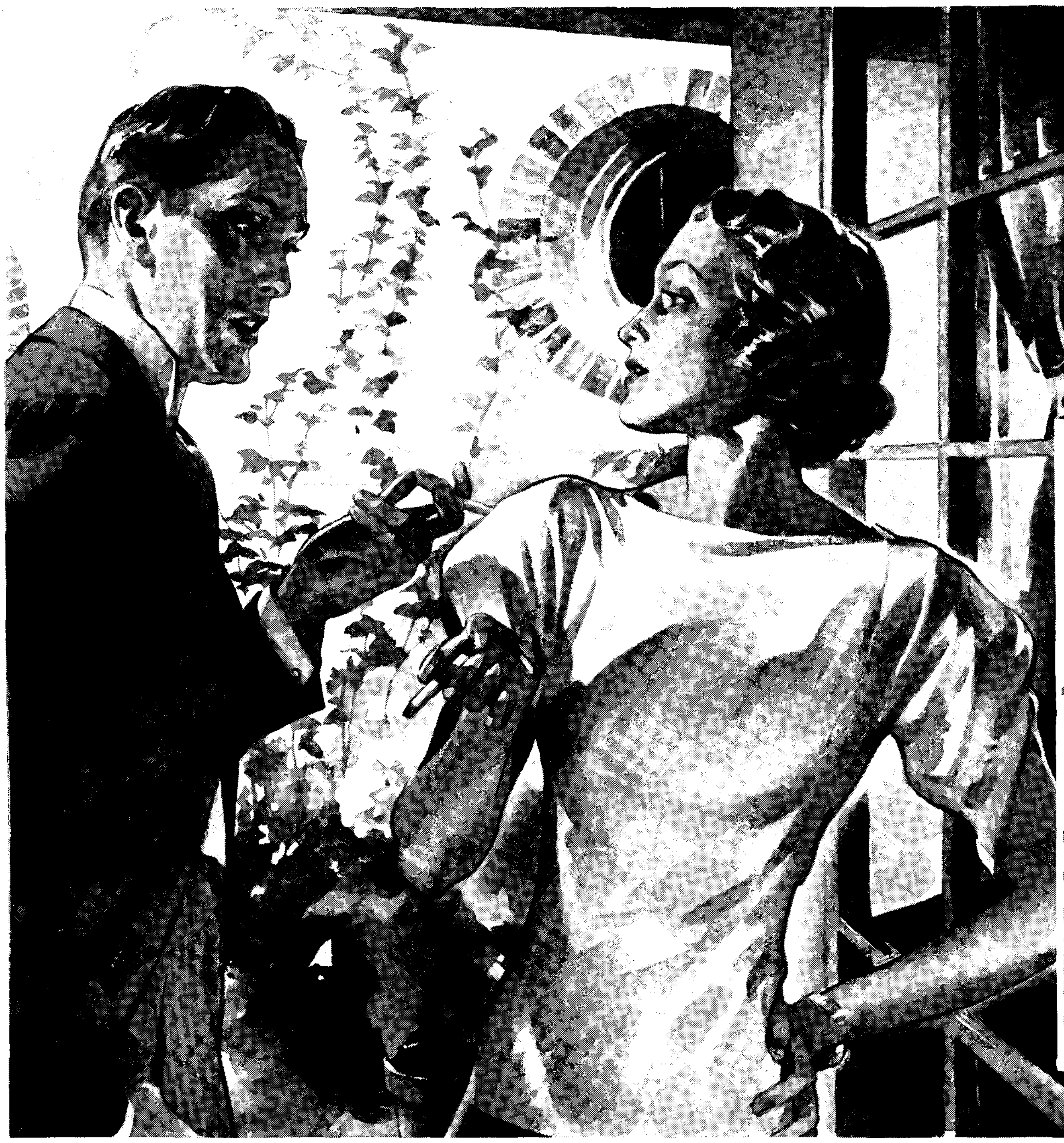
"Some of my best notions have cropped up on the links with Harry, or shooting with Peter."

"Isn't it rather a slack way of doing things?" she asked. "I remember John Drinkwater saying to me . . ."

"Yes, I dare say, but you can't alter the way you're made."

Gloria was not so sure. Few wives are. To alter husbands is their natural vocation. Marriage consists of breaking down one set of habits and substituting another. Sometimes the practice is carried to excess, and a wife will abolish those very traits in a man that persuaded her to accept him. Sometimes, when this is done, she does not like him any more.

"I expect you will find, now the house



Gloria said: "It takes more than one person to form a resolution"

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

has been done over and you have a nice study and someone to look after your comforts, that you won't want to be running off to the links and the marshes in search of ideas."

Frere did not express an opinion. For she might be right.

THEY went home the next day.

Bitten by frost and lit by the afterglow of the fallen sun, the marsh was a paradise in crystal, opal and moonstone.

"Now," said Gloria, "I wonder what you are going to think of the house!"

He, too, was wondering, for the redecoration and refurnishing had been left entirely in her hands. It was to be a surprise. It was a surprise, for only the shapes of the rooms had survived. All else had been swept away. The house was no longer a shabby and trustworthy friend. It was a fashionably dressed stranger.

"Well?" said Gloria.

He hesitated.

"Wouldn't have known it was the same place. You've done wonders."

"You see, things *can* be changed," said she triumphantly.

Frere retreated to the garden to knock out his pipe. Beside a pile of builder's litter, lay his old shooting jacket. Its day was over. As he turned away he rolled his shoulders in the new tweed coat he was wearing. It was a better garment, even though it supported him more rigidly.

The garden gate clanged and, black against the ribbon of twilight, loomed the figures of Harry and Peter. In the hallway they punched and thumped him, because they were embarrassed.

"Some changes!" said Harry.

Frere nodded, sheepishly. His eyes focussed on their muddy shooting boots.

"Rather! New doormat and everything!"

But they were too used to invading Frere's place in any old shape to catch the hint. They wanted to meet the bride. The reconditioned lounge brought them to their senses and sent them scuttling back to the doormat. When they reappeared Peter was using his fingers as a comb and Harry was looking like a boy on his arrival at a public school.

Then Gloria came down the stairs and flowed towards them. They thought she was stunning and so she was. She told Frere to ring for cocktails. In that house he had never rung before; he had shouted.

"Are there any?" he asked.

"Of course. How can you be so stupid?"

How could he? Perhaps because he no longer knew anything about the place. He rang. The smart parlormaid was a fresh source of amazement. She was the sort of girl who would never have stood for his old coat.

THE cocktails induced a great deal of animation. Harry Doone forgot about golf and recited the names of extinct Paris restaurants, expressing wonder that they had not visited them. Peter ventilated hitherto unrevealed views on art and dragged in the names of Picasso and Matisse. In that character Frere found it impossible to recognize either of his guests as a friend.

Gloria said that she would have loved to have them stop to dinner, but it would be too disorganizing for the maids on their first night home. Hitherto there had been no maids, but only a housekeeper, who was never disorganized. Her work was now to be done by three, and panic is more likely to assail a crowd than an individual. Frere let his friends go.

They were happy enough. Gloria had captivated them. They made their farewells with a terrific swagger. Harry's first sign of normality was at the door:

"I'm counting on you as a partner in the medal round tomorrow."

Peter chipped in with:

"I'll give you a whistle about six-thirty. We might bag a few teal before sun-up."

It was Gloria who dealt with the invitations.

"Let's not make plans for tomorrow. There are a thousand and one things Frere will be wanting to do."

From the dining-room came the silvery chime of a dinner gong. It tolled Peter and Harry off the premises.

Gloria put a hand in one of Frere's.

"Our first dinner together in our own home."

Men are unsatisfactory creatures. Throughout a meal cooked and served most distinctively, Frere's thoughts were solely occupied in mourning for his coat and thinking about Peter and Harry going supperless through the dark. He wondered, also, if it were true that he would neither shoot nor play golf on the morrow; and, if true, how Gloria had known that he would not be doing these things, when he had believed that he would.

GLORIA was well aware of what was passing through his mind. He had enjoyed a lot of freedom in the past and it was natural that he would jib at restraint, until he realized that it was good for him to be managed.

She said: "I like your friends. I liked them both. I hope we shall see them quite often."

Frere smoldered in silence, then flared up.

"They weren't at their best tonight. Talking all that tripe. Don't blame you for not talking to 'em."

"Frere!"

She contrived to stab his heart with his own name.

"That was rotten of me. Don't know why I said it. Haven't got my bearings yet. Sorry, old thing! We'll get on fine together."

It was then that Gloria took an appalling risk with their whole future.

"I don't want to interfere—ever. It's your happiness I want. Even if I'm left out of things, don't hesitate!"

That pulled him into the net. He put his arms round her. He might have been defending her against an army, whereas, actually, she had defended herself.

"I can see myself wanting to!" he declared, and meant it.

Tremendous fun having all those emotions surging about the place.

(Continued on page 75)

The Vanishing Brain Trust

Where, oh, where are the gay young brain trusters? Safe now in their own back yards. Rexford Guy Tugwell lingers wanly on, but his dashing colleagues have retired. Washington is looking for administrators now

By George Creel

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S famous Brain Trust has been dissolved. Not by any court decree, to be sure, but just as completely and finally. Already it occupies small place in the public consciousness, and another month or two will find it remembered only by those toothless old gaffers who keep the radiators warm in Washington's bureaus and departments. A change, indeed, for it was scarce more than a year ago that each Brain Truster was a Moses in his own right, a Daniel come to judgment. The nation looked to them for guidance, and as they raced here and there, often in all directions at once, it was a poor editor who did not regard their activities as first-page news.

Consider the case of Professor Raymond Moley, First Brain Cell during the Pennant and Sweatshirt period of the New Deal. He sat at the President's right hand, and whether it was finance, industry, the tariff, transportation or which fork to use, no decision was reached until his opinion had been delivered. The statement of any premier, banker or captain of commerce was invariably followed by the question, "Well, Ray, what do you think of it?"

Professor Moley is now an inmate of New York, where he edits Today, a forceful magazine made possible by the savings of thrifty Vincent Astor. While still a frequent and welcome visitor at the White House, he now knocks at the front door and is announced by the butler. No longer does he hold the Roosevelt eardrums in fee simple.

"Jimmie" Warburg, who burgeoned for a space as the Administration's financial authority, has returned to his Wall Street haunts, and between banking deals and the composition of lilting lyrics, finds time to issue tart attacks on such Roosevelt money policies as happen to be in vogue at the moment. Good Old Doctor Warren, inventor of the collapsible dollar, who succeeded Mr. Warburg as Chief Monetary Expert, has also hit the sunset trail, and is back again in the agricultural atmosphere of Cornell, busy with eggs and the love life of the hen.

A. A. Berle, Jr., one of the few "infant prodigies" who ever delivered in adult life, holds the important post of City Chamberlain in New York, and distills his wisdom for the sole benefit of swart Mayor LaGuardia. With respect to Charles Taussig, once the Brain Trust's Industrial Economist, or something like that, he is likely to go down into history along with Charlie Ross as one of America's mysterious disappearances.

General Hugh Samuel Johnson, great herd bull of the Brain Trust, is another who has sought refuge in the wilds of New York, making occasional forays into Washington. When not engaged in exciting the ants of conscience in Mr. Richberg's pants, he pens magazine articles on the NRA or else infests department stores, pensively autographing adventure books that he wrote as a young man. Various offers are open to him, but like many another, he finds it difficult to quit the public arena for the humdrum of private life.

Only Rexford Guy Tugwell remains of the gay group that used to give official Washington all the color and charm of a college dormitory. He is still Undersecretary for Agriculture, but very, very still. No more does he dash down from Sinai each morning with crisp commandments for the farmers of the nation, and instead of the incessant and authoritative voice that dealt decisively with every problem vexing poor humanity, there is a vast and enduring silence that no pick could dent.

Even the solace of cellmates is denied him, for the "Tugwell group" in the department, headed by the scintillant Jerome Frank and militant Dr. Frederic C. Howe, were rudely deprived of their mandarin buttons and peacock feathers without a word of warning; and one Chester Davis, a milk-on-the-boots man from Montana, now tans his back in the hot but variable sunshine of royal favor. Disregarding the courtesies usual in such matters, Secretary Wallace did not even ask if they had anything to say before sentence was passed on them.

True, the New Deal is still given a cheeping note of evangelical appeal by the continued presence of the Harvard coterie, more or less affectionately known as "Frankfurter's Hot Dogs." Young Charles Wyzanski persists as Solicitor for the Department of Labor, with "Tommy" Eliot, another ancient of twenty-seven or twenty-eight, as his assistant; James M. Landis is a member of the Securities and Exchange Commission; Thomas J. Corcoran fills the post of Assistant Counsel for the Reconstruction Finance Corporation; Nathan Margold is Solicitor for the Department of the Interior, and Ben Cohen holds down the job of Assistant Counsel for the Public Works Administration.

A Swing from Radicalism?

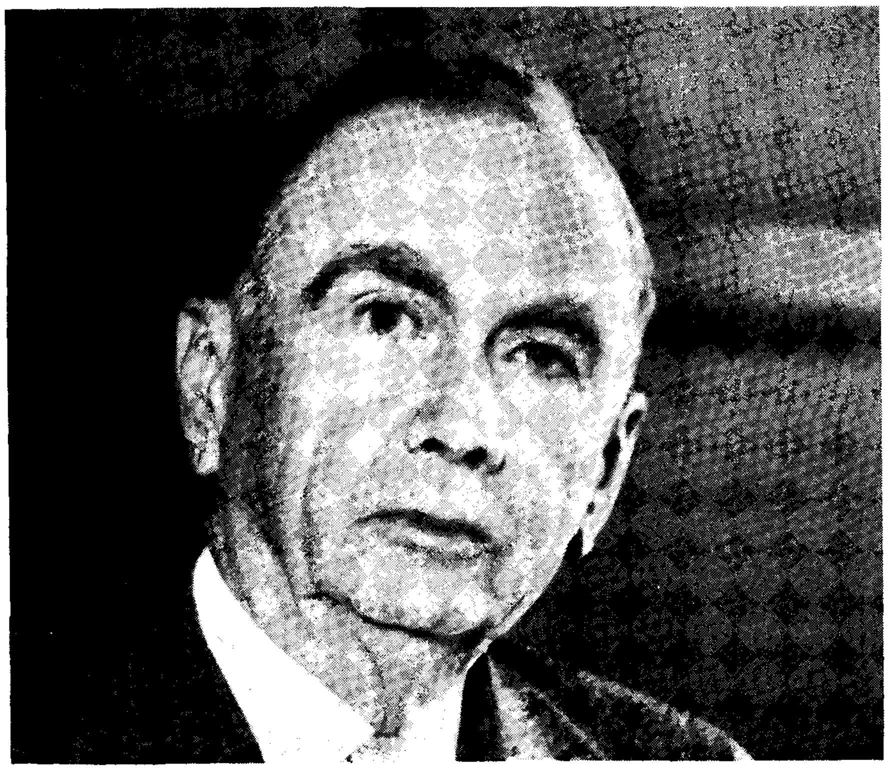
No more, however, is it the case that these young mustangs roam the range at will, comrades to the antelope and exciting faithful old workhorses by their curvets and nickerings. Just as the Stock Exchange Bill of Mr. Landis and Mr. Cohen was drastically amended to meet the realities of the situation, so is it certain that the bill to regulate public utility holding companies, prepared by Mr. Corcoran and Mr. Cohen, will have a good many teeth drawn by the expert dentists in the House and Senate. In plain words, the "Hot Dogs" are being slowly but surely broken to the plow, and taught to know the meaning of "Whoa" as well as "Giddap."

There is a widespread disposition to regard these changes as a distinct turn to the right, an evidence of the President's swing away from "radicalism," but the inference is without base in fact. For one thing, there is no Right any more. Where it used to be is now a large, gaping space only marked by the small bunch of immortelles that faithful Henry P. Fletcher leaves daily. Mr. Roosevelt has no thought of even looking in the direction of that dreary void, for better than anyone else he knows that while people may be a wee bit apprehensive as to where the New Deal may be leading, they are adamant in their determination to keep a good, safe distance from the Old Order.

Fairly analyzed, the various shake-ups, involving decapitations, demotions and sudden disappearances from the court circle, would seem to be more a matter of reorganization than any change in fundamental policy. The need for a larger degree of departmental discipline may be set down as one reason. Divided authority never makes for efficiency, and it does not promote harmony when a Cabinet member is called on to sit idly and amiably by while subordinates run a show of their own. Just as Cordell Hull, the long-suffering Secretary of State, waxed strong enough to compel the elimination of Professor Moley, so is it undoubtedly the case that other department heads have come to be sufficiently sure of themselves to grasp the reins and demand full possession of the driver's seat.

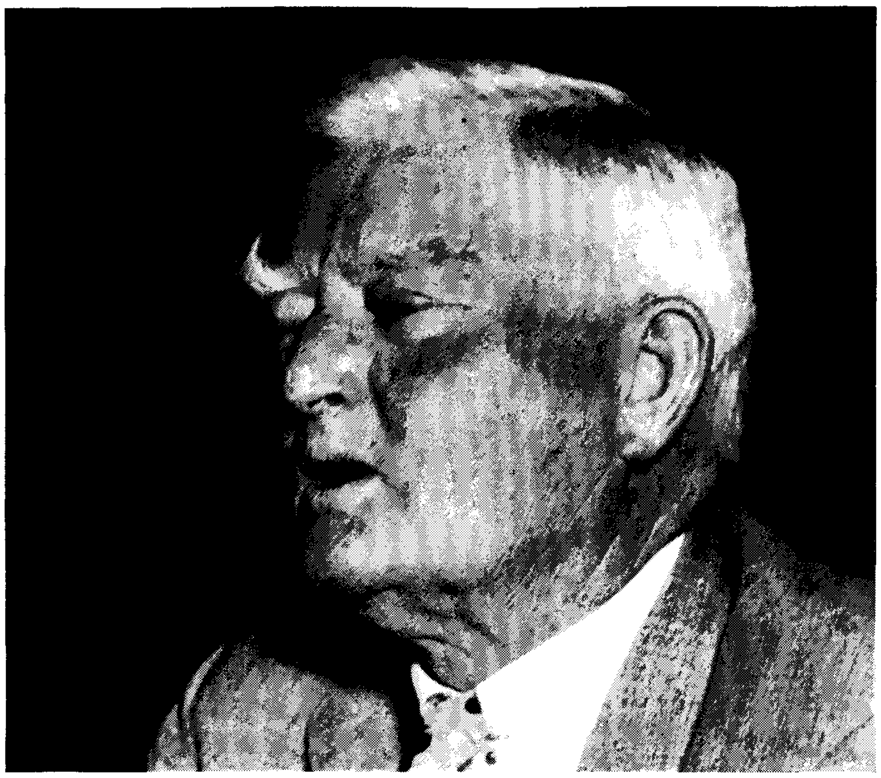
The real cause, however, goes deeper than that. Now that the second stage of the New Deal has been reached, the need is for the practical experience, thorough training and administrative genius that will bring ideas and ideals down to solid ground and put them in harness. After two years in the laboratory, people are a trifle surfeited with experimentation, and there is no

WIDE WORLD


THOMAS

Gerard Swope, above, General Electric's president, is close to the White House nowadays. Secretary of Commerce Roper, below, is no stranger either

THOMAS


THOMAS

Rexford Guy Tugwell, Undersecretary for Agriculture, alone remains of the gay, confident "Tugwell group" that could fix everything. Below, Vice President John Garner, whose forty years of practical politics make him a valued adviser

question that Mr. Roosevelt's present search is for men who can take the plans that have been decided upon and make them *work*.

Only an ivy-covered reactionary, piously hopeful for the second coming of Herbert Hoover, will attempt to deny the high values of the Brain Trust and its disciples during the formative stages of the New Deal. All beaten paths led to quicksands, and fresh trails had to be blazed. It was a task that called for imagination, idealism and courage, and particularly for youth. Age is prone to regard a thing or an institution as good merely because it is old. Moreover, it is too considerate of junk, filling the living-room with rubbish that ought to be in the attic.

The Brain Trust's very lack of practical experience was its chief asset. Unhampered by tradition and fairly drunk with the opportunity of translating college dreams into realities, they leaped forward to the battle, careless of obstacles and without fear of frustration. Their ardors and enthusiasms fitted the necessities of the time as skin fits the hand.

If one idea proved a bust, what of it? Another could be produced instantly, for they sweated plans and programs at every pore. It may be true enough that they fell short of many objectives, and never found the pot of gold at the rainbow's end, but there was one tremendous achievement to their credit: they *did* break up crystallizations of thought, smash off the leg irons of tradition, and send a clean, reviving wind through the closed, stuffy chambers of America's mind.

Even so, it must be admitted that the Brain Trusters never sat very well on the stomach of the country. Farmers and industrialists love to look on themselves as intensely practical, although they would have a hard time proving it, and entertain a deep-rooted distrust of "theorists." What can a man possibly know about farming who has never gotten up at three o'clock in the morning to wait around for daylight? What can a man possibly know about business unless he has three or four failures to his credit?

Another thing to be remembered in this connection is that the great mass of Americans look with dark suspicion on "book learnin'." We foam over the Little Red Schoolhouse, and spend like drunken sailors on junior highs and state universities, but our applause is reserved for those rugged souls who never saw a college, getting their education by the light of pine knots. About the only reason why the Brain Trust was endured for so long a time was that the Best Minds, the Captains of Industry and the Financial Geniuses, lacking the effrontery to come forward after the ruin wrought by their ignorances and stupidities, left the field open for men who were not afraid to think, and whose thought, at least, was not handcuffed by habit.

The Brain Trust passed because its job was done. With new trails blazed, solid building became the order of the day, and naturally President Roosevelt's need was trained administrators. It is still his need, for certainly no palms can be awarded the record of Mr. Donald Richberg, selected to remedy the New Deal's administrative deficiencies, and particularly to provide the coördinative genius that would transform the creaking car of government into a smooth-running machine.

The Tactless Mr. Richberg

Admitting his abilities and undoubted public spirit, the fact remains that his blunders have excited irritations instead of stilling them, and that there is even more confusion today than when he proudly took over the oil can. Had he been shrewd, poised and farseeing, he would have let out a bellow of enraged protest the very first moment that the newspapers began to allude to him as the "Assistant President," for it was a savage cut right at his hamstrings.

His activities in bringing about an extension of the automobile code were a marvel of maladroitness. Just as he failed to hold the preliminary parleys that might have won the support of William Green and the American Federation of Labor, so did he ignore the report of his own NRA board, and omit the consultations with Secretary Perkins that were her right and proper expectation. A wise man never arouses enmities when it is possible to win accord and friendship.

The same elephantine touch marked his intervention in the affairs of the National Labor Relations Board. A Hearst reporter, Dean S. Jennings, filed complaint that his discharge was due to affiliation with the Newspaper Guild. The San Francisco Regional Board refused to render judgment, and passed the testimony on to the National Board, which, after due deliberation, ordered Jennings' reinstatement. The publishers then insisted that the case be transferred immediately and wholly to the Newspaper Industrial Board, set up under their code for the handling of labor complaints. Mr. Richberg vigorously seconded this demand.

Aside from the fact that the National Labor Relations Board had rendered a decision, there was a distinct question as to whether the Newspaper Industrial Board had functioned, or was able to function, in such manner as to meet the requirements of the law. Nothing was more obvious than the need for friendly conferences that would have reached an orderly agreement, enabling all parties to "save face." Instead of that, the President's letter, prepared by Mr. Richberg, put Mr. Francis Biddle and his associates in the position of having "butted in" on something that was never their concern, inflicting a humiliation as unnecessary as undeserved.

There is only speculation as to Mr. Richberg's successor, or perhaps successors is the better word, for few believe it likely that the President will make the mistake of setting up another Grand Vizier. The sudden appearance on the White House stage of General Robert Wood led to the excited surmise that he was the first of a group of trained administrators to be drafted. President of Sears, Roebuck and Company, and with a fine record as Acting Quartermaster-General during the war, the aggressive Chicagoan seemed to be an answer to prayer, but it soon developed that his connection with any public works and relief program was to be advisory.

Wanted—Practical Men

The name of Gerard Swope suggests itself inevitably, for he is close to the White House these days, probably closer than any other of the "practical" men. It is much to be doubted, however, if Mr. Swope could be induced to quit his own affairs and devote full time to some New Deal agency, especially as his own undoubted liberalism would not protect him from attack on account of his General Electric affiliations.

Another gentleman who carries a large amount of water with the President today is none other than John Nance Garner. Back in the time of Calvin Coolidge and "Charlie" Curtis, a Vice President could not be distinguished from the furniture unless the furniture moved, but "Cactus Jack" sits in at every Cabinet meeting, even more voluble than Madam Secretary Perkins. Aside from these meetings, he has access to the presidential ear every moment that he feels moved to speech.

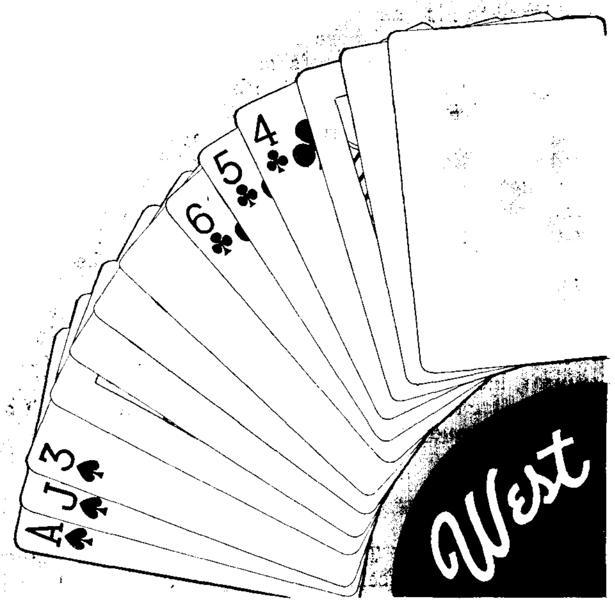
An exceedingly shrewd person, Mr. Vice President Garner, and one so close to the soil that when he looks up he sees the grass roots above him. He knows what the Home Folks are thinking, and what the Average Man likes and does not like, and some forty years of office-holding have given him the agility of a chamois when it comes to leaping away from trouble. Here again, however, the President is merely getting advice as to policies, and no matter how sound that advice, it cannot take the place of men fitted to administer those policies.

Roper in the Ascendant

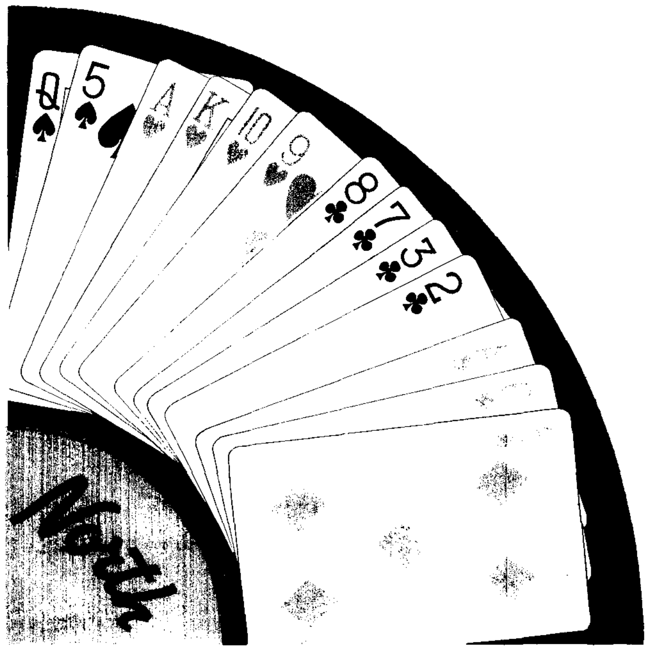
Signs are not wanting to show that the star of "Dan" Roper, Secretary of Commerce, is in the ascendant. A safe, sound man, trained both in political and industrial administration, and with the equable temperament that fits him admirably for coördinative tasks, at the time of his appointment to the Cabinet it was thought that he would figure prominently in the New Deal set-up. Instead of that, however, he was permitted to languish in the shadows, his pale face emerging only occasionally, while "Honest Harold" Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, walked swaybacked under his load of extra duties and high-sounding titles.

Granted that Mr. Roper is brought completely into the picture and made an Administration truck horse along with Mr. Ickes, it is difficult to see how any improvement may be expected. Overloading stands as the cause of the New Deal's failure in so many important particulars. The executive direction of a great department is job enough in itself, and to pile additional and tremendous responsibilities on a Cabinet member is to invite confusion and delay, if not actually to court disaster.

(Continued on page 44)



Every Last Trick



The squeeze play in its most insidious form—than which there is nothing more insidious—is here explained with blue-prints and working drawings. Better add it to your deck of tricks

By Shepard Barclay

GOLIATH was too big for David until the little Israelite whittled the Philistine down to his own size by means of his trusty slingshot. Some of the intricate plays of the masters are the Goliaths of bridge to the average good player. They are over our heads until analysis of them exposes their fundamental parts and the way that they fit into a complete hand. They can then become so simple and clear that we are almost impelled to use Sherlock Holmes' language—"Quite elementary, my dear Watson."

There is nothing mysterious about the way experts figure out the most complex of the fancy squeeze plays. Ordinary logic, the association of one idea with another and the making of deductions which anyone might make are the usual preparations for the advanced squeezes. At other times, it is proper to state, some very beautiful-looking maneuver was simply stumbled upon by the expert through dumb luck, the selfsame kind of luck that also rewards the ordinary mortal who has led a clean life. When such a play has been consummated, the beneficiary usually realizes that keen perception should have enabled him to figure it out ahead of time, and so he may prove the weakness of human flesh by explaining as his line of reasoning the thought process he knows he should have used.

Never before was the squeeze play, in all its ramifications, as important as it is today. In contract rubber play, the grand slam produces such a tremendous premium that it behooves all good players to know the ways to make their contracts for all of the tricks. The squeeze is essentially a grand slam play, since it usually involves the taking of all the tricks from the time the declarer gets the lead. In this it is distinguished from elimination, strip, lead-throwing or end-plays, so-called, which are primarily small slam plays. They produce an extra trick by giving the opponents the lead at the proper time and making them return something which is worth a trick to the declarer. But the very giving of the lead to them means the loss of a trick right there, rendering the play worthless for grand slam purposes.

Squeezes can sometimes accomplish the most impossible-seeming results. Where is the player who would not double a crazy no trump grand slam if he held the East cards of this deal?

North
♠ A **7**
♡ **A 8**
♢ 10 8 7 5 4
♣ 10 6 4 2

West
♠ 6 5 3 2
♡ 7 6 5 4
♢ 9 3 2
♣ 8 5

East
♠ **K** Q J 10 9
♡ **K Q** J 10
♢ K J
♣ K J

South
♠ **8** 4
♡ **9** 3 2
♢ A Q 6
♣ A Q 9 7 **3**

Fontaine Fox, the famous cartoonist, is the man who doubled that contract in a rough-and-tumble game one evening after a tournament of the Artists and Writers Golf Association. A wild psychic two no trump bid by South had caused his partner eventually to sink him into the grand slam declaration despite powerful bidding of spades and hearts by Mr. Fox. When a spade was led, the declarer saw his only chance was to find every outstanding high card in the East, with the minor king-jacks unguarded. If so he could get ten tricks in the minors and squeeze for the trick not in sight.

After winning the opener with the ace, he came through the clubs to his queen, dropped the king with his ace, used the ten to enter dummy, came through the diamonds, dropped the king, ran the diamonds and then the clubs of his own hand. As he played the last club, the outstanding cards were those shown in bold-faced type. It was a standard "backward squeeze." The club was the "squeeze card," the hearts were the "bridge suit" and the eight of spades was the single card of the third suit. Dummy discarded the spade seven, and Mr. Fox had to play. If he threw away a heart, the dummy could take two tricks there, so he tossed the spade king, hoping his partner had the eight, but South did and so got the last two tricks with that card and the heart ace.

Squeezes ordinarily come late in the hand, usually on the eleventh trick, but they also can develop much earlier. This is generally when the "bridge suit" contains a number of winners at its top, plus a loser at the other end. An adversary who can beat that loser has enough guards to start with, but is squeezed out of one. Such was the case with this hand:

North
♠ K 5
♡ 7 4
♢ **A K Q 5 2**
♣ A K **9** 2

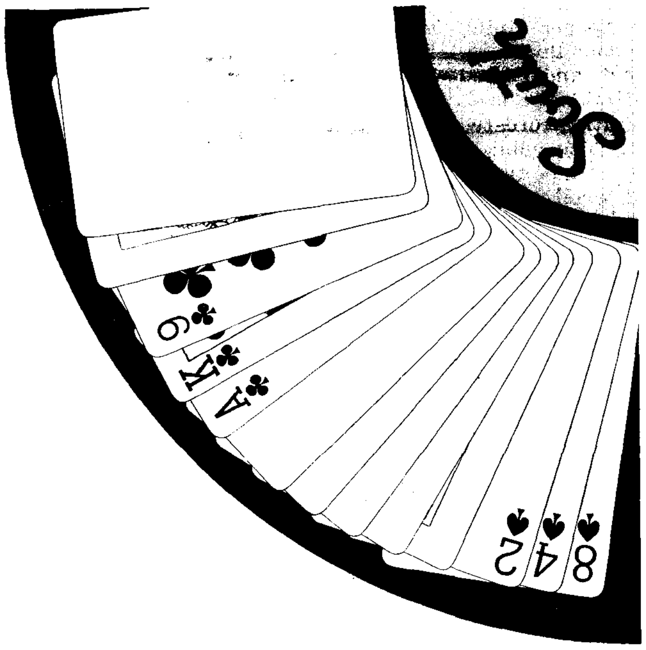
West
♠ 9 3
♡ 9 5
♢ **10 9 8 6 3**
♣ Q **J** 10 6

East
♠ 8 7 6 4
♡ K Q J 10 8 2
♢ 7
♣ 8 4

South
♠ A Q J 10 **2**
♡ A **6 3**
♢ **J 4**
♣ 7 5 **3**

South found himself in a seven spade contract, against which West led the queen of clubs. Unless one opponent held five diamonds or six spades, it was a pianola, with thirteen tricks set up. South, knowing East, who bid hearts, was unlikely to have the long diamonds, protected himself against a bunch of them in West's hand by building an early squeeze, which it turned out he had to use. Before running his spades he played both the ace and king of clubs, then his heart ace and string of

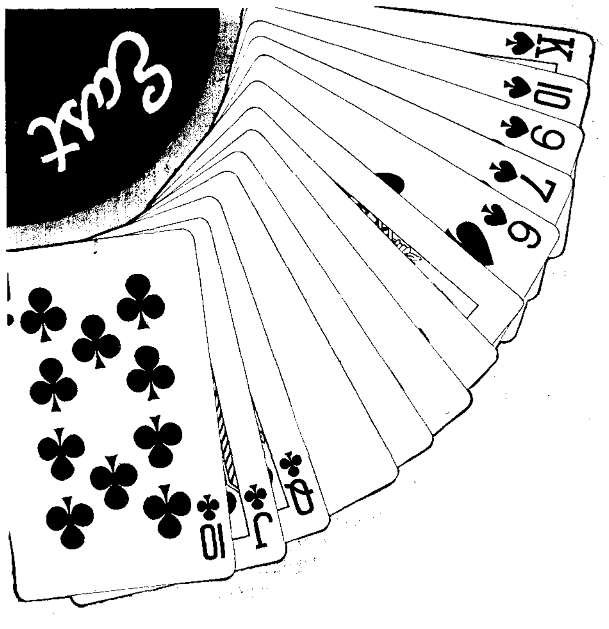
(*Continued on page* 34)



How Would You Play It?

Playing at four hearts, South watched East and West take two spade tricks, then return the ten of spades toward West's jack. Can you now make the contract against any subsequent defense?

North trumps the third spade trick with the nine of hearts and lays down the king, finding East void of trumps and West with four to the queen. South enters his hand with the king of diamonds to take a trump finesse. If West plays his queen on South's small trump, the hand is childishly easy, but he will not. North wins the trick with the ten, cashes his ace of diamonds, then ruffs a small diamond with his six of hearts. The club ace and king are taken and the nine led, East winning the trick. East now will have nothing to lead to the twelfth trick but a spade or a diamond. Whichever it is, all the other hands are void of the suit. South trumps with the jack of hearts, and West's goose is cooked. If he plays the seven of trumps, dummy discards the last club and wins the final trick with the ace of trumps; if he plays the queen of trumps, the dummy's ace will overtake it, and the eight of trumps gets the final trick. This extremely rare finishing play is what experts call the "threatened over-ruff."



Prices to Suit

By Quentin Reynolds

George Lamaze is the Ziegfeld of the kitchen, the Barnum of the dining-room, the —but read his story, his menus, his prices. Read 'em and weep—for more of the "best food in the world"

PHOTOGRAPH BY RAY B. DAME

George Lamaze, center, inspects a consignment of terrapins which will shortly grace the world's most expensive menu

I FIRED the cook, Bill," George Lamaze said.

"So we'll get another cook," Wilson Mizner said calmly to his partner.

"But the cook took all of the kitchen help with him," Lamaze wailed.

"So we'll get some more kitchen help." Mizner was still calm.

"But, Bill," Lamaze said desperately, "there isn't another cook available in Palm Beach and there is no kitchen help available nearer than New York."

"Well, you can cook, can't you, George?" Mizner said.

"Can I cook?" Lamaze almost swooned. "You know I can cook as well as anyone in the world. But we have 125 reservations for dinner. Can I cook for that crowd alone? Can I wash the dishes and prepare the salads and . . ."

"I'll do all that," Mizner soothed him. "I've washed many a dish in my life, George."

"It'll be an awful lot of work for the two of us," Lamaze grumbled.

"Sure, and I hate to work for nothing. We'll make the customers pay for it. Get that blackboard of yours. Double all prices for tonight. Put 'Bread and Butter—$1.00' right on the top. We'll make them pay, all right."

Lamaze always put the dinner menu on a blackboard, which waiters carried from table to table. He doubled the prices, wincing a bit when he had to put $3 opposite Hash.

It was a grand night at the Palm Beach restaurant which Lamaze and Mizner owned. The place was crowded. The guests never even noticed the advance in prices. Mizner sweated in the kitchen washing hundreds of dishes. It was warm that night. Gradually Mizner began to peel off clothes. The work and the heat made him thirsty. He called for champagne cocktails. Now in his underwear, with a dishcloth in one hand and a champagne cocktail in the other, he manicured dishes cheerfully all night.

That night taught Mizner and Lamaze a lesson. They were catering to the "best people" in Palm Beach. Money meant very little to those people in those days. They wanted the best food, the best wines and the best service. If they could get what they wanted they'd pay anything.

Years later Lamaze was running the Patio Lamaze, also in Palm Beach. You could get a very good secondhand automobile for the price of a modern dinner in the Patio Lamaze. Yet the place was always filled. The outrageous prices appealed to the innate sense of snobbery which seems to be the heritage of a certain class of Americans. They enjoyed, even boasted, of the prices they paid for food at Lamaze's.

One night Lamaze stood just inside the kitchen door and he looked over his guests. He couldn't keep a proud little smile from his face. Some of the "best people" in America were dining at the Patio Lamaze that evening. There was Jock Whitney with a party. There was Bernard Gimbel. There was Arthur Brisbane. And there —yes, indeed—there was Al Smith. Wealthy dowagers and their wealthy daughters. Prominent artists — ah, there was Eddie Cantor and there was George Cohan. It was Lamaze's place and it was his food that had brought them there. Lamaze felt very proud.

It Wasn't a Mistake

Two men walked in and George hurried to the door. He showed them to a table and in silence they sat down to read the menu. George knew who both were. They were indeed rather sinister characters but they were worth a great deal of money. Only that afternoon Lamaze had heard at the race track that one of them had five thousand dollars down on a nag that had come roaring in at ten to one. The other had cracked the roulette table over at the Embassy Club in Miami the night before for thirty grand. They should have looked very out of place in the distinguished company which was dining at the Patio Lamaze that night, but unfortunately they didn't. They looked, in fact, a bit better dressed than most and they had just a bit more assurance.

One of them called to Lamaze. Lamaze hurried over.

"There must be a mistake here," he said to Lamaze. "I read Bread and Butter—$1.00 on this menu."

"That's quite correct, sir," Lamaze said, smiling but feeling a slight chill of apprehension.

"And here," the other one read. "Celery and olives—$1.50. And what's this? Hash—$2.75?"

"It's very good hash, though," Lamaze said smoothly. "It is chicken hash and we use only the white meat."

"You must feed them chickens on diamonds," one of them grumbled. "And lobster salad—$3.50. You can go down on the beach and pick up lobsters. What kind of a racket have you got here, anyway?"

"No racket at all," Lamaze said a bit nervously. "This is the most expensive restaurant in the world. It is furthermore the best restaurant in the world. People do not have to come here but you will notice that I am doing a good business. We have no other attractions here but the food—and of course our drinks are very fine, although this is not essentially a drinking place."

Minding Someone Else's Business

The two men looked around and they recognized the guests.

"I guess you are doing all right here," one of the men said.

"I do all right. I mind my business," Lamaze said, wetting his lips. He was definitely unhappy now.

"Maybe from now on I will let you mind my business," one of the two said. "Your season here at Palm Beach is very short. Even though you charge high prices you can't make the profits you deserve. You would do better to come in with me. I have a few places around—you know them?"

Lamaze nodded. "I know them—you don't serve the food in them that I serve here."

"That's right. And we don't get the people in my places that you get here. Perhaps if you would run the food end of my places these people and many like them would come to my restaurants. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll build the

(*Continued on page 73*)

A Special Formula

You can say the words over and over, but they never sound like anything at all until you find the right girl to listen to them

By Dwight Mitchell Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE BENSON

PATRICIA DEAN was sitting by her window marrying The Guardsman when her mother called her to the telephone. Today he'd had a clipped mustache and airman's eyes and he was tall—whatever else, he must be tall, tall—and he limped a little from a war that must have happened somewhere not too long ago and gave him medals that he'd never tell you why he'd got. "Oh, this one? Sunday-school attendance, Lady Pat," he'd say, while she adored him. Lady Pat! She would be Lady Pat, of course.

"Patricia!" her mother called again. "Sometimes I think—"

Patricia went into her mother's bedroom. She said, "Hi!" and Betty's customary rush of words came crowding out of the receiver: "It's a party. It's this sudden party for this man of Bill's I have to entertain from New York. Don't, don't ever marry anybody on the selling end, but Bill says this one is the deb's delight, but then he always does. Remember Toothy, Pat? We had fun afterward about him, though—"

Pat waited until Betty finally had to breathe. "Tonight, you mean?"

"Of course. Bill wouldn't dare to give me any notice; it's his system, it's the way he always does; it's how he got the words said over me. It's dinner and we'll surge out afterward, if he's the surging type, and dance. The Martins and the Gales and Ann and Pete and Sarah—Sarah's always full of hope—and you. And Brick, of course."

"Of course, Brick," Pat told her.

But Betty only laughed, like everybody always did, and said: "He'll yell for you at eight. I knew you'd be an angel, angel."

Patricia hung up. "That Betty Rutherford!" Her mother said. "That younger married crowd! But there'll be Brick. You'll be late again."

"Not if there happens to be any fun," Patricia said. "We'll be right home the minute I have any fun."

HER mother bit a thread and nodded comfortably. "Yes," she said, "I always feel so safe when you're with Brick."

Safe! Safe, safe, safe! Safe—*with Brick!* It had been "safe with Brick" since dancing school, since post office and pigtails, since perambulators, nearly. You were Brick Bell's girl and finally, in towns like Westfield, that becomes a sort of local plot, with everybody in on it. With Mother, even: "Brick's the one I like. I feel so safe when you're with Brick." With even Father: "There's a kid who's going places, Patty-bug." They coupled you, the whole town, that is what they did. And really you had no more to say about it than some darn' Circassian, because there was The Code.

The Code said you were Brick Bell's girl and no one else dared look at you, and if they did Brick mustn't let them. He'd begun not letting them in school, a long, long time ago; oh, violently, lots of them, but just because it was expected. And because he had red hair and looked so awful with his jaw stuck out at them, she'd never had a bit of fun in all her life. She'd never even been kissed, practically, right here in free America, except by Brick; and that was just like kissing cousins. And finally The Gang became The Crowd, and now The Crowd was nearly all The Gay Young Married Set, and she was nearly twenty-one, and no tall, dangerous, tender Guardsman anywhere, and never would be. Only Brick. Just nice, old unexciting, unromantic, tongue-tied Brick.

Patricia said, quite suddenly: "Did you love Father, Mother? Love him, really *love* him?"

Her mother came over and sat down on the arm of Pat's big chair and hugged her. "Has Brick asked you, baby?"

"No," Patricia said. "No, not in words. Not Brick. I don't believe that he could get them out. And anyway, these days I guess it's kind of practical and talking and deciding. . . . Mother, how do you *know* when you're in love?"

Patricia looked up. Her mother's eyes were misty, looking past her at a year a long, long time ago that seemed like yesterday. She said softly: "When you fall in love you won't be asking, honey."

A DOOR downstairs slammed and a voice yelled: "Where are all my women? I want women rushing at me."

Mrs. Dean laughed, calling: "Coming, silly!" And Patricia saw her face. No, when it came she'd not be asking.

After dinner Patricia's mother and father came upstairs to say goodby before they went out to an early movie. Pat had had her bath and had a woolly white robe on. Her hair was still tucked up and she looked very young and pink and white and lovely.

"You look mighty pretty, bug," her father said. "Almost as pretty as your mother is."

"As Mother was," said Mrs. Dean.

"Is," Mr. Dean said. "Is right now and getting prettier and one speck more and I can't stand it. Make her stop it, bug."

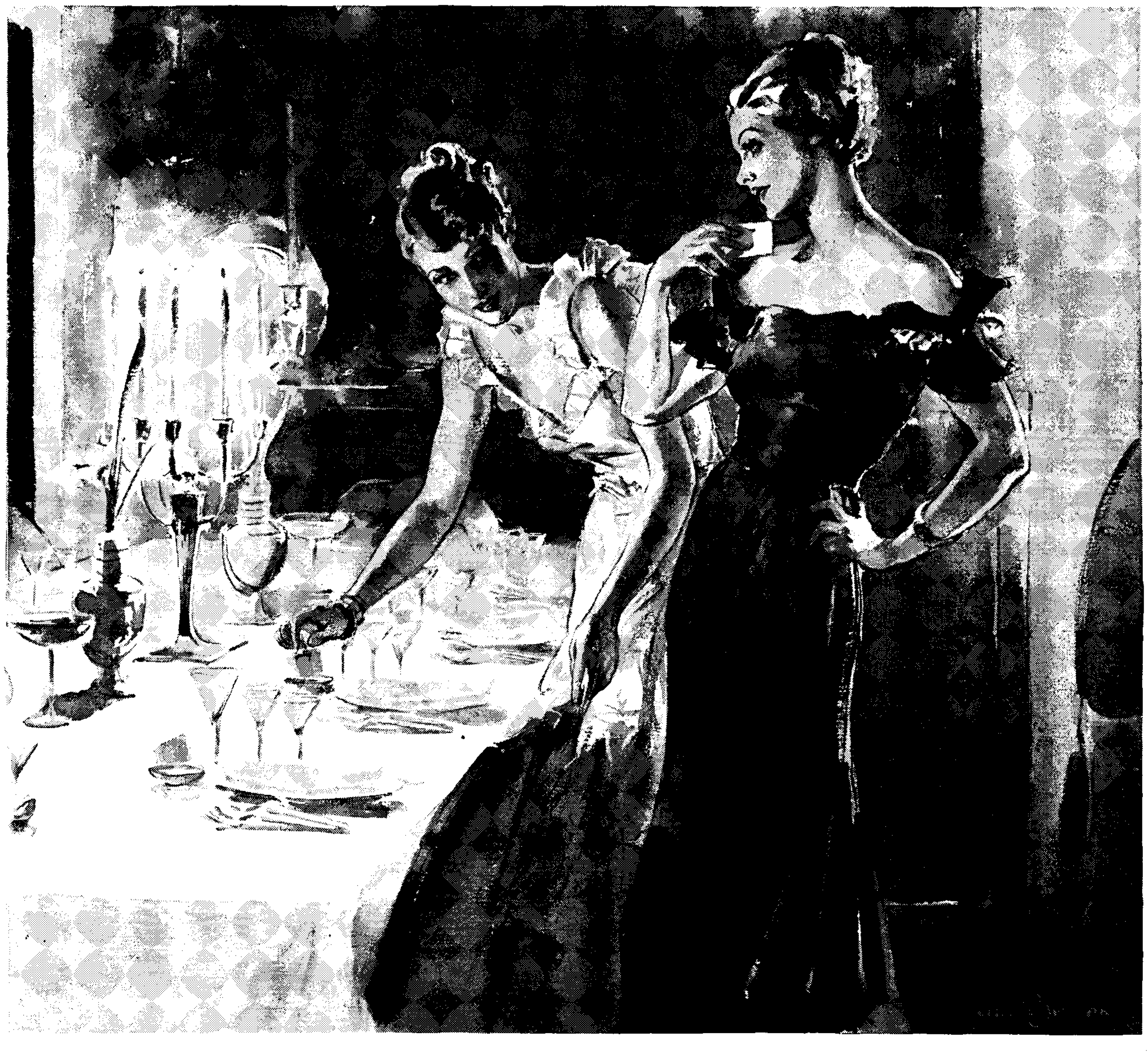
Patricia wondered, when they'd left, if anyone would ever look at her like that and say a thing like that and mean it and believe it and make her believe it like *that*, always. She drew on a long, sheer stocking, straightened it, and stretched a slim leg out to look at the result. She slipped her robe off and, as she reached for her dress, she saw her white reflection in the mirror with a queer new consciousness. She thought: "Some day." She thought: "You silly. And you're nearly blushing. Silly."

BRICK whistled outside and the bell rang and Patricia heard Jane let him in. She turned before the mirror to have one last look at how her new black evening dress did in the back and it did just the way it was supposed to, brilliantly. Velvet was the thing, she thought, black velvet and the new styles: low and no straps and the way they stayed up was exciting and mysterious. This was a dress for something very special, for events; for ardent, glamorous, improbable occasions and it said: "Live up to me."

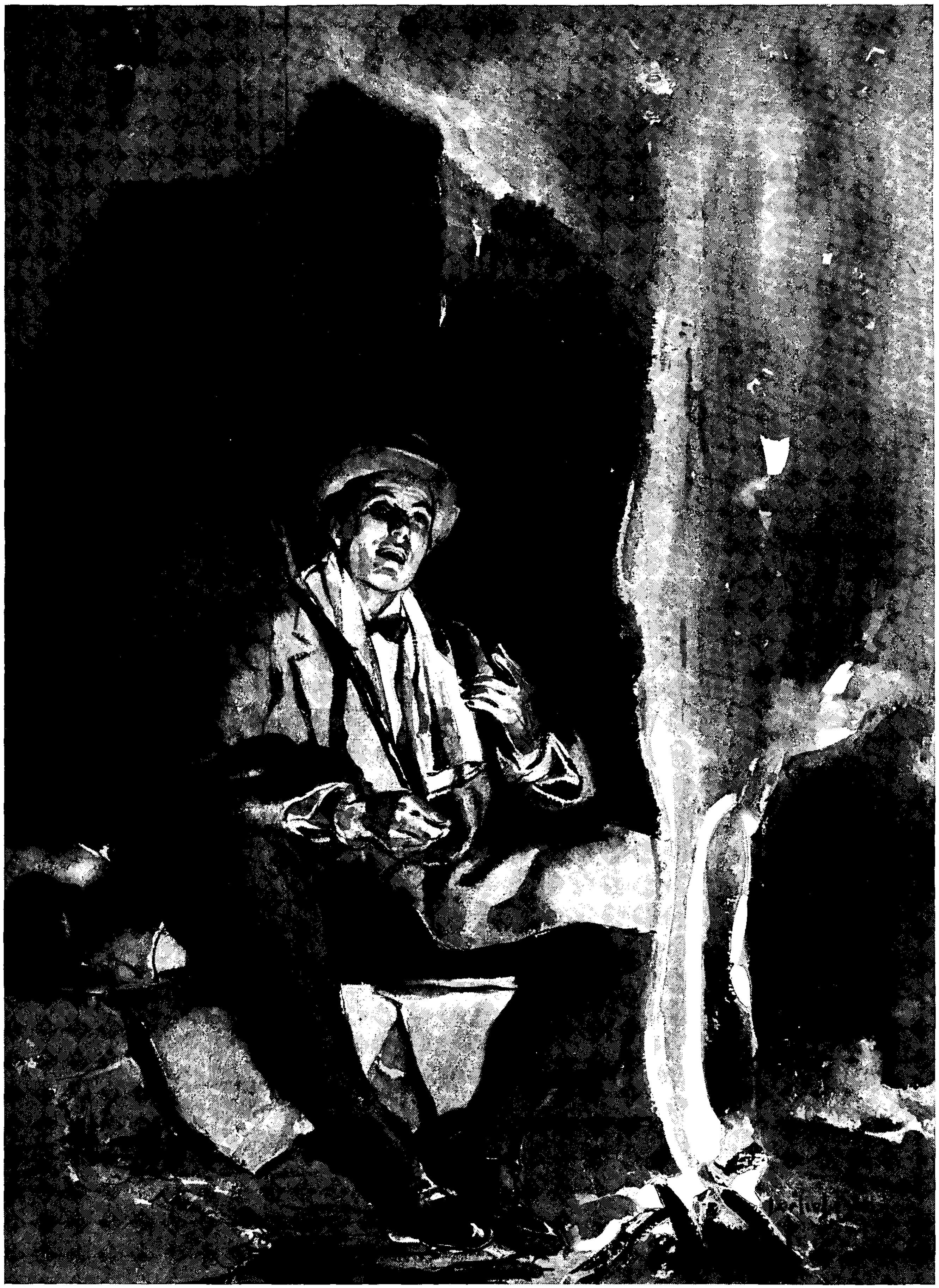
She gathered the long skirt and lifted it a little as you had to do these days and started slowly down the stairs with one hand on the banister and held her head a little high because this was a dress for entrances. She saw Brick standing in the hall.

"Hey," Brick said. "Snap into it; the canapés will all be gone."

She thought: "It will be that way all my life if it's with Brick. He'll look at me and never *look* at me at all. A brother even would have noticed me tonight; a darned old brother even, but not Brick. He looked at me and thought of his appetite."



"You couldn't possibly resist," Pat said. "You know darn' well you couldn't, Betty"



"I couldn't wait to start right in," he said. "You said it was the only way, you know"

She came downstairs and said: "Oh, yes; let's rush. It would be awful if you'd be too late for lots of little sausages and things."

"That sounded like a crack of some kind," Brick said, laughing. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," Pat said. "Just a little aimless girlish chatter. Come on."

Bill and Betty met them at the door and they could hear the clamor in the living-room.

BILL took Pat's coat and Betty said: "Oh, Pat! You wore it! And it's lovely!"

But that didn't help. It didn't even help for Bill to stand off jutting out his eyes at her.

Bill said: "A knockout, Pat. You're Paris. You're immense. She got you gasping, Brick?"

"That's why we're late," Patricia said. "Brick looked at me and gasped and gasped. I had an awful time with him."

"Come on," commanded Betty. "Bill, get in there and start hosting."

Brick said: "Wait a minute, Pat. I knew that there was something up; the swell new dress. It's swell, too, and I don't know why I didn't notice."

"I do," Pat told him. "You were hungry, Brick. You couldn't be expected to when you were hungry."

"Oh, look here, Pat," Brick said. "Cut it out. I may not notice little things or make a lot of dopey speeches but you know darn' well the way I feel."

"That's such a satisfaction!" Pat said.

She walked into the living-room and people said, "Hi! Hi!" and someone thrust a cocktail at her. She saw Betty coming down the room with someone she had had to pry away from Sarah; someone tall and dark and new. Brick was still sulking at her elbow and she said: "The sausages are over there."

Brick said: "For Pete's sake, Pat, get over it."

He walked off, muttering, and Betty reached her, saying: "This is Pat; Patricia Dean. And this is John Trent and I hear Bill mooing for me from the pantry."

"Did she say Miss?" John Trent asked.

PAT looked up at him and he grinned down and he was nice and he was looking at her, really looking, like they were supposed to. She was glad she'd worn it after all.

"She didn't say," Pat told him, "but it is."

"I held my breath," he said. "What if it had been Mrs. with an eight-foot husband in the crowd?"

"Well, what?" Patricia asked.

"Well, I don't know," he laughed, "but something! Look; do you mind if I never get an inch away from you? All evening? Could you stand it?"

Pat said: "But I think your schedule calls for Sarah. Yes, and here she comes. She's lovely."

Oh, yes, here came Sarah, all right. Always full of hope, tonight the girl was fairly sizzling with it. Sarah had her señorita dress on and was being sinuous and undulating. You could almost hear the castanets. His schedule called for Sarah, not a doubt of that; in her mind anyway! The charmingly possessive, big-eyed way she put her hand upon his arm was meant to make that pretty plain.

Patricia thought: "Why, I'm a cat. But then, he's nice. He looks at you and says things and he's nice."

The señorita said: "John"—John already!—"come and tell me—" Then she turned: "Oh, hello, Pat. New dress! When I was in New York last season simply *everyone* was wearing velvet."

Pat thought: "Yes, and you were wearing *that*."

She said, "Hello," and walked away. Bill came up, advertising cocktails, but she shook her head.

"Where's Betty, Bill?"

"She's gone out to the dining-room," Bill said. "Here, have another."

Pat saw Brick come toward her and she slipped out in the hall. She thought: "I will! And it will serve him right. And then, I never did like Sarah, anyway." She went through to the dining-room and found Betty.

"Listen," Pat said. "Sarah hasn't seen the place cards, has she?"

"Dirty work!" said Betty. "Why, Pat! What's it all about?"

"Me," Pat said, "and I want to sit with John Trent."

"You! But Pat! But you're with Brick, of course."

"It's not 'of course'," Pat said. "It's not and never will be and you needn't laugh."

"YOU'VE had a fight!" said Betty. "Ooh, I love this! But we *can't*, Pat. What would Sarah say? She started clinging at him with the first look. You know Sarah. She'll do something simply Spanish with that dress on."

"I don't care," Pat said.

"And Brick! Ooh, Pat, I'd love it if I dared."

"You couldn't possibly resist," Pat said, "you know darn' well you couldn't, Betty."

"And he's just the type to burn Brick up," said Betty. "It's the way he kind of leans down looking in your eyes and knowing what to say. He asked me—me!—if I would mind it if he never got an inch away from me all evening. Mind it! Zowie!"

Pat laughed. Well, you weren't supposed to think you were the first one he had ever said it to, but it was fun, and that was what you wanted.

Fun; someone to know how to tell you silly things so you would almost half-believe them. Somebody who wasn't dumb and tongue-tied and who hardly even looked at you. Somebody, just tonight, to look at your dress.

(Continued on page 65)

Rattlebrain

You might call Mr. George Merriweather brash or even brazen. But he had what it takes to succeed in life, in business and —with a little firm guidance—in love

By Jerome Beatty

HE WAS twenty-four years old, his shoulders were broad and his waist was slim. He could juggle four Indian clubs without dropping very many at one time, walk a tight wire with the aid of a Japanese umbrella, and, if you didn't watch too closely, make the ace of spades vanish before your very eyes.

He whistled as he lugged his old black suitcase up the brick walk to the cottage at 928 Maple Avenue, and as he set it down and rang the bell he took a deep breath and said, "Oh, boy," for this was the end of a long, long journey.

The door was opened a few inches, a tall, angular woman scowled at him over her glasses and said sharply, "I don't want any."

"Hey, wait a minute, Aunt Ella, it's me. In person. Not a moving picture."

"Oh-for-heaven's-sake," she said as if she had discovered ants in the pantry. "You finally got here. Come in." She offered him a hand that was as limp as a dead rabbit.

"Hitch-hiked. All the way from New York. Gee, it's good to be here, Aunt Ella."

"Sit down, George, and don't lean your head back against the wall. It makes a mark."

He looked around the room. "Thanks a lot for all you and Uncle Elmer are going to do for me. This sure is swell."

"Don't use disgusting slang around this house, if you please."

"Yes, ma'am."

"It is true we are making sacrifices in order to give you a proper home."

"Don't I know it?"

"We couldn't allow our orphaned nev-view to remain in the foul atmosphere of the theater, practically starving to death."

"Well, now, I don't think show business is so foul, but when you mention starving to death, you're talking, Aunt Ella. The old stomach was getting plenty worried."

"Your Uncle Elmer has obtained a position for you in the flour mill. You will start tomorrow."

"Attaboy."

"Your salary is to be twelve dollars a week. I have decided to let you pay five of that for room and board."

"Fair enough."

"Your Uncle Elmer wanted to give you your room and board free but I realized, for your own self-respect, you would not want to—"

"I should say not."

She exhaled noisily through her long nose, glad that that part of the interview was successfully completed.

"Your Uncle Elmer is a professor at the university here."

"I know. He's a big shot."

"We shall attend to your vulgar vocabulary later. He is a professor of sociology. He is writing a book."

"Is he, now? I like books. What's it about?"

"Crime."

"Wham-o!"

"What's that?"

"I'd like to read it."

"It has to do with the sociological aspects of crime—the reformation of criminals. Your Uncle Elmer is an authority upon the reformation of criminals."

"I knew a reformed criminal once—a yeggman. He was a pest. Always making speeches. They're a nuisance, reformed criminals, always making speeches. I don't like 'em."

SHE took a deep breath. "I want you to understand, George, we have a position to maintain in this community. In bringing you into our home we have the approval of all of our friends. The president of the university agreed it would be a very charitable act."

"Good for him."

"But they join us in a feeling of some uneasiness as to your conduct. They realize we have a problem on our hands."

"A problem? Me a problem? Why, Aunt Ella, I won't be any problem. I'll cut the grass and peel potatoes and—"

"The son of a juggler—a *tramp* juggler—a boy who has spent almost all his life in vaudeville theaters—"

"Pop was swe— I mean, Pop was a riot. Honest. You should have known Pop. Always telling jokes, even when we didn't have a dime. Everybody liked Pop. Why, his funeral was the biggest—"

"Your Uncle Elmer has told me about your father—running away with the circus, marrying a trapeze performer who wore yellow tights!"

He said fiercely: "I don't remember my mother but she was all right, my mother was. Game. Pop used to tell me."

Aunt Ella Merriweather was looking out the window. "Here," she said, as if announcing the entrance of the grand pageant of all nations, "comes your Uncle Elmer."

George rushed to the window.

"Wow! Some eyeful!"

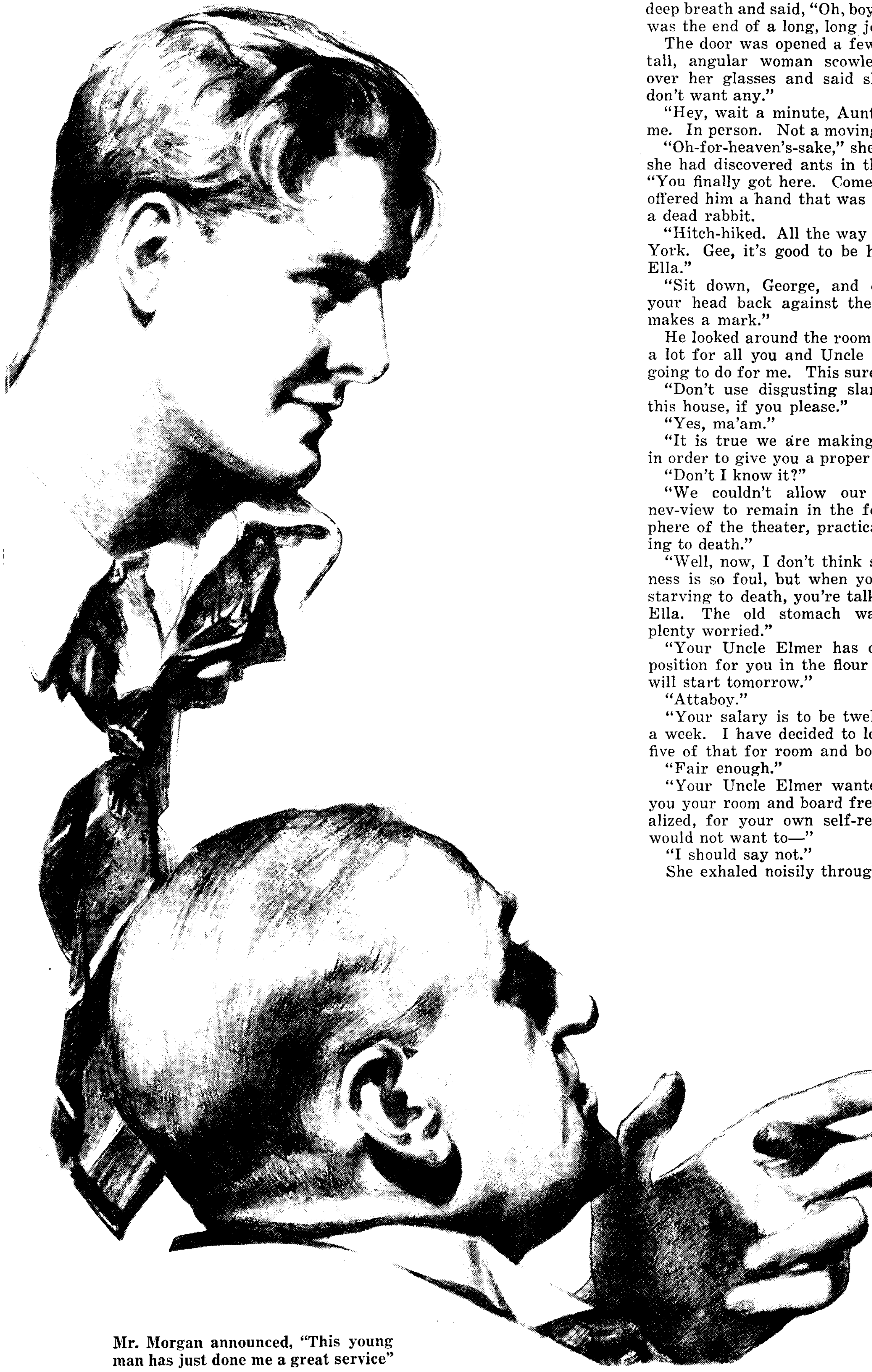
"What?"

"Some eyes and nose and ankles and hips!"

"Don't be disgusting. I suppose you are referring to Nancy Morgan."

"What a dish!"

"I hope you won't even presume to



Mr. Morgan announced, "This young man has just done me a great service"

ILLUSTRATED BY
MARTHA SAWYERS

suggest you are her social equal. She is a student at the university and is helping your uncle with his book. Her father is worth millions and practically owns Engleville. It was he who arranged for your position in his flour mill."

"Colossal!"

"He is chairman of the board of trustees at the university."

"Beats anything Ziegfeld ever dug up. She's even prettier than Suzette."

"Suzette?"

"The girl I'm engaged to. She's a chorus girl—playing Pittsburgh this week. Cute little rascal, with the snappiest pair of legs you ever saw."

"God give me strength," whispered Aunt Ella.

"Who's the mug?"

"The what?" she moaned.

"THE beetle-brow alongside her. The little guy. I know Uncle Elmer, all right—the tall one with the black ribbon on his specs. But who's the other?"

"That is Mr. Horse McFoot, a reformed gangster. He read in the paper about your uncle's book and came voluntarily to help him. They've been showing Mr. McFoot the campus. Now please try to act the gentleman. *Remember, Nancy Morgan's father runs* this university and is about to make your Uncle Elmer a dean."

"Just watch me."

Professor Merriweather was saying: "We'll go right into my study, Mr. McFoot." Absent-mindedly he looked at George without seeing him.

"Elmer," said Aunt Ella, "here's George."

"Oh, how do you do, George?"

"Very well, Uncle Elmer. You certainly are looking great."

"Um."

Aunt Ella said grandly: "Miss Nancy Morgan, may I present Mr. George Merriweather?"

"Hello," said the eyeful, extending a hand. "I heard you were coming to live here. I hope you like us."

George held tight to her hand and looked four miles down into her deep blue eyes.

"Boy, *will* I!"

Aunt Ella scowled doubtfully at George. "I hope we like *him.*" She looked at Beetle-brow. "Mr. McFoot, I want you to meet Professor Merriweather's nev-view, George."

"Hi," said Horse McFoot idly. Suddenly he peered into George's face. "Ain't I seen you somewheres? Didn't you do a stretch in Sing Sing?"

"I should say not. You probably saw me in vaudeville—Sylvester Merriweather, King of the Slackwire, & Co. I was the company."

"I seen you somewheres," Mr. McFoot insisted.

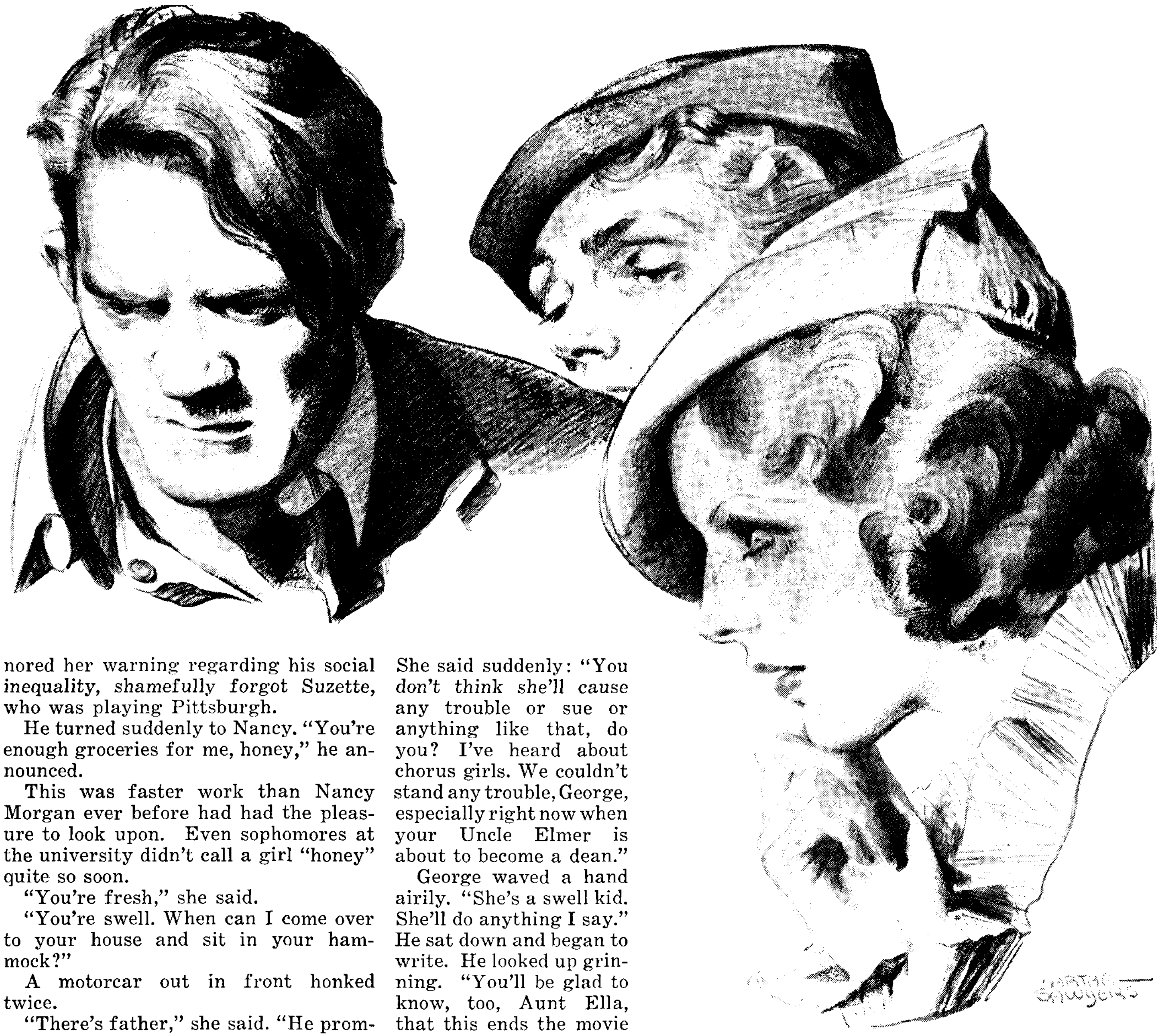
"Come," said Professor Merriweather. "I don't want to lose that thought about the debasing effect of the third degree. We'll see you tomorrow, Nancy. What was that now, Mr. McFoot?"

"I was sayin', the third degree don't do no good. A high-class crook will keep his trap shut no matter how much he gets beat up. Take me: Now when I was in the racket they never—"

PROFESSOR MERRIWEATHER closed the door behind him as he and Horse McFoot entered the study. A close observer might have said that George's eyes followed Mr. McFoot nervously and that George breathed a sigh of relief when Mr. McFoot had made his exit.

Aunt Ella was about to speak up, but there was a sudden "Bam! Bam! Bam" on the back door and she exclaimed "Groceries!" and started toward the kitchen.

With Aunt Ella out of the room George deliberately and wantonly ignored her warning regarding his social *inequality, shamefully forgot Suzette,* who was playing Pittsburgh.



He turned suddenly to Nancy. "You're enough groceries for me, honey," he announced.

This was faster work than Nancy Morgan ever before had had the pleasure to look upon. Even sophomores at the university didn't call a girl "honey" quite so soon.

"You're fresh," she said.

"You're swell. When can I come over to your house and sit in your hammock?"

A motorcar out in front honked twice.

"There's father," she said. "He promised to stop for me. Goodby."

"Goodby, nothing. I want to meet your father."

Mr. Archibald G. Morgan, who owned most of Engleville, was sitting in his shiny black limousine. Beside the door stood a tall, broad-shouldered chauffeur with a cauliflower ear.

Mr. Morgan had his derby hat in his hand and was wiping his brow. He wore a white piqué vest over his fat stomach and a striped tie in a wing collar.

"I want to thank you, Mr. Morgan," said George, "for giving me the job in the flour mill."

"Not at all, not at all, not at all," said Mr. Morgan, frowning. "Get in, Nancy, we'll be late for dinner and your mother will be furious."

As George helped Nancy into the car he said softly, "How about tonight?"

She settled herself in the seat and shook her head, smiling.

"I'll do card tricks," he offered.

"Some other time."

"How about you, Mr. Morgan? Couldn't I come over and do some card tricks for you?"

"Poof!" he said. "I *hate* card tricks. Come on, Edward, for heaven's sake close that door and get going!"

As the car started, George, curiously enough, was not gazing fondly at Nancy. He had a vague and wondering eye upon the cauliflower ear of the chauffeur known as Edward.

George entered the house.

"I'd like to write a letter," he said. "Can I use your desk?"

"I suppose so, if you'll be careful of it. To whom are you writing?"

"Suzette—the girl in Pittsburgh."

"Humph! Couldn't you manage to wait at least a few hours before you—"

"I'm telling her we'd better call the whole thing off."

"Oh." She was relieved. "That's fine." She said suddenly: "You *don't think she'll cause* any trouble or sue or anything like that, do you? I've heard about chorus girls. We couldn't stand any trouble, George, especially right now when your Uncle Elmer is about to become a dean."

George waved a hand airily. "She's a swell kid. She'll do anything I say." He sat down and began to write. He looked up grinning. "You'll be glad to know, too, Aunt Ella, that this ends the movie theater idea."

"The movie theater!"

"Yeah. I guess you're right about show business, so I'm going to give up the movie theater. I know where I can get one for five thousand dollars. We were going to run it."

"Where would you get five thousand dollars?"

"You put your finger right on it, Aunt Ella. That's what Suzette and I always wondered."

After dinner he walked down to the post office. He dropped the letter to Suzette into the slot, dusted his hands and said, "Well, that's out of my life."

He inquired as to the location of Mr. Morgan's house. When he found the huge stone mansion he walked quickly past, for at least eight young men were on the porch, surrounding Nancy.

"I'll get her yet," he declared.

WHEN George returned from his first day's work in the flour mill, Mr. Morgan's car and Edward, the chauffeur with the cauliflower ear, were on the curb.

Studiously refraining from looking at the chauffeur, George whistled, as he walked up to the house, as though he were a very wise young man.

Nancy Morgan and Horse McFoot were in the hall, saying goodby to Professor Merriweather. "We are getting along famously, Mr. McFoot," said Professor Merriweather. "In another week we should be finished."

"Hello, everybody," said George.

Mr. McFoot screwed up his face and peered at George. "I wish I knew where I seen you," he said, shaking his head.

"My face is known from coast to coast," George assured him.

"Uh," said Mr. McFoot doubtfully, and walked toward the door with Professor Merriweather.

George touched Nancy's arm and whispered, "Tonight's the night, hey? What say with those beautiful ruby lips, honey?"

Nancy shrugged her shoulders and laughed. "You're the most impulsive *man I ever knew.* Saturday, perhaps," she said.

"Attagirl!"

Nancy and Horse McFoot walked to the car and were driven away.

"This McFoot, Uncle Elmer," George inquired, "where's he staying?"

"At the National Hotel, George. It really is amazing, his interest in my work and the assistance he is giving me."

"Paying his own expenses?"

Professor Merriweather nodded.

"Was Nancy working with you before he came?"

"Oh, yes, Nancy has been—"

"Ah, ha!" said George, raising a finger.

"What say?"

"Ah, ha!" George grinned. "I'm going to marry Nancy Morgan."

Uncle Elmer smiled. "She's a charming girl. You'll have a great deal of competition."

"You're a swell guy, Uncle Elmer," George said, squeezing his uncle's arm.

SOMETHING tremendously exciting was taking place on the porch of Professor Merriweather's home as George returned from his second day's work. Aunt Ella was signing a book held out by a bored messenger boy. Uncle Elmer was hovering around, shifting from foot to foot.

Aunt Ella cried, "Come quick, George! It's a telegram. For you!"

She thrust the colored envelope into

(Continued on page 54)

The Bat Flies Low

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN RICHARD FLANAGAN

The Story Thus Far:

IN NEW YORK CITY, at a play, Lincoln Hayes, wealthy American Egyptologist, sees a girl whose exotic beauty fascinates him. He does not meet her; but he does meet her escort, who is, he says, her uncle: Mohammed Ahmes Bey, a diplomat from Egypt, whom he invites to his home that same evening.

Arrived at his home, Hayes throws open his private museum to the stranger; and Ann Wayland, Hayes' secretary, acts as his guide. Before the visitor departs (he disappears mysteriously after answering a phone call), Captain "Paddy" Rorke, Hayes' Egyptian agent, and Ulric Stefanson, a young scientific genius, arrive. Rorke produces his latest "find"—a sheet of ancient papyrus (part of a chapter from the fabulous Book of Thoth), wherein, he believes, a wonderful Egyptian lamp, its secret long lost, is described. He places it on a drawing-board; tells a weird story of being constantly shadowed on his way from Egypt.

A scream interrupts him. A dazzling light fills the room. And instantly *the three men are blind!* Recovering their sight, at last, they rush out. The papyrus has vanished. And Ann Wayland is lying on the library floor, apparently dead. A frantic summons brings four men: Drs. Müller and Adderley, District Attorney Maguire and Detective Sergeant Hawley, of the Homicide Squad. Ann is revived. Slim, Hayes' chauffeur, and Lurgan, the butler, are interrogated. Hawley, who suspects that Lurgan is the "inside man," learns that the thief has secreted himself, for a time, behind a sarcophagus ild in the museum. "We want that Egyptian," he says.

But Ahmes, it appears, has just sailed for France—with his "niece." "Shall we have him brought back, Mr. Hayes?" Maguire asks. "No," Hayes says slowly. "I have my own plans." As he speaks, Ann appears. She seems to be in a trance. Staring straight before her, she makes some cryptic utterances. Then— "He is called The Bat," she says softly. "*He has great power. . . .*"

III

SLOW footsteps descending the stairs: the three men in the Venetian lobby stood up.

"I must return to the hospital," said Dr. Adderley, pausing on the bottom step and twirling his monocle upon its cord, "where I am watching a very difficult case." His low-pitched voice had a curiously soothing quality. "You will find me there, however, any time during the next two hours, if there should be any development. Müller is remaining—and the nurse, of course."

He lingered, staring about the lobby. Stefanson, standing near one of the lamps, had been making notes upon a sheet of loose manuscript. Captain Rorke stood by the door leading to the library, and Lincoln Hayes had just dropped back upon the arm of a chair.

"The curious instance of somnambulism which you witnessed earlier tonight," Adderley went on, "had interesting features and I hoped that something might result from it. Possibly Miss Wayland's words conveyed something to you, Hayes?"

"Very little."

"For certain reasons I suspect post-hypnosis, but we need not go into that now. The patient is sleeping quite peacefully. I anticipate that she will be normal when she wakes."

He sniffed.

"That curious smell seems to have disappeared," he commented.

Lurgan conducted him to the door. Lurgan was quite composed: his composure under the circumstances was phenomenal. He had undergone a grueling examination at the hands of Detective Sergeant Hawley. He had not only survived it successfully, but had reduced that officer to a state of inarticulate wrath by pointing out that, since there was not the slightest evidence of attempted murder, the case strictly did not come within the province of the Homicide Bureau.

As Lurgan went out, now, Maguire and the redoubtable Hawley entered, coming from the direction of the museum. They were followed by a busy-looking little man carrying a busy-looking brief-case. He crossed the lobby with never a word and disappeared in the direction of the street door. He had been photographing fingerprints.

"If, as I expect," drawled Hawley, "Master Lurgan's paws moved that mummy lid, then I've got Master Lurgan where I want him."

Lincoln Hayes stood up.

"There is one thing, Sergeant Hawley, which in my opinion Lurgan couldn't have done. He couldn't have called down that plague of darkness. I grabbed him out here. He was a badly frightened man."

"Maybe," Hawley admitted reluctantly. "But he's in on it somewhere. My idea is to search his room."

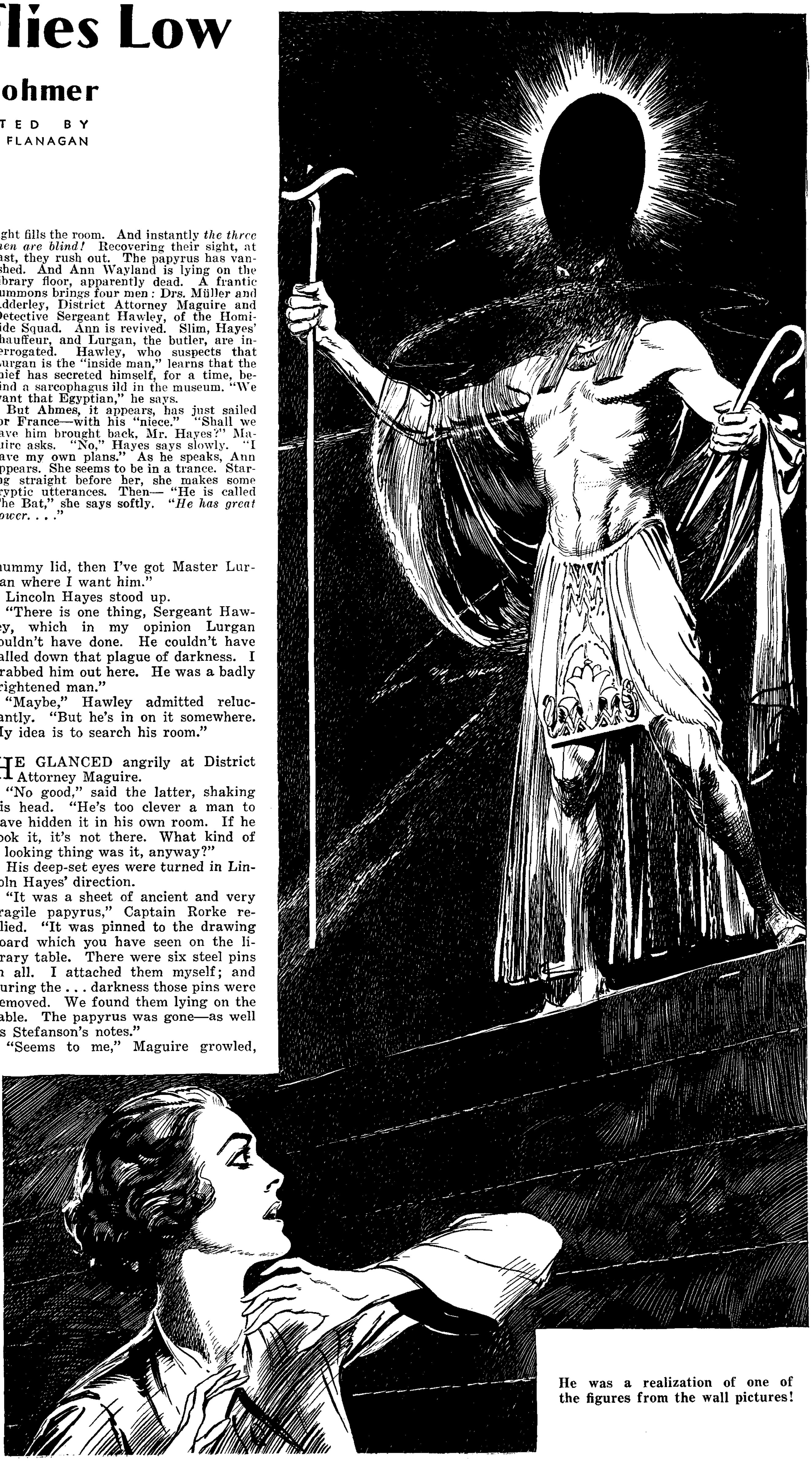
HE GLANCED angrily at District Attorney Maguire.

"No good," said the latter, shaking his head. "He's too clever a man to have hidden it in his own room. If he took it, it's not there. What kind of a looking thing was it, anyway?"

His deep-set eyes were turned in Lincoln Hayes' direction.

"It was a sheet of ancient and very fragile papyrus," Captain Rorke replied. "It was pinned to the drawing board which you have seen on the library table. There were six steel pins in all. I attached them myself; and during the . . . darkness those pins were removed. We found them lying on the table. The papyrus was gone—as well as Stefanson's notes."

"Seems to me," Maguire growled,



He was a realization of one of the figures from the wall pictures!

"that, considered from this new angle, *you* don't come off too well, Stefanson!"

Stefanson peered blinkingly at the speaker.

"D-d-don't be so s-silly," he replied. "I had m-moved away from the t-table, when we heard the scream. Th-that wasn't *normal* darkness! I sw-switched my torch on—and n-no light came! I didn't m-move after that until I could s-see again. Then I s-saw that everything was gone."

There was an interval of silence.

"So *you* say," drawled Hawley, watching Stefanson. "What you say isn't evidence."

"Any one of us in the room," Lincoln Hayes interrupted dryly, "would find it hard to prove his innocence."

"That's true, Hayes," Maguire acknowledged. "The thing is bewildering. . . . Hello! what's this?"

Dr. Müller was coming downstairs. He carried a sheet of paper. He reached the lobby level, crossed, and handed the paper to Lincoln Hayes.

"In accordance with Adderley's instructions," he said, "I have not checked the patient in anything she wished to do. A few moments ago she sat up and asked quite normally for writing paper, as she had an important message to send. The nurse called me—and I saw at once by the patient's eyes that she was not awake but still in a state of somnambulism. I handed her a pad and pencil. She wrote this message, and—then went to sleep again."

He returned upstairs.

Hayes leaned back, holding the sheet to the light.

"I don't like these queer symptoms," said Rorke. "It seems as though some awful thing has temporarily affected her brain."

"I shouldn't worry," Hayes replied. "I have every confidence that when she really wakes, she will be quite normal. Just listen to this."

He read aloud: "'What I wanted to tell you when you returned from the theater tonight, Lincoln, was this: I overheard Lurgan speaking on the telephone. He said that Paddy Rorke had just arrived with a steel dispatch box. He was talking to Simon Lobb. I heard him ask to speak to him personally. Ann.'"

Someone snapped his fingers so sharply that everybody started.

"What did I say?" Hawley asked harshly. "Did I say that bird was in on it, or didn't I?"

"WHAT I want to know, Hayes, is just this." District Attorney Maguire stood glaring at Lincoln Hayes. "You asked me to come along tonight on the strength of our being old friends—because you knew I had authority, if necessary, to gag idle gossip. That's how I read it, anyway. Well, the thing you were afraid of hasn't happened. I'm glad. Nobody more so. There's no case of homicide, but there's a case of theft. Very good. Do you want this inquiry to go on officially, or do you want it to close now?"

"Close now," said Lincoln Hayes.

"It can't!" said Detective Sergeant Hawley. "Robbery with violence has taken place here, in this house. You owe it to the state to help apprehend the culprit."

Detective Sergeant Hawley was an awkward man.

"It's true, Hayes," growled Maguire.

"In which case," Hayes replied, unmoved, "I suggest we adjourn to the library. Lobby rather public. . . . Seems to be something you want to know, Maguire?"

"There is." Maguire's unflinching glare remained fixed upon the speaker's face. "It's this: Where does Simon Lobb come in?"

"Simon Lobb is President of Lobb's Central Electric."

"I guess he's your big business rival—but what I want to know is—would the thing stolen from here tonight be of any commercial interest to Simon Lobb?"

"It would," Captain Rorke interjected. "Suppose we adopt Hayes' suggestion and assemble in the library?"

"What about Lurgan?" Hawley drawled. "I want a few kind words with that bird."

"I suggest, Hawley," said Maguire, "that you send for him, right away, and interview him in the library. Is that O. K. by you, Hayes?"

"Quite. But *I* will conduct the interview."

LINCOLN HAYES pressed a bell. Lurgan appeared, unperturbed and immaculate, from the shadows of a Moorish archway.

"Bring refreshments to the library, Lurgan."

Lurgan bowed and withdrew. The party went into the library, led by Lincoln Hayes. Hawley brought up the rear, glancing back to the lobby. And as they all gathered in the book-lined apartment:

"I have it in mind that bird's going to make a getaway," Hawley muttered.

"I d-d-don't agree," Stefanson said. "You don't have to!" Hawley snapped back. "It's not your business, but it is mine."

"Make yourselves comfortable, gentlemen," said Lincoln Hayes; "looks like being a nasty session."

Lurgan came in wheeling a silent dinner-wagon laden with sandwiches and other snacks; whisky, beer and two bottles of Rhine wine in an ice bucket.

"Shall I serve, sir?"

"No." Hayes moved around behind the big table. "But I want a word with you, Lurgan."

"Very good, sir."

"This evening," Hayes went on in his unemotional voice, "just before I returned from the theater, you called Mr. Simon Lobb and gave him certain information. Shall I tell you just what this information was?"

Lurgan retained his magnificent composure, slightly inclined his head, and:

"That is quite unnecessary, sir," he replied. "I can only suppose that you obtained this information in some way from Miss Wayland. Miss Wayland is very clever and has suspected me for a long time past."

"Then you don't deny it?"

"It would be useless to deny it. You could so easily confirm it."

"Well — I'm damned!" Maguire growled.

Hawley stood, hands in pockets. His expression as he watched Lurgan was that of a bird of prey about to pounce. Stefanson looked frankly bewildered. Captain Rorke had taken up his favorite pose on the hearth. He was staring down into the embers.

"You have been here as a spy?"

Lurgan hesitated for a moment, and then:

"In a sense that's true," he admitted; "but I have scrupulously attended to my other duties."

"This bird will choke me," Hawley drawled, clenching his fists and plunging them deeper into his pockets.

"Am I to suppose," Lincoln Hayes went on, "that when my former butler, Parker, gave notice, he had really been bought off by Simon Lobb?"

LURGAN slightly shrugged his shoulders.

"I could not say, sir. It is possible that an even better position was found for him."

"You mean this vacancy was artificially created, so *you* could get in?"

"Something of the kind no doubt took place, sir."

"Are you regularly employed by Lobb?"

"No, sir. This is the first time I have acted for him."

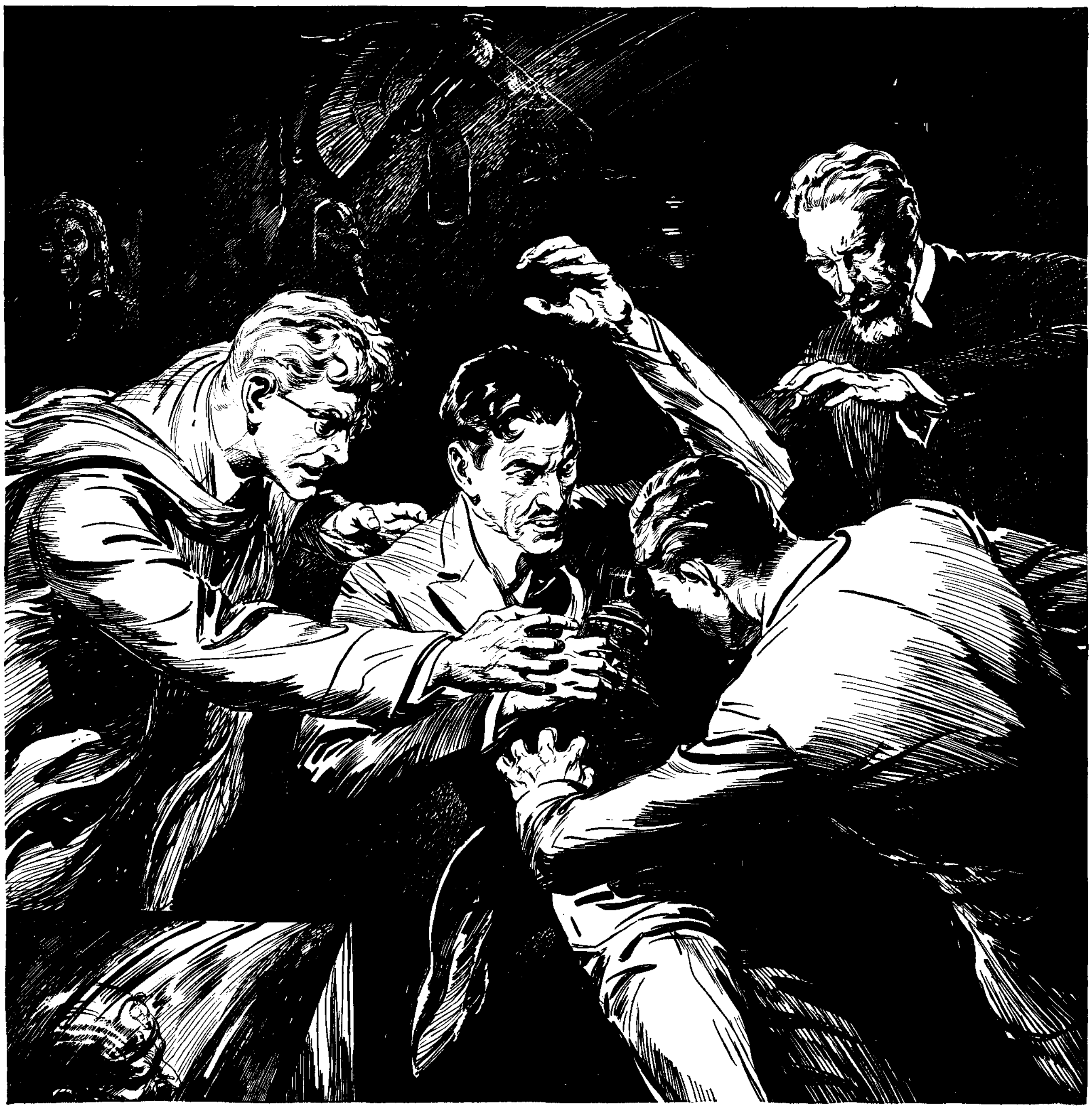
"*Acted* for him?" Maguire boomed, his huge voice suddenly raised. "You seem to regard your trade in the same class with that of an attorney . . . *acted for him!*"

"What were your particular duties?"

"My instructions were to report instantly to Mr. Simon Lobb in person, the arrival here of any consignment from Egypt, or of anyone coming from Egypt. Nothing of a criminal nature, sir, in my activities."

District Attorney Maguire uttered a muffled roar, threw up his fists and walked to the farther end of the library.

(*Continued on page* 69)



He threw his arms out, seeking support, but grasped the lamp

Dr. Socrates

By W.R.Burnett

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

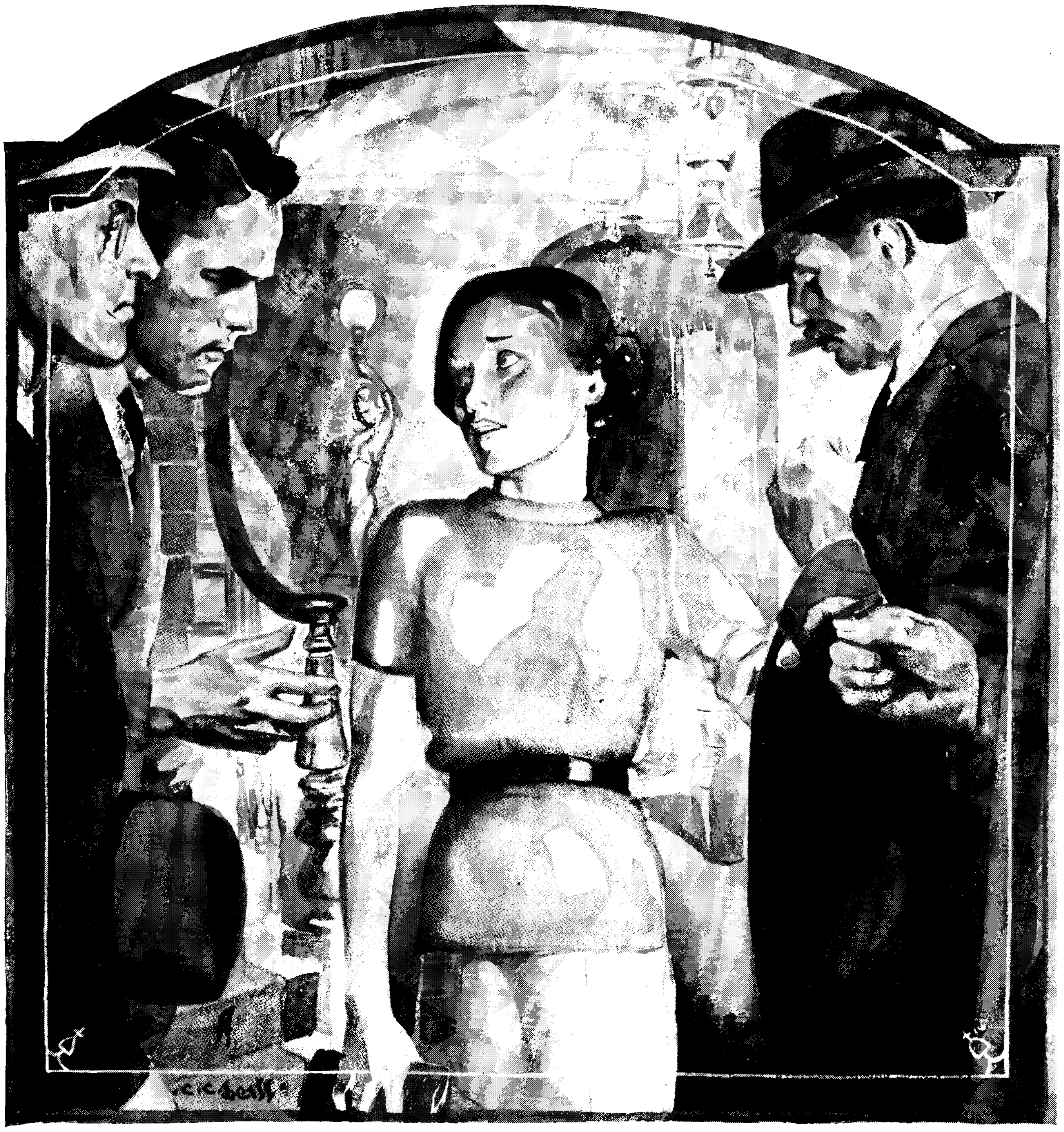
SEATED alone in his home late one evening, young Dr. Cardwell, a recent arrival in the little town of Big Bend, receives two unexpected callers: Lefty Croker, right-hand man of "Red" Bastian, a notorious bandit, and a woman known as "Dublin." Croker has been wounded. Drawing a gun, he forces Cardwell to dress his wound, pays him generously, threatens to kill him if he "squawks," and drives away.

In a serious quandary, Cardwell decides to say nothing—to await developments. A short time later, Bastian and his killers hold up a bank in Big Bend, and, amid a *hail of bullets, speed away.* After which, a girl (a hitchhiker *or* one of the gang—opinions vary) is found, unconscious, on the street. Believing her a chance victim, Cardwell revives her and takes her to his home, where his housekeeper, Ma Ganson, cares for her.

But Cardwell has an enemy: Dr. Willis Ginder, head of the recently organized "Minute Men of Wayne County." Ginder insists that the girl be jailed. The young doctor defies him. And the girl is not arrested. Her name, she tells Cardwell, is Josephine Gray. She is an orphan. Hitchhiking to California, she had been given a ride by Bastian; then, knocked unconscious by a stray bullet during the raid, had been left behind.

Cardwell believes her story. . . . That evening, returning from a professional call on Caroline Suggs, daughter of Ben Suggs, who loathes "Doc" Ginder, he finds Lefty Croker and another bandit (a man known as "Al") awaiting him. Covering him, they blindfold him and force him to accompany them to Bastian's hideaway—a large, decaying house, and a veritable arsenal. There he meets Bastian and dresses the wounds *of three killers—among them, a ruffian* known as "Hughie." Bastian informs him brutally that he intends to kidnap Josephine Gray. Then, again blindfolded, Cardwell is driven to his home. The following day, at a meeting of The Minute Men, he sees Bob Catlett, who, poverty-stricken and in debt, lives in a large, dilapidated house near Big Bend. One glance at Catlett's tall, stooped figure—and Cardwell's mind flashes back to Bastian's hideout. There, he had seen, indistinctly and for a fleeting moment, *a tall, stooped* man. *Catlett!* Suddenly, the truth dawns on Cardwell: *the bandit's hide-out is Catlett's home!*

Anderson, a federal agent, and Doc Ginder call on Cardwell. "Do you," Anderson asks, "know a man named Hughie Mordell?" Hughie Mordell—one of Bastian's wounded men! "I do not," Cardwell answers. Anderson produces a Bertillon picture. "Dr. Cardwell," he says, "did you ever see that man?"



Jo had said, "Oh, Lee, I'm sorry I got you into all this trouble"

V

CARDWELL looked at the picture.

"No."

"Sure?"

"Positive."

"You'd swear to that?"

"Naturally." Cardwell was thinking fast now and cursing himself for not having reported the wounded bandits. Things were beginning to look very bad. The Bertillon picture was an unmistakable likeness of the badly wounded bandit. He glanced at Ginder. The big doctor was staring at him steadily, wary and hostile. "Mr. Anderson," said Cardwell, "as you're a stranger here, I don't suppose you know that Dr. Ginder has always disliked me. He's made fun of me since the day I arrived. He tried to give me a nickname, Dr. Socrates, but it didn't stick because none of the natives knew what it meant and couldn't pronounce it. Dr. Ginder, however, not only knows what it means but also knows that a ridiculous name, if applied often enough, will finally make a man ridiculous. Ginder, because of his great classical knowledge, made a bad choice of names. Tom Suggs in another context did better. Big Belly is far more effective."

Cardwell was killing two birds with one stone: sparring for time, and paying off Doc Ginder for some of his insults.

Ginder puffed violently but said nothing. Anderson did his best to keep his face straight, but Cardwell could see a smile struggling at his lips.

"Yes," said Anderson, "I *am* a stranger here. But I make it my business to know what I'm doing. I don't think that Dr. Ginder's interest in this case is colored by any personal feeling. At least, I hope not, as it is a case of national importance. All right. Let's get back. You say you're willing to swear that you do not know, have never heard of, have never seen this man, Hugh Mordell?"

"That's right."

Anderson compressed his lips, then he reached in his pocket and took out a good-sized bottle, the label on which was torn and partly defaced. He held it up. Cardwell knew it at once. It was a bottle of antiseptic he had left with Red.

"Did you ever see this before?"

"I can't say positively. It's a very ordinary-looking bottle."

"Exactly. Look at it carefully."

Cardwell took it cautiously, trying to hide the trembling of his hand. His heart almost stopped. At the top of the label, where a bit of the paper had been stripped off, he saw dimly but unmistakably the letters ". . . rdwell." What inexcusable carelessness and stupidity!

"Well, Doctor . . ."

Cardwell handed the bottle back.

"I can't identify it."

"It seems to have your name on it."

"'Seems' doesn't mean anything."

"Merely circumstantial evidence, is all. Cardwell is a rather unusual name, you know. I don't know as I ever heard it before."

"What are you trying to prove?" Cardwell's hands were icy. His mind was in confusion.

ANDERSON hesitated for a long time.

"Dr. Cardwell, I'll tell you. There are, as you know, quite a few men scattered through the county trying to find Red Bastian and his mob. Well, this morning two of them saw some men dump a body out of a car, then get away as fast as the car would take them. It was the body of Hugh or Hughie Mordell. He had died from gunshot wounds. He had had expert medical attention. This bottle was in his pocket." Anderson paused and smiled slightly. "Dr. Cardwell, if you want my opinion, I'll be quite frank and say that you're in one hell of a mess. And this girl doesn't help you any."

"Girl? What girl?"

"Josephine Gray, Doctor. The darling of the roto section."

"I don't follow you."

"I've got a sworn statement that she was in the first car and for some reason got out and ran. It's common knowledge that Red is not only a fool for women but has them driving his cars. Why she ran, I don't know. Probably lost her nerve."

(*Continued on page 58*)

THE BACK SEAT RIDES JUST LIKE THE FRONT!

Plymouth's "Floating Ride"— She rests while the car speeds smoothly on dirt roads

ONLY PLYMOUTH GIVES YOU ALL FOUR:

1. GENUINE HYDRAULIC BRAKES
2. SAFETY-STEEL BODY
3. WEIGHT RE-DISTRIBUTION
4. 12% TO 20% LESS GAS & OIL

Ride in "ALL THREE"...Take them Over The Bumps!

FIND A GOOD tough road that's rutted . . . bumpy . . . rough . . . unpaved! And put it up to "All Three" of the leading low-priced cars.

Let *that* tell you the story of the "Floating Ride"—Plymouth's new miracle in restful riding comfort about which all America's talking.

You Relax . . . and Rest!

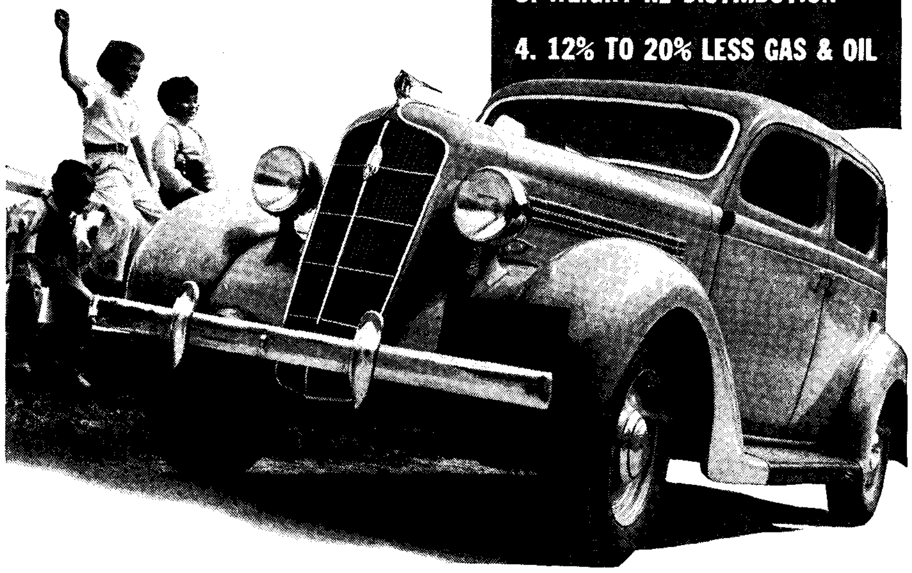
The back seat, you will find, rides as smoothly as the front seat. No bumps, no "pitching" . . . . at top speeds on unpaved roads! Because Plymouth has re-distributed weight on the principle the famous "Airflow" cars introduced . . . seats and engine moved forward for more comfort . . . and more room, too!

New tapered-leaf springs, twice as soft as old-type springs, soak up the jolts. A sway-eliminator in *front* keeps you steady and safe on the curves. You've never had a ride that can compare with it!

Plymouth's genuine Hydraulic Brakes . . . and All-Steel Body . . . answer for your safety. It's the safest of all the low-priced cars. And that's something to remember!

For a new thrill in driving . . . get back of the wheel of this beautiful new Plymouth. Find out first-hand about its amazing acceleration and speed . . . and its 12% to 20% greater economy. Compare it, point for point, with all the other lowest-priced cars!

Tell your Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer you want a new Plymouth to drive. Ask him about the convenient purchase terms of the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.



PLYMOUTH *Now only* **$510**

AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY, DETROIT

BIGGEST — MOST BEAUTIFUL — of "All Three" leading low-priced cars . . . and beneath the streamlined beauty of the new Plymouth is the strength of an all-steel body. It's the most economical full-size car today . . . uses 12% to 20% less gas and oil!

The Bulls of Mauna Loa

By Frank Condon

We're riding herd today on one of the largest, weirdest cattle ranches in the world. On your right, a live volcano; on your left, a homespun golf course; all around you, thousands of sheep, fiery-eyed bulls, race horses and pedigreed planked steaks. It's an amazing round-up

IF YOU were to ask any intelligent and ranch-minded American citizen—that is, a man more or less familiar with cattle-raising and agriculture—if you were suddenly to demand of him: "Where do you suppose is the largest ranch in the United States?" he would probably reply: "Oh, out there in Texas, or Oklahoma, or maybe Montana."

He wouldn't be sure, but he would be wrong, for the largest ranch in the United States is far out in the Pacific Ocean, two thousand miles off the California coast, on a pin point of land known as the island of Hawaii. You might argue: "Well, that isn't in the United States at all," but it *is* in the United States, for Hawaii is a territory of the U. S. A., or, as loyal Hawaiians refer to it, "an integral part."

The name is the Parker Ranch and there is nothing remotely like it anywhere else under our starry banner. For example, a section of it begins at the edge of the sea and runs up the slopes of Mauna Loa, a notoriously restless mountain, 13,675 feet high and likely to explode at any moment and squirt red-hot lava at the cattlemen. These cattlemen are all Hawaiian cowboys, who bedeck themselves in picturesque costumes and ride like the wind. In fact, the claim on the islands is that these Hawaiian buckaroos can outride, outrope, outsaddle and out-anything the best of our famous mainland cowhands, and stand willing to demonstrate any day. One of the Parker Ranch boys traveled over to Cheyenne a few years back and broke the world's record time for roping wild steers, receiving therefor a gold medal.

The Parker Ranch contains six hundred thousand acres, or nine hundred thousand acres, or one million, two hundred thousand acres, depending upon how you estimate and whether you count in and include the grazing land all by itself, or whether you throw in those remote sections that climb up the mountain sides beyond the snow line, or add in the leased lands acquired in recent times by the Parker Ranch people. I made diligent and careful inquiry, hoping to nail the figures down to the last half acre, but there seemed no way to add everything together. As far as I am concerned, this is the largest ranch in the United States.

The property spraddles over the west side of the island of Hawaii, 192 miles distant from Honolulu. There is a highway, one car wide, winding through the property, and when you pass a modest gateway of wood, Freddy, the driver, turns and announces: "We are now in the Parker Ranch." After that, you drive on and on and on, trying to get through one edge of the place. All you can see is mountains and steers and lava flows of varying ages, remote and recent.

It contains, among other diversions for the entertainment of the hula-hula cowboys, a nine-hole golf course, laid out on the bosom of nature, without any decorative fripperies, such as rolled fairways, bunkers or velvety greens of the New England or conventional kind. There stands your nine-hole golf course, just as the volcanoes left the land in their ceaseless process of building up the rugged earth, and nobody ever sprinkles the course or smooths out rough spots. The greens are novel, being surrounded by a fence made of four-inch water pipe supported by posts. The purpose of this is to keep the cattle from eating the greens, and yet when you study them, they are exactly like the fairways, rather washboardy. I climbed inside the fence and attempted to putt out, succeeding in seven shots.

The caddies wear red jackets and ride large, capable horses, thus making our mainland caddies look pretty silly. The conservative character of the Parker Ranch folks is apparent at once, as, when they started golf, they laid out only nine holes, or one half of a regular course. It is possible to build a full-size course on one hundred acres, so I figured out that if they wanted to, they could put in ten thousand eighteen-hole courses and still have plenty of room for a few cows, steers, bulls and sheep. Sunday is golfing day for the valiant caballeros and they must be fairish players, as it would require about one hundred strokes for Walter Hagen to make the round.

So amazingly peculiar is the weather on Hawaii, and so large and far-flung the Parker Ranch, that the happy residents enjoy all kinds of climate. In one section it rains two hundred inches a year, and elsewhere on the ranch a mere fifty, which is nothing to grow excited over, as on one of the smaller islands near by the rainfall is six hundred inches a year, or plenty of moisture. One of the Parker Ranch officials recently made a visit back home to the mainland, meeting up with old friends in Seattle, a town fairly bursting with pride over its own rainfall.

Rainfall by the Yard

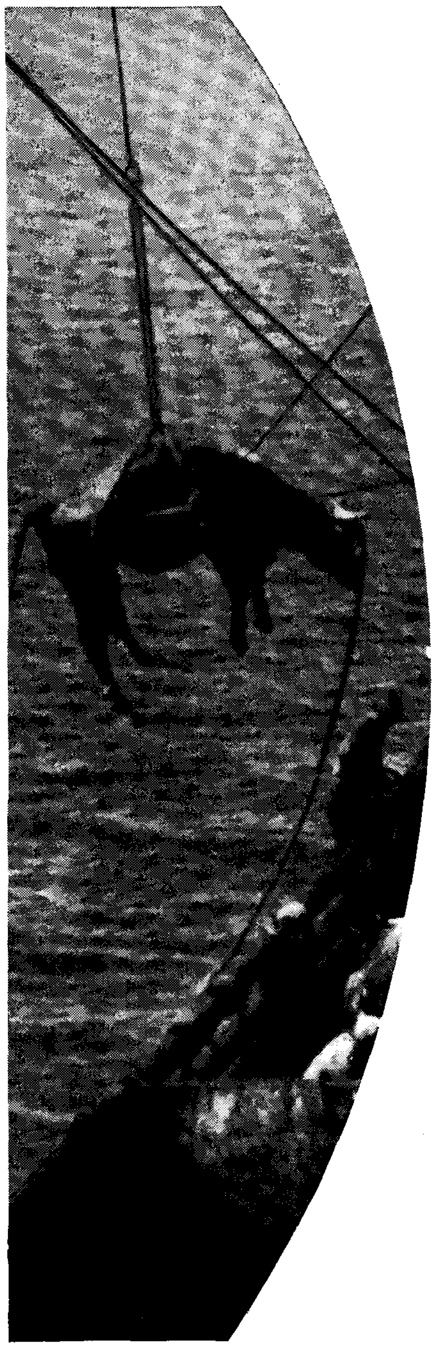
"They tell us you have quite a bit of rain out there on your island," one of the Seattle friends remarked, by way of making conversation, and the islander nodded complacently.

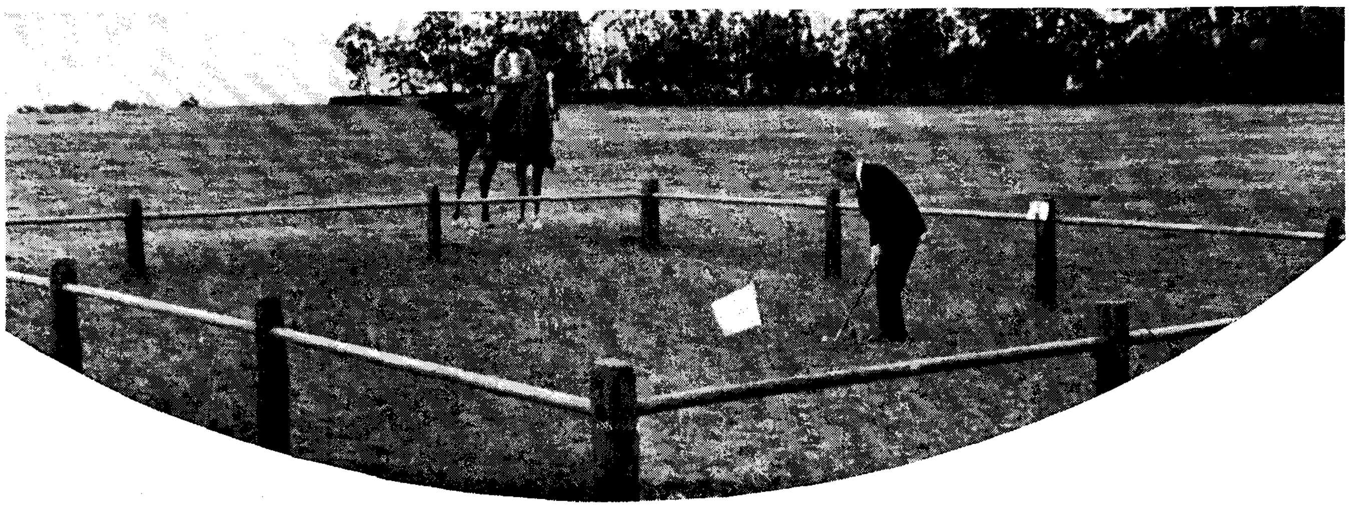
"Yes," he said, "we do. Up to the time I left home, we'd had about three and a half yards, and the rainy season wasn't nearly over."

"Great jumping Jupiter! So you measure your rain in yards!"

I can vouch for the accuracy of this statement, for it rained ten inches the morning we arrived in Hilo, main town on the island of Hawaii. One local gentleman, in discussing this downpour,

(Continued on page 72)





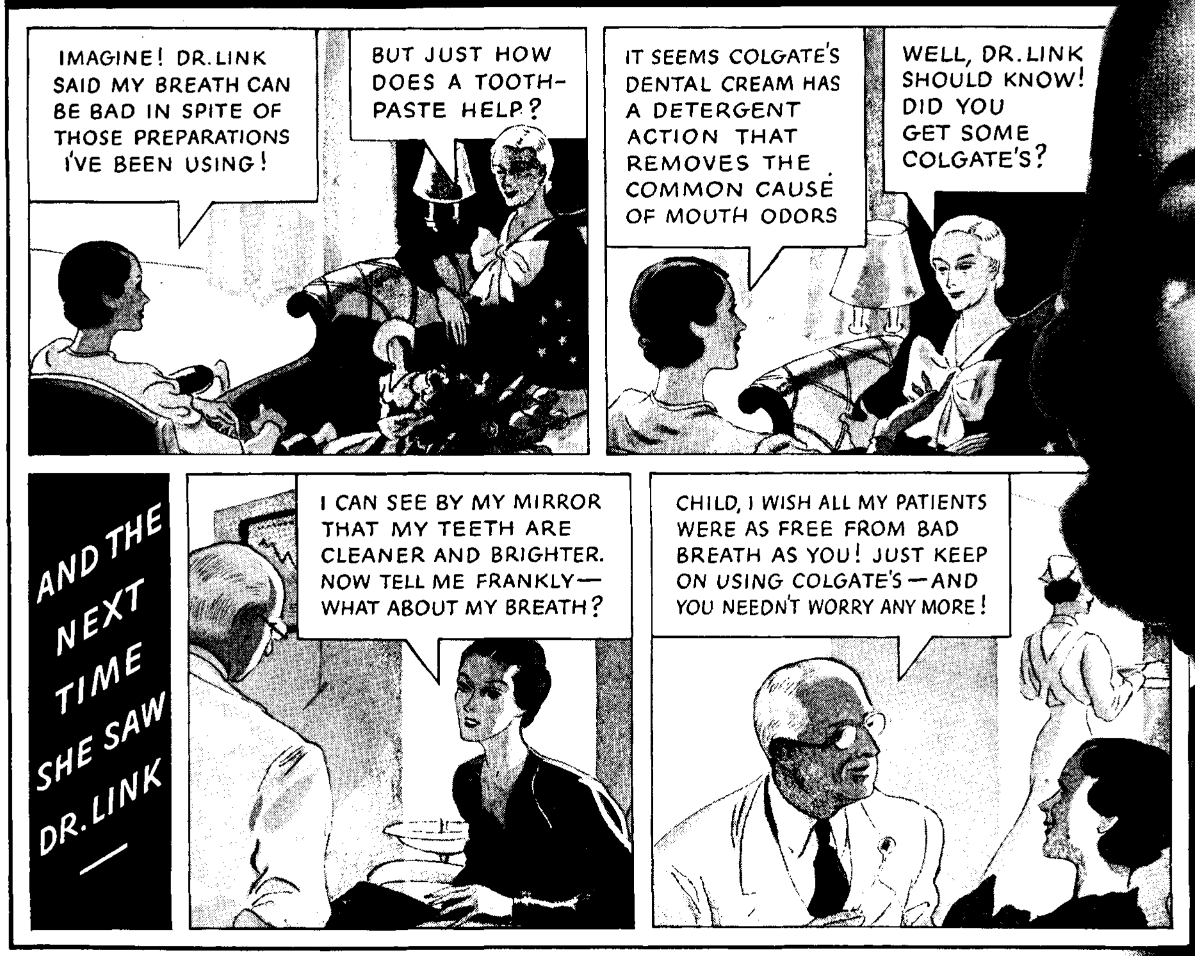
UNIVERSAL NEWSREEL

Cowhands urge Parker Ranch steers to swim out to boats, to be hoisted aboard and carried to Honolulu. Below, the author putts out on the ranch course, where greens are protected against cattle and caddies ride ponies

Her Dentist's Words Came as a Shock—

"MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!"

. . . BUT HE SHOWED HER THE SENSIBLE WAY TO COMBAT BAD BREATH!


IMAGINE! DR. LINK SAID MY BREATH CAN BE BAD IN SPITE OF THOSE PREPARATIONS I'VE BEEN USING!
BUT JUST HOW DOES A TOOTHPASTE HELP?
IT SEEMS COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM HAS A DETERGENT ACTION THAT REMOVES THE COMMON CAUSE OF MOUTH ODORS
WELL, DR. LINK SHOULD KNOW! DID YOU GET SOME COLGATE'S?
AND THE NEXT TIME SHE SAW DR. LINK —
I CAN SEE BY MY MIRROR THAT MY TEETH ARE CLEANER AND BRIGHTER. NOW TELL ME FRANKLY— WHAT ABOUT MY BREATH?
CHILD, I WISH ALL MY PATIENTS WERE AS FREE FROM BAD BREATH AS YOU! JUST KEEP ON USING COLGATE'S—AND YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ANY MORE!

How Colgate's Dental Cream keeps Breath Sweet while it makes your Teeth Cleaner and Brighter

The same thing that causes so much tooth decay causes bad breath, say dentists. So they warn you: *To combat such trouble, see that your teeth and mouth are truly and thoroughly cleansed!*

Don't trust your breath to preparations, which are *not* made to clean. Don't rely, either, on toothpastes which merely polish exposed surfaces.

The safe, sure way to correct bad breath is to employ the thorough cleansing action provided only by the special ingredients in Colgate's Dental Cream.

Why Dentists Advise Colgate's

This famous toothpaste, first of all, makes a penetrating foam which works into all crevices of the mouth. Wherever they hide—between the teeth, under the tongue, along the gums—odor-breeding deposits of food residue are emulsified, washed away.

Every surface of every tooth is thoroughly cleansed—the cause of bad breath removed! You know—from the clean fresh feel of your mouth after each brushing—that you have a breath beyond reproach.

At the same time, a soft, grit-free polishing ingredient gently burnishes the enamel. Stubborn stains disappear. Natural lustre is restored. Teeth gleam again, your smile gains beauty.

Save . . . and be Safe!

Using this method, no other treatment is needed for a bright smile and a pure breath. That means a big saving.

But in addition, Colgate's Dental Cream costs less per brushing than any other leading toothpaste! To avoid bad breath—and have cleaner, brighter teeth—get a tube today.

• • •

IF YOU PREFER POWDER, *you'll find that Colgate's Dental Powder gives the same amazing results, sells at the same low, money-saving price.*

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

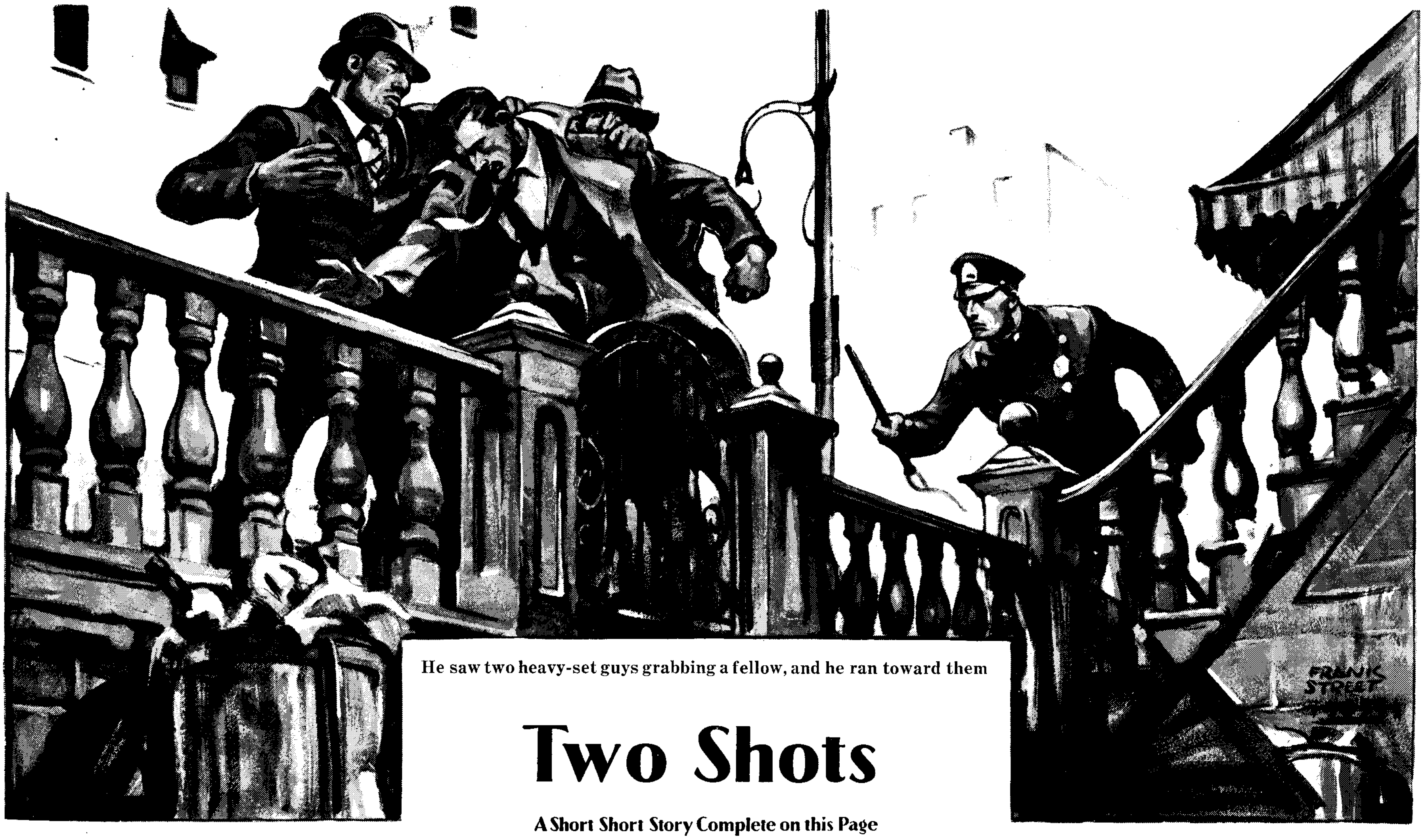
● Buy one tube of Colgate's Dental Cream. Brush your teeth with it two minutes at least twice a day until it is all used up. Then look in your mirror. If you do not honestly admit that your teeth are cleaner, brighter—your breath purer, sweeter—simply send the empty tube to Colgate's, Jersey City, N. J., and we will mail you a check for twice what you paid. (The same guarantee applies to Colgate's Dental Powder likewise.)

COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE
RIB

20¢ LARGE SIZE

Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

VISIT YOUR DENTIST EVERY SIX MONTHS!



He saw two heavy-set guys grabbing a fellow, and he ran toward them

Two Shots

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Lucian Cary

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

JOE RILEY was a rookie when it happened—just a rookie pounding his first beat of a warm and misty evening in spring.

He saw Sheehan and O'Shaughnessy grab Chalfonte. He didn't know they were Sheehan and O'Shaughnessy of the homicide squad or that they had the man who'd killed two cops. He saw the scuffle a few steps down the street. He saw two heavy-set guys grabbing a fellow in an overcoat, and he ran toward them.

Joe got there as Chalfonte left Sheehan and O'Shaughnessy holding his empty overcoat and looking foolish. It happened so fast that, save for one picture he never forgot, Joe Riley couldn't afterwards remember just how it happened. He couldn't remember how he got his own gun out. He could remember the first flash of Sheehan's gun and people running to get out of the way and Chalfonte dodging as he ran close to the buildings at his left. Then—

Joe Riley felt the gun jump in his hand and heard a scream of terror and pain and saw something fall in the middle of the street. He hadn't hit Chalfonte. He'd hit somebody else. He'd hit somebody who lay writhing in the middle of the street.

Joe Riley bent over the bundle in the street. It had stopped writhing. The bundle was a boy of twelve or thirteen, about the size of Joe Riley's kid brother.

Joe Riley picked the kid up in his arms. Sheehan and O'Shaughnessy had gone on, trying to catch Chalfonte. People were coming out of doorways and getting up off the sidewalk now that the guns had ceased. Joe called an ambulance. The young interne took a look at the boy and pulled out the stretcher. Joe Riley rode in the ambulance to the hospital.

"Doc," Joe said, "Doc—what chance has the kid got?"

The young interne shrugged his shoulders. "One chance in five," he said.

Joe sat there sweating as the ambulance bounced and swung.

"He—he got it in the stomach," Joe said.

"That's it," the interne said.

"I hear they suffer something terrible when they—they get it there."

"You're telling me," the interne said.

They didn't hold Joe responsible. Sheehan and O'Shaughnessy testified that they had both emptied their guns at the fleeing Chalfonte. It was anybody's guess which one of them had hit the boy. That didn't help the way Joe Riley felt. He knew who had shot the boy. He had seen the boy fall because at the moment the gun jumped in his hand it was pointed that way. That was the picture he remembered—the picture of the boy falling as the gun jumped in his hand.

Joe Riley gave that boy two pints of blood. The boy got well. But Joe Riley had sat beside the boy's bed. He had seen how the boy suffered. Joe took it hard.

He brooded about it. He brooded about it all the more because there wasn't anything he could do about it. He brooded about it until he learned there was a pistol club. There were a couple of cops in the club. Joe Riley went to see one of them and got invited to visit the club as a guest.

JOE RILEY sat watching the shooting at that club and listening to the talk. Some of the men could shoot as Joe had never dreamed a man could shoot with a revolver. They shot at twenty yards on a bull's-eye a good deal smaller than the palm of a man's hand and expected to hit it every time and mostly put their shots within an inch of dead center.

Joe Riley went to the club again the next week. He went every week and picked up the lore of guns and practiced shooting. It came hard to stand up there and miss the target two or three times out of five when the rest of them were hitting the bull's-eye. But he learned. He felt better, taking so much of his day off learning to shoot. He joined the club.

He bought at secondhand, after a year or so, a beautiful old .44 single-action revolver with a long barrel and target sights. An old expert at the club liked that gun. He told Joe Riley it was the model Ira Paine had used when he toured Europe fifty years ago showing kings how an American could shoot.

Joe Riley made a pet of that gun. He got the trigger pull just right—crisp and clean and just over the two pounds and a half the rules allow. He took comfort in that gun and the scores he made with it. The gun hung in his hand the way a revolver does hang when it's a bit muzzle-heavy and you know how to hold it. It hung dead on the mark. Joe Riley had a holster made for it so he could carry the gun under his left arm. It weighed almost three pounds. But he liked to have it there under his arm.

He got the break he was ready for one afternoon in spring when he wasn't on duty. He was sauntering up the Avenue along the park on his day off when he saw a traffic cop stop a car. It was none of his affair. It was none of his affair until he heard the burst of shots.

The cop was down. A guy in the car had a sub-machine gun. The car went tearing up the street.

Joe Riley jumped on the running-board of a taxi.

"Step on it," Joe Riley said.

The driver stepped on it. Joe Riley hooked his left arm in the open window and got the .44 out of the holster under his arm as the cab careened up the street. The driver had nerve and up ahead you could hear the whistles of the traffic cops clearing the way. But there wasn't any chance to shoot—no chance that a man who knew what he was doing would take. Joe Riley heard a siren somewhere behind him. A radio car was on its way. But they were already in the tenement district to the north. If those killers ahead once got inside the right doorway they'd be lost. They'd be lost across the roofs.

The car ahead skidded on a street-car track. It skidded clear across the street with the brakes on hard and hit a lamp post and stopped. The rubber of Joe Riley's taxi squealed. But it went on past before the driver could stop it.

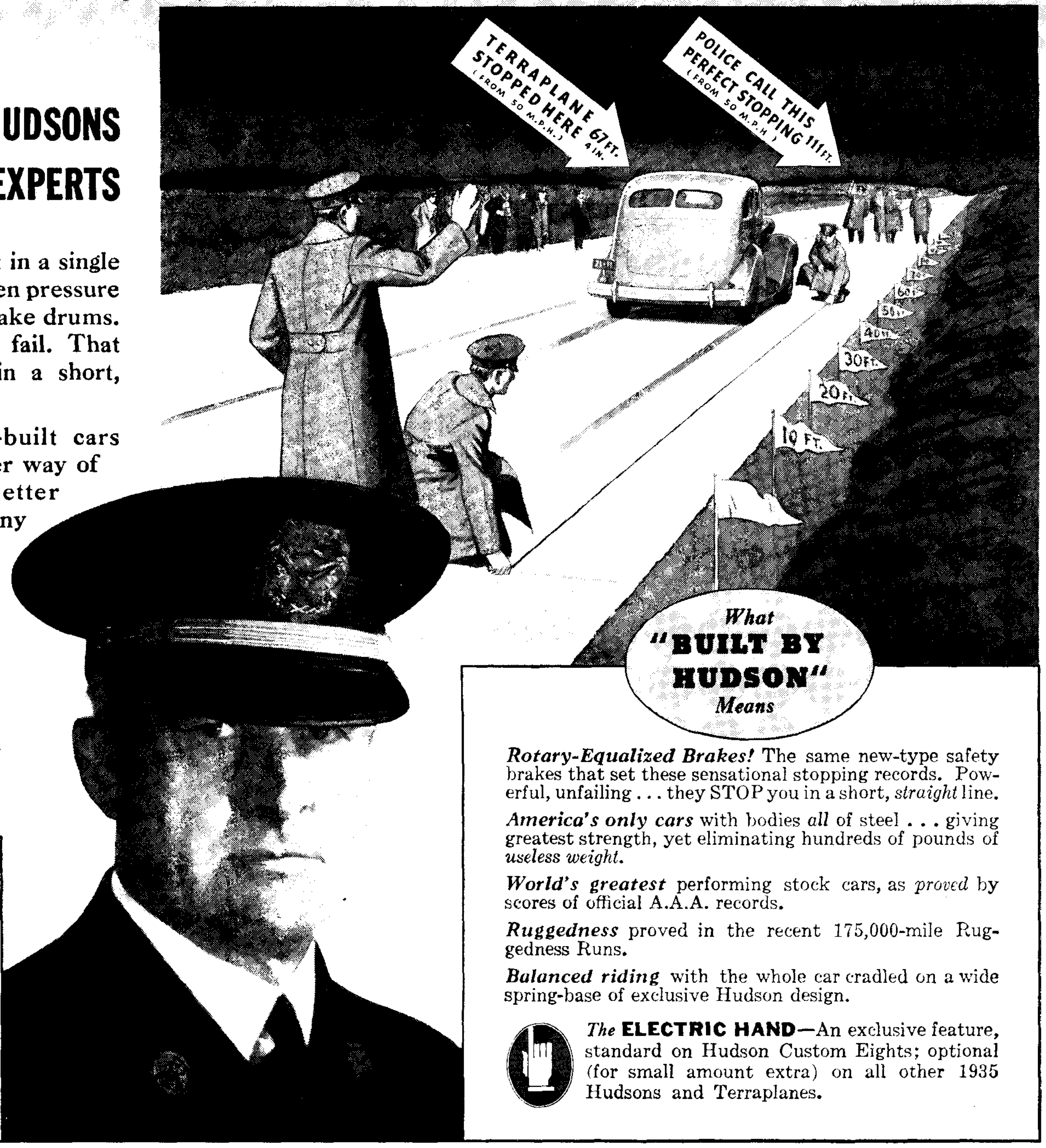
JOE RILEY jumped and turned. One man was out of the car and running. He ran straight for the tenement across the street. He ran as if he knew the place. Joe Riley raised the .44 deliberately. The man wasn't forty feet away. And he wouldn't be much more than sixty feet away when he got to that tenement doorway.

Joe Riley saw the bunch of little kids on the curb, too scared to run. The man knocked two of them over as he dived for the doorway. He grabbed at the doorknob. He had to stop momentarily as he grabbed at the doorknob. The line of fire at his shoulders was clear. There were no kids in the line of fire.

The gun lay dead in Joe Riley's hand as he put the last half ounce of pressure on the trigger. The man fell forward in the doorway as the gun barked. Joe Riley let the muzzle swing up with the recoil and cocked it with the downward motion the way he had learned to do at the revolver club and turned toward the car against the lamp post. He didn't need to shoot again. The radio car was there. The radio cops had the other two.

Joe Riley let the hammer down and put the gun back in its holster. He didn't know then that he had got the last of the Chalfonte gang. He only knew that the thing he had set out to do so long ago was done. He had wiped out that wild shot of his rookie days.

Safer Stopping than Police ask of any brakes by more than 40%


TERRAPLANE STOPPED HERE 67 FT. 4 IN. (FROM 50 M.P.H.)
POLICE CALL THIS PERFECT STOPPING 111 FT. (FROM 50 M.P.H.)
60 FT.
50 FT.
40 FT.
30 FT.
20 FT.
10 FT.

ROTARY-EQUALIZED BRAKES ON NEW HUDSONS AND TERRAPLANES AMAZE TRAFFIC EXPERTS

You hear it said of Hudsons and Terraplanes: "How they can GO." Yes, but how they can STOP, too! And how they proved it—in this demonstration, supervised by safety experts!

Demonstration Supervised by Detroit Police

Brake requirements are severe in Detroit. Yet this Hudson-built Terraplane, carrying five adults, beat *by more than 40%* the stopping distances Detroit police call *perfect*. Did it again and again—at 20, 40 and 50 miles an hour! Stopped *smoothly!* Stopped *straight*—no swerve or side-slip!

Hudson Rotary-Equalized Brakes represent five years of brake advancement in a single year. Absolutely even pressure on all four husky brake drums. Brakes that cannot fail. That STOP you always in a short, *straight* line.

All 1935 Hudson-built cars bring you this better way of stopping—and a better way of *going*, too! Any Hudson and Terraplane dealer will be glad to let you drive one—glad to have you compare it with any other car, before you decide.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO.
Detroit, Michigan
Hudson Motors of Canada, Ltd.
Tilbury, Ontario

Before you buy any 1935 car —see if it can *STOP* like this

Car Speed (with 5 adult passengers)	Police Figure for Perfect Brake Condition	Average Stopping Distance of Hudson-built Terraplane
20 m. p. h.	18 feet	10 feet, 8 inches
40 m. p. h.	71 feet	40 feet, 1 inch
50 m. p. h.	111 feet	67 feet, 4 inches

What "BUILT BY HUDSON" *Means*

Rotary-Equalized Brakes! The same new-type safety brakes that set these sensational stopping records. Powerful, unfailing . . . they STOP you in a short, *straight* line.

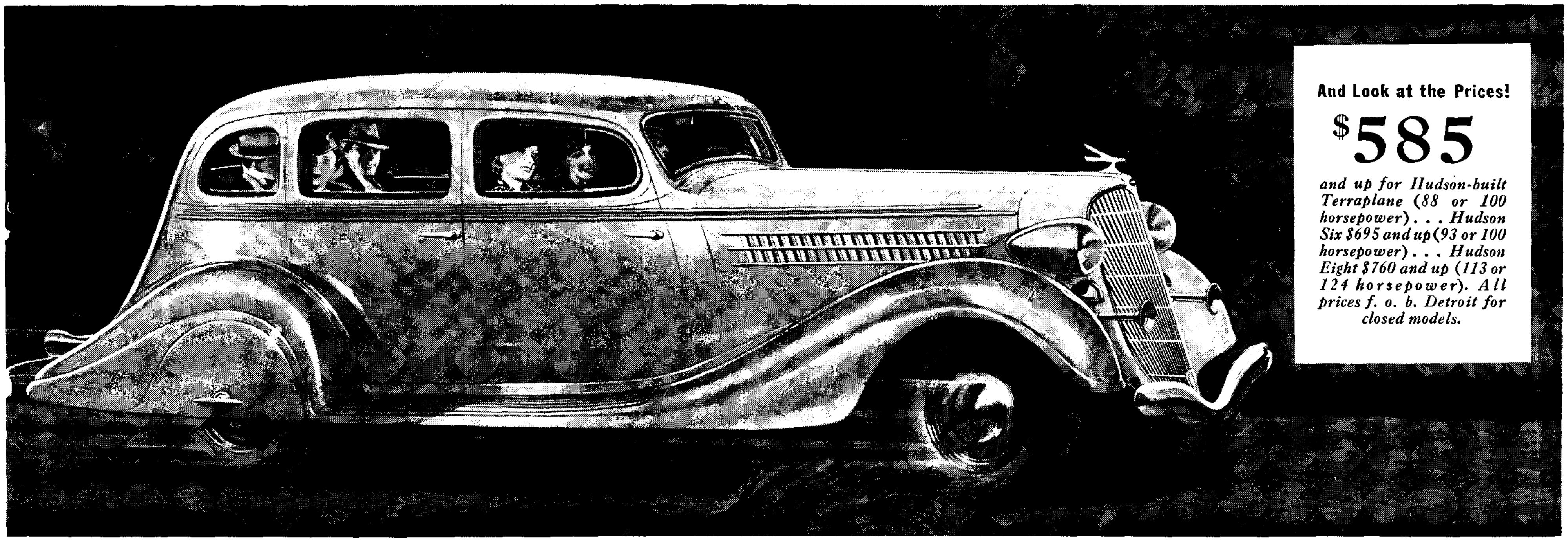
America's only cars with bodies *all* of steel . . . giving greatest strength, yet eliminating hundreds of pounds of *useless weight.*

World's greatest performing stock cars, as *proved* by scores of official A.A.A. records.

Ruggedness proved in the recent 175,000-mile Ruggedness Runs.

Balanced riding with the whole car cradled on a wide spring-base of exclusive Hudson design.

The **ELECTRIC HAND**—An exclusive feature, standard on Hudson Custom Eights; optional (for small amount extra) on all other 1935 Hudsons and Terraplanes.



And Look at the Prices!

$585

and up for Hudson-built Terraplane (88 or 100 horsepower) . . . Hudson Six $695 and up (93 or 100 horsepower) . . . Hudson Eight $760 and up (113 or 124 horsepower). All prices f. o. b. Detroit for closed models.

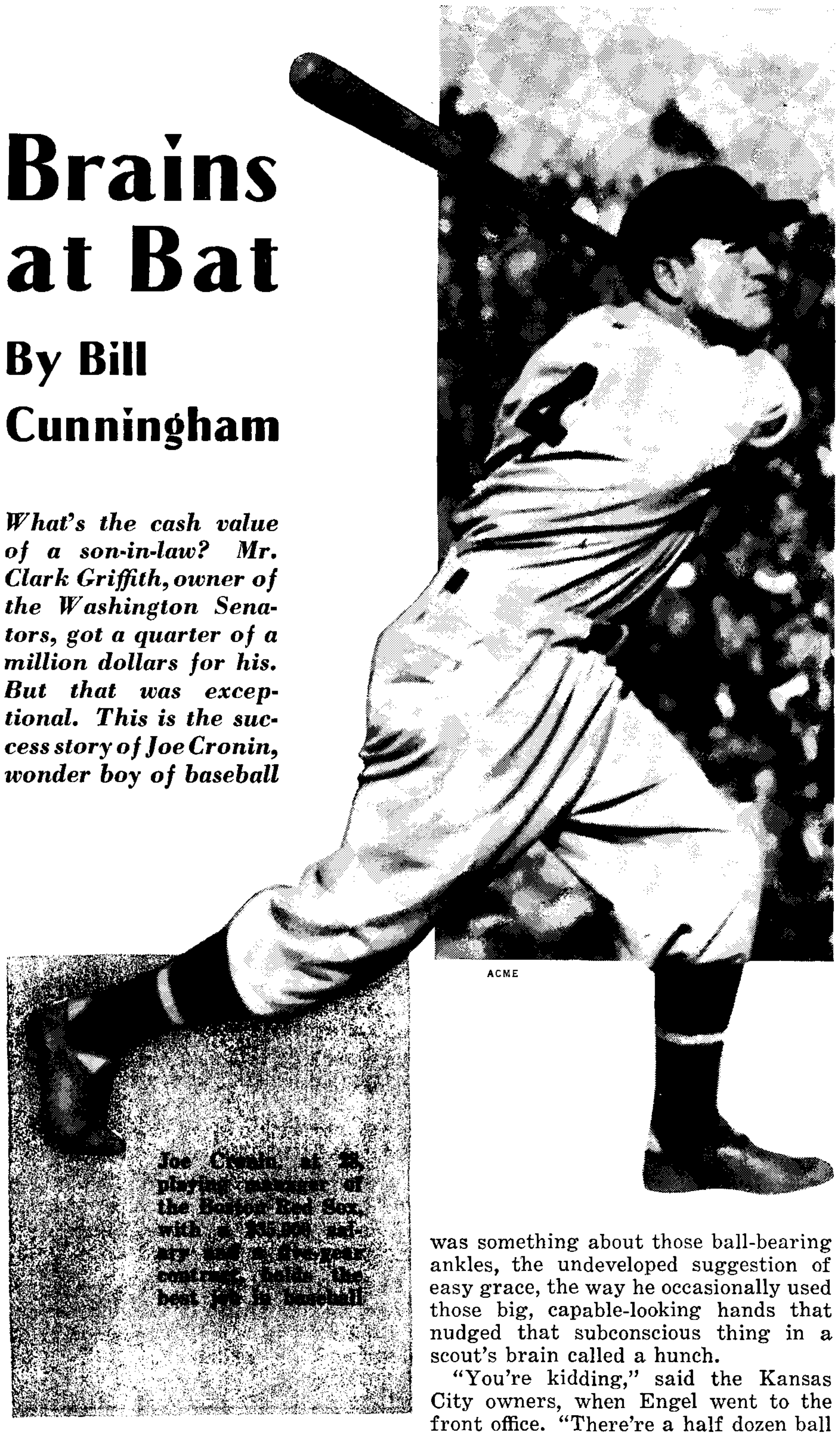
Terraplane De Luxe Sedan, $705 f. o. b. Detroit (Rear Wheel Shields extra)

HUDSON *and* TERRAPLANE

Brains at Bat

By Bill Cunningham

What's the cash value of a son-in-law? Mr. Clark Griffith, owner of the Washington Senators, got a quarter of a million dollars for his. But that was exceptional. This is the success story of Joe Cronin, wonder boy of baseball



Joe Cronin, at 28, playing manager of the Boston Red Sox, with a [illegible] salary and a five-year contract, holds the best job in baseball

ACME

WIDE WORLD

The boy who made good and married the boss' daughter. Mrs. Cronin was Mildred Robertson, adopted daughter of Clark Griffith of the Senators

LIFE may begin at forty for a great many people, but it really began at twenty-one for Joe Cronin. He'd been working at it awkwardly, however, for some while even then.

Joe Engel, Clark Griffith's ablest scout, was prowling through the tall celery on a still hunt for talent to bolster the Washington Senators. Kansas City caught him, or vice versa, on a hot midsummer's week-end, and he decided to cast a rheumy glance at the Kansas City Blues, which are not to be confused with the St. Louis Blues, the latter being a musical composition full of loud horn music, the former being a baseball team which, at the time, was only so-so.

The theme song of the scout is, "No, No, a Thousand Times No!" For every hundred players examined, one may possibly do. These were no better than most, and not as good as some, yet Engel found his eyes always coming back from wherever they wandered to a lanky, lantern-jawed kid playing short for the Blues. A lot of items about him were wrong. He batted like a girl, for one thing. He didn't pivot right, for another. He seemed a little inclined toward fighting the ball. There was a little too much of this and not quite enough of that and yet . . . and yet . . . there was something about those ball-bearing ankles, the undeveloped suggestion of easy grace, the way he occasionally used those big, capable-looking hands that nudged that subconscious thing in a scout's brain called a hunch.

"You're kidding," said the Kansas City owners, when Engel went to the front office. "There're a half dozen ball players out there better than Cronin. We don't want to sell Griff a lemon; we want to keep doing business with him. You know Cronin's story, don't you?"

Then they proceeded to tell any parts of it Engel didn't know. It was the damning legend of a big-league flop. Early out of San Francisco, a true product of the sand lots, he'd been briefly exposed to education at Sacred Heart College, gravitated from there to semi-pro ball at Napa, California, and was there picked up by Joe DeVine, an ivory assembler for the Pirates.

That was 1925. Cronin was nineteen years old.

Back to the Big Leagues

With Glenn Wright at short and Pie Traynor at third, the Pirates had about as much use for him as they had for an extra neck, but they farmed him first to Johnstown and then to New Haven in the now defunct Eastern League. In 1926, he maced the missile for the seat of Yale at a .320 clip and was recalled by the parent organization upon the premise that just maybe he had what it took to push the veterans aside.

He didn't.

No twenty-year-old rookie could break through Wright and Traynor on the left side of that infield, especially with the Pirates in a pennant fight. Joe was in only twelve games, hit a weak .227, polished the bench all through the World Series with the Yanks and was cut loose to Kansas City in the midwinter swaps as just another firecracker that didn't go off. He wasn't even any too hot with the Blues. Maybe he was trying too hard. He was burned with a blazing determination to "get up" again, but for all he was showing in the Kansas City ball yard, it wasn't any cinch he wouldn't slide further down.

"Even so," said Engel, "there's something about him. . . . I don't know as I could tell you myself. What's your figure?"

"We'd be swindling if we asked more than $3,000," said the strangely honest Kansas citizen.

That was chicken feed even for a cross-handed pinch hitter with rheumatism in the withers and a sty on the eye. Remember, that was before things came unboomed.

"Cronin doesn't look like a hitter," Engel wired Griff, "but he surely can field that apple."

The first half of that telegram was Engel's only bloomer. Cronin's big-league lifetime batting average is .305, but that's getting ahead of the gun.

Washington saw its first of the young man in July, 1928, and it was here that he first came in contact with Stanley Bucky Harris, celebrated boy manager of the Senators and an Algeresque diamond hero in his own right. It's necessary to record this because Harris weaves in and out through the rest of Cronin's story with a weird, if accidental, persistence.

In fact, if this were Harris' story instead of Cronin's, and we didn't know the facts, Cronin might well be cast as the villain of the piece, Harris' strangely hounding and seemingly inescapable Nemesis, a sort of continual follower-arounder and pusher-outer. But Joe is really clear of any charges such as these. What happened was only a series of accidents and coincidences.

It's entirely possible, however, that Joe did have something to do with Bucky's losing the managerial post he held at the time, a job that had whisked him from the humble origin of breaker in a coal mine to national fame and marriage into such wealth and society that President and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge were among the selected few present when the young Washington manager was sealed to his socially registered bride.

Joe may not have been the cause, but Griff was looking for an issue. Originally Griff had envisioned Bucky as his presidential successor, but Bucky'd got tough about money and after his social acceptance Griff couldn't down the suspicion that his former ball players' ball player was thinking more about bridge than base hits.

Griff Couldn't See Him

All unconsciously, the young and gangling Joe Cronin walked into a situation that was slowly coming to a simmer and, all unconsciously again, he turned the fire up just a little.

For Bucky liked him when he came up, all arms and shins and elbows. With Engel, he saw an indefinable something in the anvil-jawed Irishman. Griff couldn't see him at all. Bobby Reeves was shortstopping for the Washington team at the time and Griff was sold on him completely.

"You booted one on that Cronin," Griff said to Joe Engel. "I'm going to ship him to Chattanooga as soon as I can get a good excursion rate."

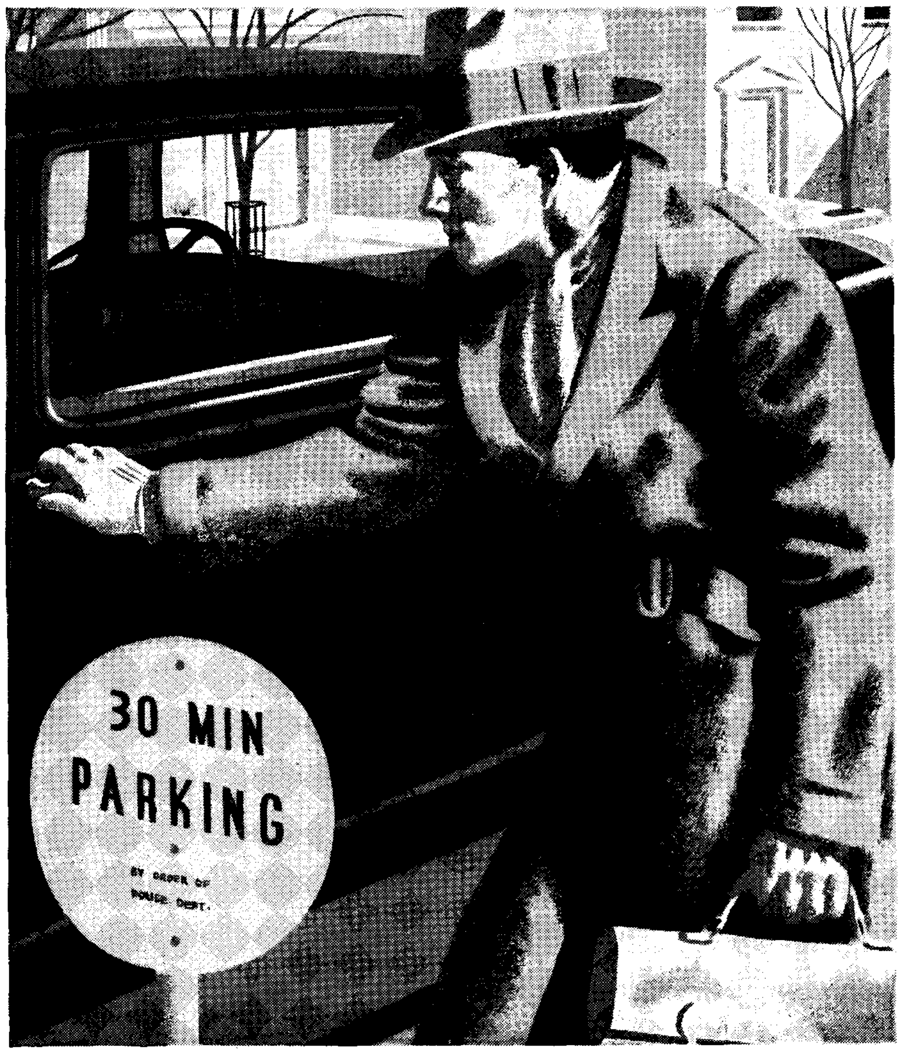
"Wait," said Engel.

"I will, but not long," snorted Griff.

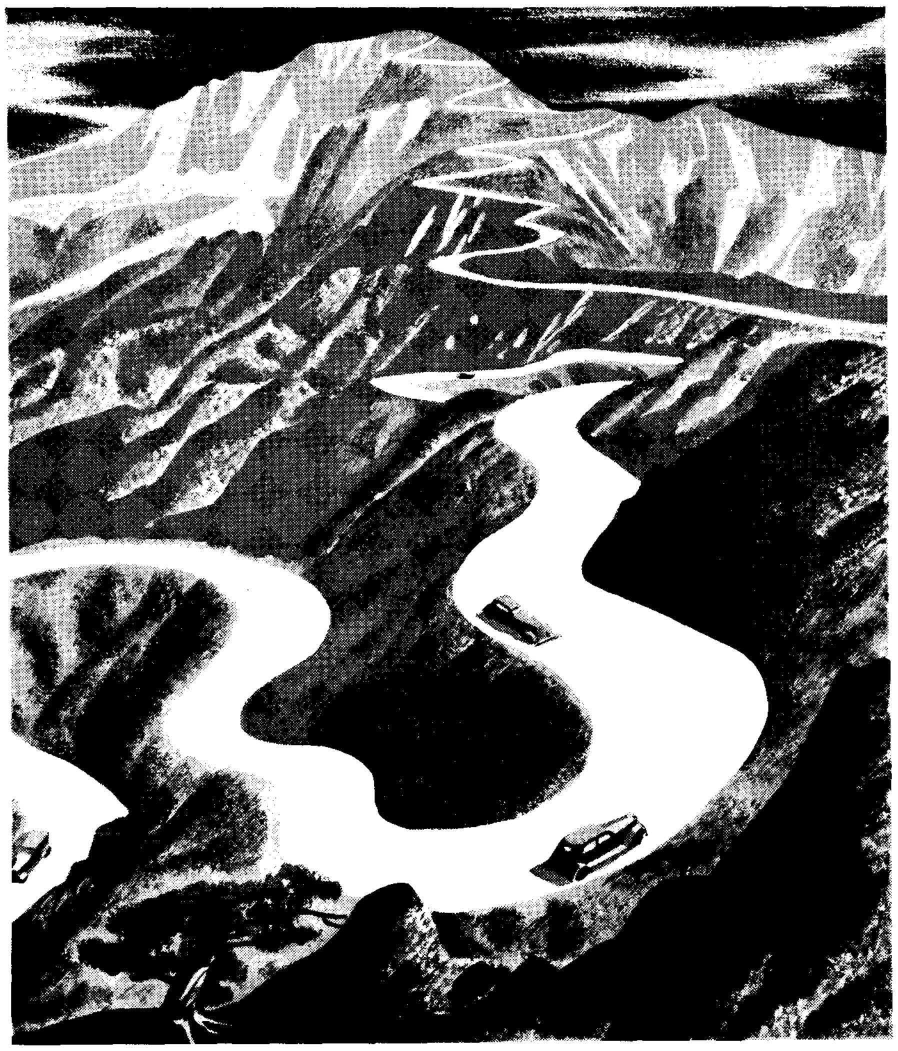
The team was in the West and Griff, reading the box scores, saw that Harris

(Continued on page 46)

You do 80% of your driving WITHIN 25 MILES of your home



ONE "COLD" START ALONE can waste up to a cupful of gasoline before the motor warms up. Many cars are started 15 times a day . . . business cars, *50 times* a day!



SUPER-SHELL saves gasoline formerly wasted in starting and warming up. It can save as much in 50 "cold" starts as you'd need to climb all the way up Pikes Peak.

50 "cold" starts use as much gasoline *as climbing Pikes Peak*

Today's "Stop-and-Go" driving wastes your money—if your gasoline hasn't these Three Different Kinds of Power . . .

THE way most cars are driven today fairly "eats up" gasoline. Dashing back and forth! Starting . . . choking . . . accelerating.

The average car piles up *four-fifths* of its mileage in short trips . . . is often started 15 times a day. In business use, many cars are started *50 times* a day!

Such driving is wasteful unless the gasoline you use has three distinct kinds of power in *perfect balance!*

Super-Shell, *the first truly balanced gasoline,* combines POWER for quick starting . . . POWER for accelerating . . . POWER for the steady run.

It has such even volatility that it vaporizes and burns cleanly—with maximum efficiency and without knocking—at every engine temperature. Thus it saves money, too, on repairs and upkeep.

This "super-gasoline" is another notable accomplishment by Shell technical experts, whose original anti-knock research led to the successful use of the high-compression head principle found in over 95% of today's cars . . . and the "weather-conditioning" of gasoline for changes in temperature and climate.

• • •

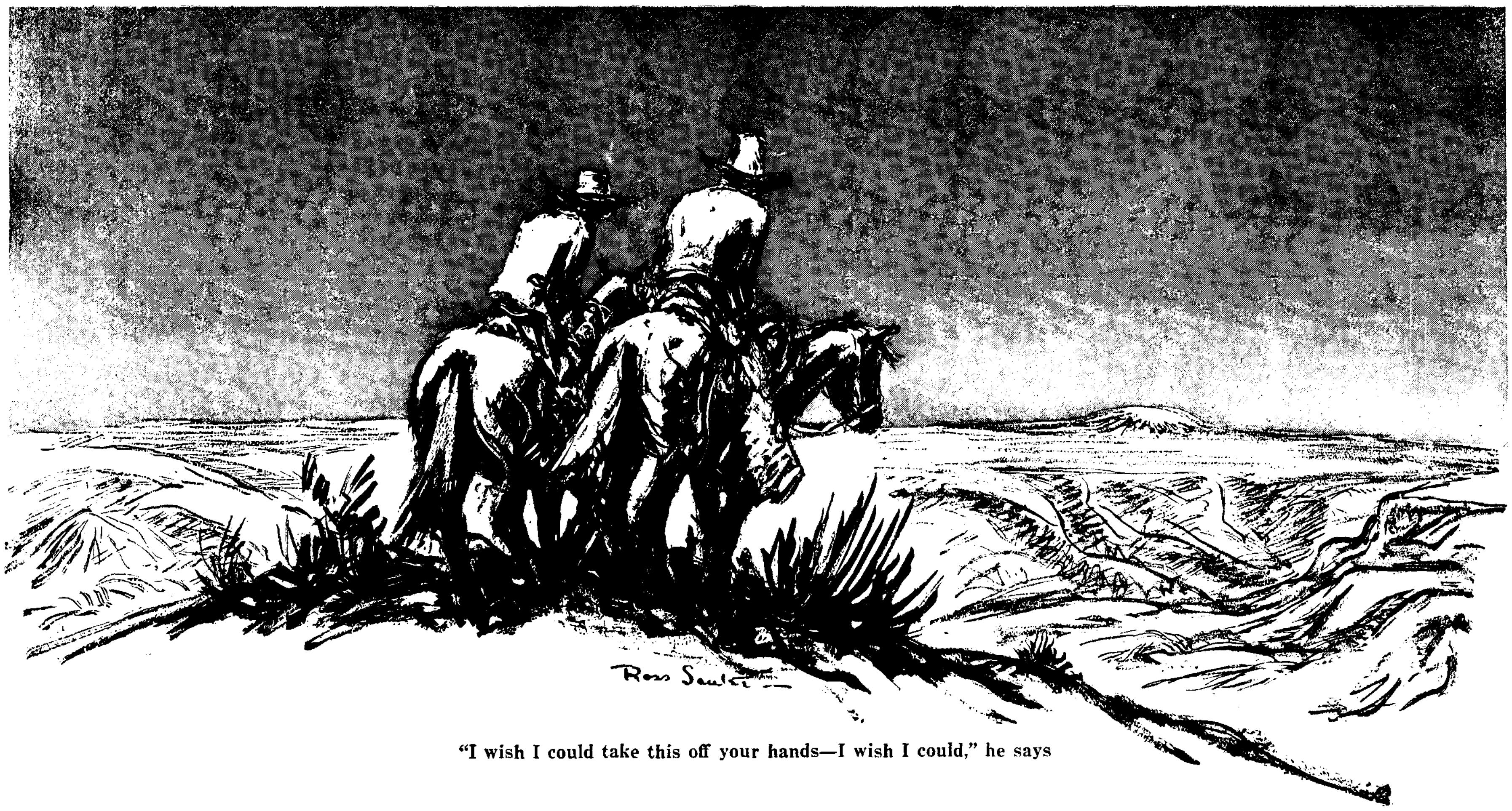
Super-Shell is sold *at no extra cost*—at neighborly Shell stations from Coast to Coast.

Saves Gasoline 3 WAYS

1. **Can save up to a cupful on every "cold" start.**
2. **Can save up to a cupful in ten minutes of hill climbing or repeated accelerating.**
3. **Can save up to a cupful in every hour of steady running, many motorists report.**

SUPER-SHELL

The first truly balanced Gasoline



"I wish I could take this off your hands—I wish I could," he says

With Bated Breath

By Ross Santee

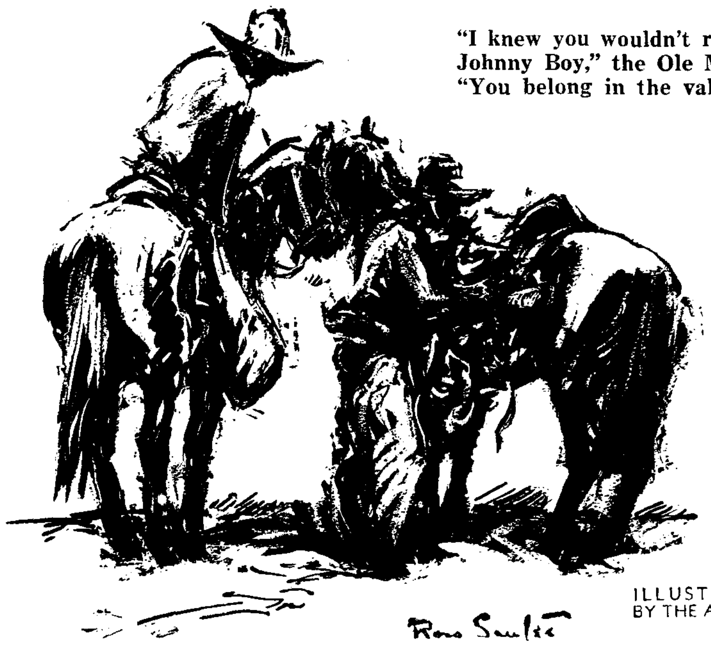
The story of a peaceful boy who was called on to fight a man—with guns, on sight!

I DIDN'T want any trouble. The girl didn't mean anything to either of us. I had only danced with her twice. Mason had been in the valley a year. I only knew him by sight. When Mason told me to lay off I thought the man was joking until I saw his face.

The thing had happened so quick it was hard to get it all straight. There was only room in the schoolhouse for six couples to dance. There was a fire going outside the door. There were probably a dozen punchers around the fire when Mason jumped me out.

No one had ever rode me before. I didn't know what to do. When I tried to pass it off as a joke it only made things worse. I was nineteen years old an' husky but I'd never been in a fight. I could feel myself shaking all over.

I'd never felt so helpless before in my life. When he cussed me I started to bawl. I was turning to walk away from the fire when he slapped me across the mouth. Some of the punchers were snickering. Mason was snickering too. *All I could see was Mason's face.* Everything else was a blur. I knew I was playing into his hands when I swung at him but I couldn't stand it no longer.



"I knew you wouldn't run away, Johnny Boy," the Ole Man said. "You belong in the valley, son"

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

It wasn't until I was halfway back to the ranch that things began to get clear. Mason had said he would kill me the next time we met up. It was funny how I could remember that when everything else was so hazy but the words seemed to burn in my head.

It was breaking light when I stopped at Oak Creek. I felt sick all over then. It was all I could do to get down from my horse but I knew the cold water would help. I didn't feel anything during the fight. Now I could hardly walk.

We had evidently rolled into the fire. I could see that my clothes had been burned. Two 30-30 shells in my pocket were bent. Then I remembered he had given me the boots the last time I was down. A puncher had helped me onto my horse. I didn't know who he was. That was after Mason had said he would kill me the next time we met up.

I knew I couldn't go through with a gun fight. If I stayed that's what it meant. I'd seen Carter kill Johnson when I was a kid. The thought of it still made me sick. I didn't want any trouble. There was nothing to do but pull out.

I told the Ole Man what had happened when I got into the ranch. I told him I was leaving until the thing blowed over. He had taken me in when the folks died. I'd been with him since I was a kid but when the Ole Man finally spoke I wouldn't have known his voice. "So you figger on leaving the valley until the thing blows over?" His voice cut like a knife. "Well, you might as well figger on leaving for good. If Mason don't run you off when you come back somebody else probably will."

The Ole Man avoided me all that day. At supper he didn't speak. In the evenings we always set an' talked for a spell. For the first time since I had lived with him the Ole Man went to bed without a word to me.

I couldn't sleep. It was the worst night I ever put in. I knew I'd let the Ole Man down. That was the thing that hurt. I didn't want to leave the valley. I couldn't go through with a gun fight. Nothing seemed to make sense.

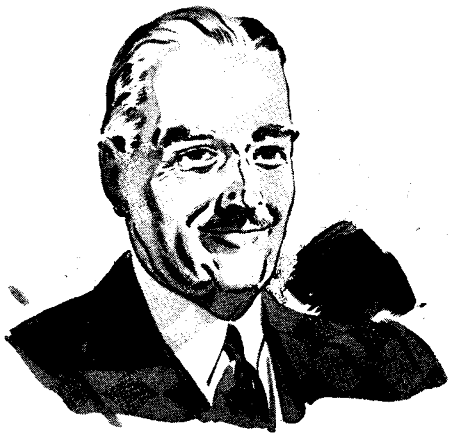
I COULDN'T keep Carter an' Johnson out of my head. No matter how hard I tried. I could see the thing all over as if it had happened that day—the way Johnson looked when Carter shot him down, the look in Carter's face as he stood over him an' pumped shell after shell into Johnson as he lay on the ground. But the thing that bothered me most of all was the way the Ole Man had looked at me. I'd let the Ole Man down.

The Ole Man had given me an ole .45 six-shooter years before that I always kept in my bed. I never had packed the thing. By the half-light from the window I cleaned an' oiled the gun. Then I cleaned my 30-30 an' tiptoed out of the house. When I wrangled the ponies that morning I saddled the best horse in my string. We were supposed to go to the U Bar that day an' get some of our cattle they'd gathered. It was the outfit where Mason worked. I figgered I might as well get it over with as long as it had to be.

The Ole Man had breakfast ready when I came into the house. We didn't speak all through the meal. It wasn't until he had caught up his horse that I

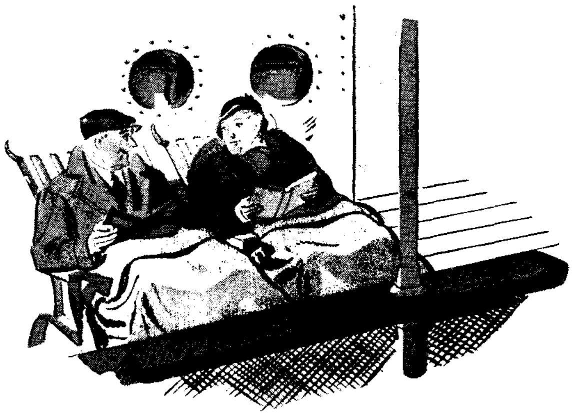
(Continued on page 68)

This is the story of Harrison Hodge, A man whom some of your neighbors dodge.



This is the story of Harrison Hodge,
A man whom some of your neighbors dodge.

This pleasant lady is Widow Mills,
Whose husband died owing many bills,
And with scarcely a dollar in the bank.
Yet she lives in comfort, for which she can thank
This man whom some of your neighbors dodge,
This man by the name of Harrison Hodge.

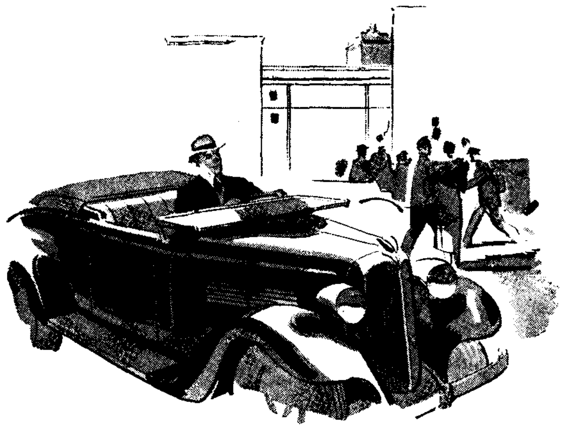


This is Lemuel Harper and wife.
He's been a bookkeeper all of his life,
Toiling long hours for the money he got—
And with most of it spent, as likely as not,
Before he got it, for food and for rent.
Yet here he is off for the Orient!
How in the world did he ever contrive
To take such a trip at age sixty-five?
It's because years ago he once didn't dodge
This man by the name of Harrison Hodge.

This college boy's name is Jonathan Tate,
Completing his Senior year at State.
"His dad must be wealthy," did we hear someone guess?

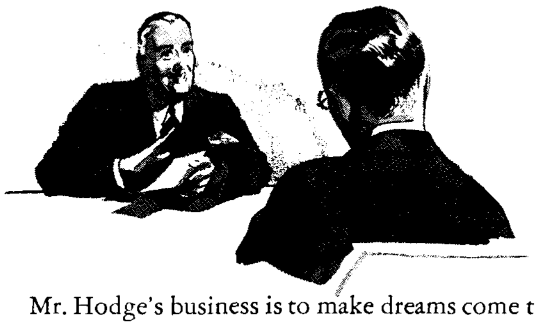
No, he's only a salesman of average success.
Yet the son went to college, because the dad didn't dodge
This man by the name of Harrison Hodge.

This is Joe Joyner with a cast on his knee.
He's been flat on his back since '33.
His pay wasn't big at the store where he clerked,
So he never saved much in the years that he worked.
Yet he's had the best care, while his children and wife
Have never once lacked the comforts of life;
And for this Joe Joyner can thank Mr. Hodge,
The man whom some of your neighbors dodge.



This is Fred Block, who purchased a car
And ran someone down before he'd gone far.
It was all accidental, but needless to say,
He was sued—and the jury decreed he must pay.
The sum of the judgment was one that would shock
A man of great wealth—but it didn't faze Block.
For he, too, had not been among those who dodge
This man by the name of Harrison Hodge.

These are the Eatons who spent a week-end
At the country estate of a very good friend.
But when they returned on Sunday night,
Their home presented a dreadful sight.
A burglar had stolen their silverware,
Their jewelry and even the clothes they'd left there.
It goes without saying they feel pretty sad,
For they've lost almost all the fine things they had.
But there's one happy thought ill luck can't dislodge—
The thought that *they* didn't dodge Mr. Hodge.



Mr. Hodge's business is to make dreams come true,
To make dollars do what you want them to do;
To work out protection for children and wives;
To give you an income when old age arrives;
To safeguard your home from fire and from theft;
To see that no widow is ever bereft;
To see you're protected, when motoring far,
From accidents to others, to you or your car.
Yes, Harrison Hodge is the representative
Who sells insurance in the town where you live.
But he's more than a salesman—he counsels as well,
And it's part of his business to not oversell.
So next time he calls on you, please do not dodge
But say, "Send him in—send in Mr. Hodge!"
And heed what he says—for it's truth he avers.
The moral:—Insure in The Travelers.

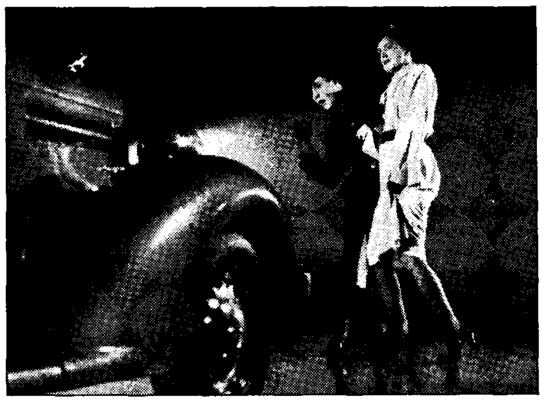
To The Travelers representative in your town (no matter what his name may be), insurance is more than a business—it has been a life study as well. For it's his job not just to sell insurance—but to counsel with you on your insurance needs—to make sure you will always have money when and as you need it. Why not get the benefit of his knowledge and advice?

THE TRAVELERS

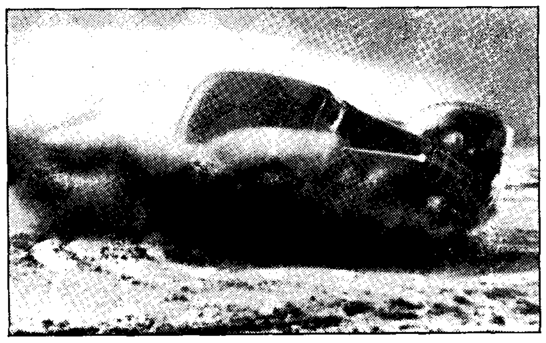
Hartford, Conn.
L. Edmund Zacher, President
The Travelers Insurance Company
The Travelers Indemnity Company
The Travelers Fire Insurance Company
ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE

"THIS BIGGER...SMARTER CHEAPER TO

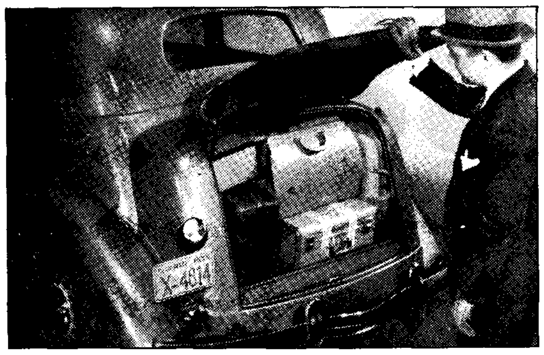
"3 to 5 more miles per gallon . . . Amazing oil economy!" say new Dodge buyers who formerly owned lowest-priced competitive makes.



QUICKER, SAFER STOPS—Now even safer—Dodge dual-cylinder hydraulic brakes always stay equalized—stop quick, in an unswerving straight line—save tires and do not require the expense of frequent adjustment. There's a difference in hydraulic brakes. Dodge dual-cylinder hydraulic brakes are the safest.



OTHERS *TALK* SAFETY... Dodge *gives* it to you ... *pictures* it ... and *proves* it. Many so-called "steel bodies" are not SAFETY all-steel bodies and could never stand up under the gruelling punishment of the Dodge test pit. Ask your Dodge dealer to show you the difference.



STORAGE SPACE LIKE A YACHT! Plenty of luggage room in this big built-in trunk. Now you can tour without piling baggage on the seats and underfoot. Count the bags and note the wide trunk door.

NEVER before has any car, so big and fast—so luxurious and powerful—been able to compete in running costs with the lowest-priced cars. Now Dodge does it—and wins!

Not just another "economical car"—the savings of this New-Value Dodge stand out by spectacular margins!

With brilliant new ranges of speed and power—85 satin-smooth miles per hour—the Dodge "Red Ram" engine gives you 3 to 5 more miles per gallon of gas than the small, lowest-priced, competitive makes. It makes possible—and owners are getting—amazing economy in oil, too!

Owners Acclaim It

Here is a report (typical of hundreds pouring in from owners) of a cross-country tour by Mr. Donald Smith, 7814-44th Street, Southwest, Seattle:

"Taking delivery of 1935 Dodge Sedan at Detroit, drove to Seattle over southern route, meeting snow, rain, mud, sleet, through temperatures varying from four below zero to eighty-five above. Secured surprising gasoline mileage of 20.3 miles per gallon for the entire trip of 4,490 miles. New Dodge is remarkable road car, holds turns better than any I ever drove, and with more speed and power than we could use."

But economy is only one of the wonders in this breath-taking new Dodge. Clear-cut, traditional Dodge pioneering progress—new conceptions of style, comfort, sparkling lines and interior luxury are expressed in the 95 basic advancements that Dodge engineers give you.

New Thrilling "Airglide Ride"

The "Airglide Ride" is brand new—thrilling—different and exciting. It is almost magic in its comfort. Stepping ahead, Dodge engineers solved the long sought combination of equalized four-wheel weight distribution, with super-flexible springs and a sway-eliminating ride "Levelator" that gives undreamed-of riding ease and roadability. Grooved in its path, the car holds an even keel, skims over rough going, takes curves in safety, even at higher speeds.

Then Dodge gives you perfected, dual-cylinder hydraulic brakes, pioneered many years ago—fully equalized, safe, sure, positive. And Dodge safety all-steel, time-tested bodies have already proved their protection and stability in the hands of millions of owners.

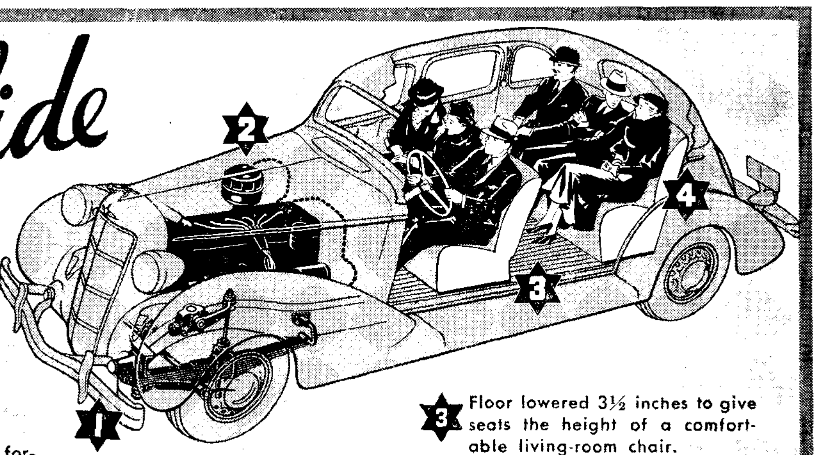
Only the genius of a manufacturing organization such as Dodge—with such complete facilities, with 20 years of experience in building over three million fine vehicles—could create such astounding dollar-for-dollar value!

The bigger—smarter, faster Dodge is now cheaper to run than small, competitive cars, and you can buy Dodge for just a few dollars more than the lowest-priced, small cars.

DODGE DIVISION—CHRYSLER MOTORS

*NEW-VALUE DODGE: Coupe $645, 2-door Sedan $690, Rumble Seat Coupe $710, Touring Sedan (2-door, with built-in trunk) $715, Sedan $735, Touring Sedan (4-door, with built-in trunk) $760. *All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment extra. Time payments to fit your budget. Ask for the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.*

THE *Airglide* RIDE



1 Dodge "Levelator" and new multi-leaf springs give "Airglide Ride" — check body roll and sidesway.

2 "Red Ram" engine moved forward 8 inches to permit equal distribution of weight on all 4 wheels.

3 Floor lowered 3½ inches to give seats the height of a comfortable living-room chair.

4 Rear seat moved forward 6 inches. Passengers seated ahead of the axle "shock line".

YOU NOW RIDE CRADLED BETWEEN THE AXLES

SITTING IN A DODGE is like sitting in an easy chair. You sit in a normal position—not sprawled out uncomfortably. The seats are "chair height", just as they are in your home . . . for complete relaxation and comfort.

FASTER DODGE NOW RUN THAN SMALL CARS”

Say Owners Everywhere

New-Value Dodge Sedan (2-door) now only $690—Touring Sedan (4-door) with built-in trunk, as illustrated, now only $760**

New Value DODGE NOW ONLY $645*

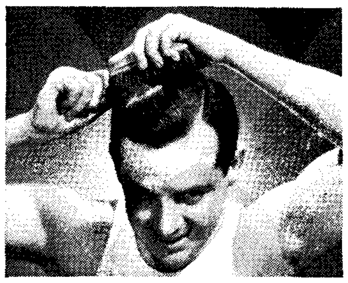
DELIVERS NOW FOR JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS

Quick . . . Effective

VITALIS and the 60-SECOND WORKOUT

for Healthy, Handsome Hair

● 50 SECONDS TO RUB . . . Massage Vitalis briskly into your tight, dry scalp. Your scalp becomes more flexible, awakens to new life...your hair has a chance.



● 10 SECONDS TO BRUSH . . . When you comb your hair, it stays smooth and lustrous with no unnatural "patent-leather" look.

REMEMBER this about your hair—its health and its good looks go hand in hand. That is why you need the healthy, invigorating double-action benefits of Vitalis and the 60-Second Workout.

Tight, dry scalp is the enemy of your hair—the common cause of thin, dry, sickly hair. Vitalis and massage rouses the scalp, stimulates and quickens the circulation, releases the natural, nourishing oils that mean healthy and handsome hair. Wide-awake and active, your scalp functions naturally—loose dandruff disappears. Your hair looks healthier—*is* healthier. And it stays perfectly groomed—but with never a trace of "patent-leather" look.

You'll like Vitalis and its modern, easy way of keeping your scalp alive, your hair healthy and well-groomed. Buy a bottle from your druggist and give your hair a chance.

ASK YOUR BARBER . . . He's an expert on the health of scalp and hair. Take his advice when he suggests Vitalis.

VITALIS

KEEPS YOUR HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

Every Last Trick

Continued from page 14

trumps. West could discard all right for seven of these eight tricks, but when the last trump was played he held only the six cards represented by the bold-faced type. By his discard he had to set up either the nine of clubs or the fifth diamond for the trick that produced the grand slam.

A pretty squeeze of the early variety was one by George Kennedy, who ranks among Brooklyn's best, on this deal:

North
♠ **J 10 5 3**
♡ None
♢ **K 8** 3 2
♣ K 10 5 4 2

West
♠ **A K 6**
♡ A K Q 7 5 **2**
♢ **Q 5**
♣ A 9

East
♠ **Q 9 8 4**
♡ J 10 8 3
♢ **A 10** 9 7
♣ J

South
♠ 7 2
♡ 9 6 4
♢ J 6 4
♣ Q 8 7 6 3

North opened the club four against the seven heart contract on the West cards. After winning this and a club ruff, only ten other certain tricks were in sight, if someone held four spades to the jack-ten in the North hand. Although that was the case, Mr. Kennedy was fortunate enough to find North also holding the diamond king. When the last trump was run, North had to unguard that king, setting up the queen, or else throw off a spade, which would set up the winning thirteener there.

Not all of the standard squeezes are built around the original top cards in the "bridge suit." That suit may be pared down a bit so that the squeeze is deeper down in the deck, as happened with this layout:

North
♠ A **J 8 7** 4 2
♡ 2
♢ J 8 5 4
♣ Q J

West
♠ K 3
♡ 8 6 4
♢ 3
♣ 10 7 6 5 4 3 2

East
♠ **10 9** 5
♡ 10 5
♢ **K** Q 9 7 6 2
♣ 9 8

South
♠ Q **6**
♡ A K Q J 9 7 **3**
♢ A **10**
♣ A K

South had made the mild opening bid of a heart, followed by West's not vulnerable interference bid of two clubs, North's two spades and East's three diamonds, whereupon South had jumped straight into seven hearts. When the club suit was opened, South yearned for a couple of extra little clubs in either of his hands, so he could run the thirteen winning cards. Lacking them, he built a squeeze. If the king of spades was with West he had a chance. So, after three trump tricks, he led his spade queen for West to cover, overtaken by the ace, returned to his hand with a club, laid down his diamond ace, then ran the rest of his trumps, discarding down to the cards shown in bold type. If East held the cards he actually did, the squeeze would work. Seeing that the spade discard on the last heart was fatal, East threw his diamond king, and the ten became good in declarer's hand.

The grand slam principle also applies to squeezes for lower contracts. With these the declarer usually makes the adversaries take their positive winning tricks first, then builds the squeeze exactly as if he were engaged in playing for a grand slam. That happened with this deal:

North
♠ **J** 6 4 2
♡ K 6 3
♢ A J
♣ **A 8** 7 3

West
♠ **A** K 10 8 7
♡ 10 7 2
♢ 8 3
♣ **Q 6** 5

East
♠ Q 3
♡ **Q** J 8 4
♢ 9 7 5
♣ J **10 4** 2

South
♠ 9 5
♡ A **9** 5
♢ K Q 10 6 **4** 2
♣ K **9**

Victor R. Susman, expert accountant as well as a thinking bridge player, was in a five diamond contract. After leading the spade king, a keen West shifted to a heart, won by the ace, and Mr. Susman made them take a second spade trick at once by leading his nine, covered by the ten and won by the queen. The club jack was returned to his king, and he now proceeded to build a double squeeze. He played his hand down to the cards shown in bold-faced type. Clubs being the "bridge suit," which both opponents would try to guard, West had to protect the spade jack and East the heart nine. When the last diamond was played, West, obliged to keep his spade, unguarded the clubs, so dummy shed the spade. Now East had to build up either South's nine of hearts or the dummy's second club.

In the match-point tournaments which are becoming so popular these days, an extra trick frequently means a clear top, and use of a neat squeeze sometimes produces one, as on this deal:

North
♠ **A J** 7 6 4
♡ **Q** 9 8
♢ Q J
♣ Q 9 2

West
♠ **Q 10** 2
♡ **K** 10 6 5 4 3
♢ 10
♣ A 7 3

East
♠ **K 8** 5 3
♡ 7 2
♢ A **9** 8 7 6 4
♣ J

South
♠ **9**
♡ A J
♢ K **5** 3 2
♣ K 10 8 6 5 **4**

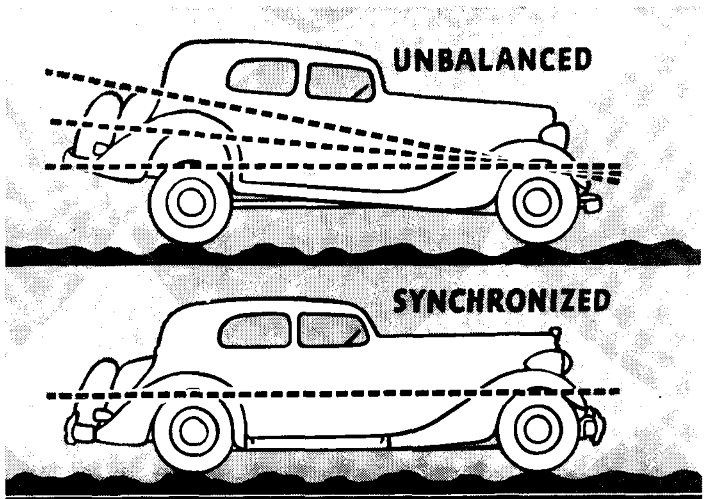
Sharp and lively bidding—a third hand spade by North, two diamonds by East, three clubs by South, three hearts by West, three spades by North, pass by East and three no trump by South—later made a double squeeze situation clear to the declarer. The heart five lead was won by the jack, a club passed by West to the queen, which dropped the jack, the club nine also allowed to win, when East discarded a diamond, and the third club won by West's ace. Fearing to make North's heart queen good, West now led his partner's diamond, the ace winning. Noticing the shift, East now repeated his diamond while he still had a spade entry, the queen winning and West tossing a heart. Since the adversaries had made various mistakes, including letting the spades alone, South could see a perfect double squeeze now, West having to guard the heart and East the diamond, so that neither could at the same time protect the spades. So he raked in

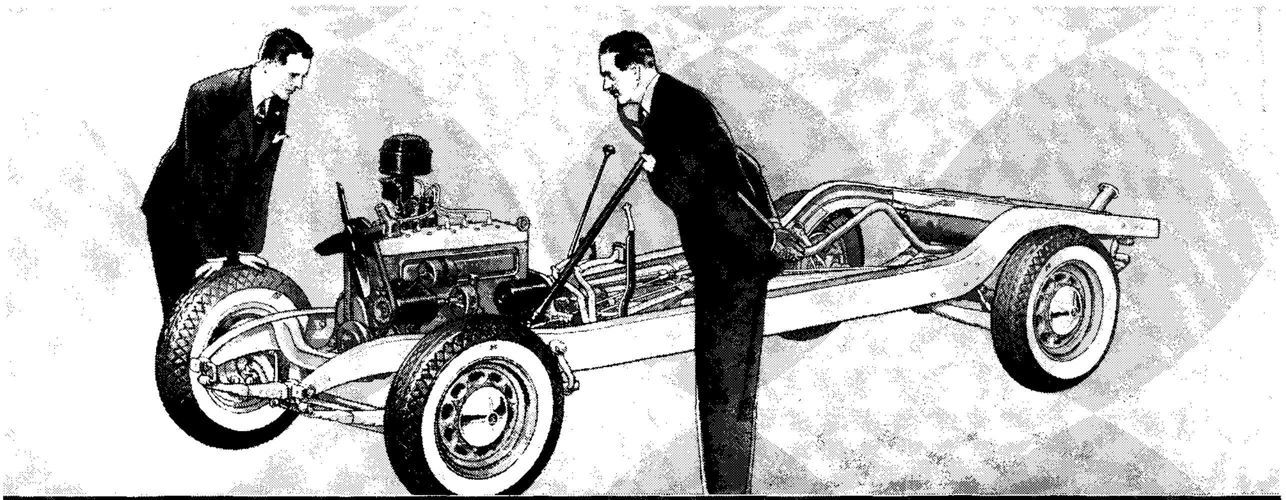
(Continued on page 36)

THE *Big Car* OF THE LOWEST PRICE FIELD

Big Car LENGTH, WIDTH, WEIGHT

Nearly 16 ft. long! And 5 ft. wide at rear wheels, where road-safety comes from! Yet stubby, narrow cars cost almost as much. LaFayette is actually 1″ wider and within 2½″ of the average *length* of cars $75 to $300 higher! And it's *heavier!* The four other lowest-priced 4-Door Sedans average 150 pounds less; 10 *higher* priced Sedans only 35 pounds more! LaFayette is bigger, sturdier, stronger throughout.





Big Car RIDE

Exclusive in 1935 Nash-built cars, LaFayette's Synchronized Springing *ends back seat bounce.* Front and rear springs flex evenly, never need oil, never squeak. A uniform level ride in front *and* back seats for the life of the car!

Big Car CONSTRUCTION

The Nash-built LaFayette has more fine-car construction features than *any* of the other 21 cars priced under $895 at the factory! Such things as full pressure lubrication, seven bearing crankshafts with hollow crankpins, eighty horsepower and eighty miles an hour at low engine speed—these are just a *few* of the many examples of Nash precision-engineering found in LaFayette cars.

LAFAYETTE $580*

Shorter, narrower, lighter cars average only $7.50 less. Cars that cost up to $300 more actually do not equal LaFayette in many important measurements!

LaFayette brings scores of big-car features to the *lowest* price field. It is longer, wider, heavier, better-built than other cars in its price class, truly a *fine* car.

Yes, a *bigger* car, a *heavier* car—and *fast, nimble, responsive*—80 miles per hour, accelerates 5 to 50 miles per hour in 16½ seconds in *high gear!*

Clutch-pedal starting, safety front doors, rigid X-Dual 2-in-1 frame, dual construction steel body with draftless, noiseless, full-vision ventilation. Rich upholstery, roomy interiors, fine-car finish. And the whole car, built for quiet long life, is insulated at 71 different body, chassis and engine points—against heat, cold, noise, wear. Don't let this big-car value escape you this year!

***$580 and up. In most instances, your present car will cover down payment. All prices f. o. b. factory. Subject to change without notice.**

• • •

You will be interested in the new Nash models also, at your Nash-LaFayette dealer's. Aeroform design, automatic cruising gear, flying power (developed from twin ignition)—many other sensational features. $825 at the factory, for a Nash six-passenger Victoria.

SEE IT—DRIVE IT—COMPARE IT—BEFORE YOU BUY ANY CAR

Walk-Over
BROWN BUCKO

Rough side out
smart
scuff-proof

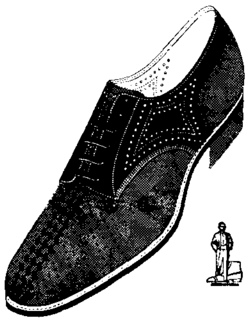
• By all odds the season's smartest shoe with odd jacket outfits, with all "countrified" clothes. And wait till you feel how soft it is on your feet—how it *wears!*

Stag Brown Bucko, reversed calf, with the rough side out to take punishment without showing it. Mud won't harden it. Just brush it off.

At all Walk-Over dealers in several models. Photographed is a smart wing tip on the new GATELY custom-toe last. At left—air-cooled RANCHO with crushed calf saddle, soft toe and flexo sole. Others in Sand Bucko. $6.50

Prices slightly higher West.

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY
Campello, Brockton, Mass.



Every Last Trick

Continued from page 34

his heart ace and his king of diamonds, then ran the clubs. On the last of them, the remaining cards were those shown in bold-face. West discarded his spade ten, North the heart queen and East, hard-pressed, threw his cards in, giving declarer five-odd.

Edward C. Wolfe, great student of the play, who has given many splendid lectures on the squeeze, has also enriched the vocabulary applying to the play. One of his pet forms of it is *what he calls the "combination squeeze."*

It came up on this deal:

North
♠ K 9 6 2
♡ K 7 3
♢ **10** 7 3
♣ **A 8** 6

West
♠ 8 3
♡ Q J 10
♢ Q **J** 9 8 6
♣ **K Q** 5

East
♠ 10
♡ A 8 6 2
♢ **5** 4 2
♣ **10 9** 7 4 3

South
♠ A Q J 7 5 **4**
♡ 9 5 4
♢ A K
♣ **J 2**

Playing at four spades, South watched the opponents rip off three heart tricks, then return the diamonds, which West had bid along the way. With nine tricks in sight, there was a squeeze for the tenth. The cards were played down to those shown in bold type. When the last spade was led, West had to keep his diamond jack to guard the diamond ten—what Mr. Wolfe calls the "primary threatening card"—and so discarded one of his clubs. North thereupon threw his diamond away. In the "combination squeeze," the second card of the "bridge suit" is not what Mr. Wolfe calls the "auxiliary threatening card" because the remaining adversary can beat it, as this time East can overcome the club eight. But South this time has an "auxiliary threatening card" in the club jack, which therefore takes the last trick.

On many occasions, a player can build a "squeeze position," but feels sure the opponents' cards are so located that the squeeze won't work. In such extremities, he may be able in effect to shift cards from one adversary to the other, so that the squeeze becomes effective, as on this deal:

North
♠ K J 6
♡ A 7
♢ **9 8** 5
♣ J 8 **6** 3 2

West
♠ 8 7 4 3
♡ Q 6 5 4 2
♢ Q
♣ 10 9 4

East
♠ 9 5
♡ **10** 9 3
♢ **K J** 10 7 3 2
♣ A 5

South
♠ A Q 10 2
♡ K J **8**
♢ **A 6** 4
♣ K Q 7

East having opened with a third-hand diamond bid, doubled by South and over-called by a weak not-vulnerable one heart, South eventually landed in an overbid six no trump. After the lead of the spade three, he could see only eleven unquestionable tricks, feeling sure that the heart finesse would lose the jack to the queen. Counting that as a losing play, he searched for "hunches" and got one—that East was more likely to hold the nine and ten of hearts than the queen. If so, he could be squeezed. After winning the first spade with dummy's jack, a club was led, which East passed, then another, forcing his ace. Hoping his partner had a spade winner, East returned the nine, which declarer won. Now came the telling play. South led his heart jack, which he intended to send through if West did not cover, but West did, whereupon the ace killed the queen. This fixed it so that East had to guard both the hearts and the diamonds, which he could not do. The rest of the spades and the heart king were cashed, then the clubs run. On the last, the position was as shown in bold-face type. East's discard had to set up either the heart eight or the diamond nine for declarer.

One kind of squeeze, of very infrequent occurrence, is a squeeze for two extra tricks. It is called a "progressive squeeze" because it first squeezes an adversary out of his protection in one suit, then uses that very suit to squeeze him again between two other suits. Here is one specimen:

North
♠ A K 4 3
♡ Q 8 6 3
♢ A 2
♣ A Q 4

West
♠ None
♡ J 10 7 4
♢ K Q 10 8
♣ K J 10 5 2

East
♠ J 9 8 5
♡ 9 2
♢ 7 6 5 4 3
♣ 8 6

South
♠ Q 10 7 6 2
♡ A K 5
♢ J 9
♣ 9 7 3

Overbold bidding drove South into a seven spade contract, against which West bid both clubs and diamonds and his partner showed a sacrifice fit in diamonds. The diamond ace winning the king lead, an immediate spade trick, showing West blank, made his distribution clear—five clubs, which he bid first, four diamonds, which he bid next, and four hearts. Aided by the marked finesse, five spades were now run, making six tricks played. West could hold only seven cards. Keeping his four hearts and his diamond queen, he could retain only two clubs. Already squeezed so that South by finessing got three club tricks, West on the last of these had to break up his protection of the thirteenth heart or else build up the diamond jack by throwing his queen, which is what he did. Thus thirteen tricks were taken where only eleven had been in sight.

A squeeze can come on the very first trick. It nearly developed on this deal:

North
♠ A Q 7
♡ K 9
♢ K Q J 4 2
♣ 8 6 3

West
♠ 9 5
♡ 8 7 5
♢ 10
♣ K J 10 9 5 4 2

East
♠ J 10 8 4
♡ J 10 6 2
♢ 9 8 7 6 5
♣ None

South
♠ K 6 3 2
♡ A Q 4 3
♢ A 3
♣ A Q 7

West had injected a not-vulnerable club bid as South and his partner proceeded to get into a seven no trump con-

(Continued on page 38)

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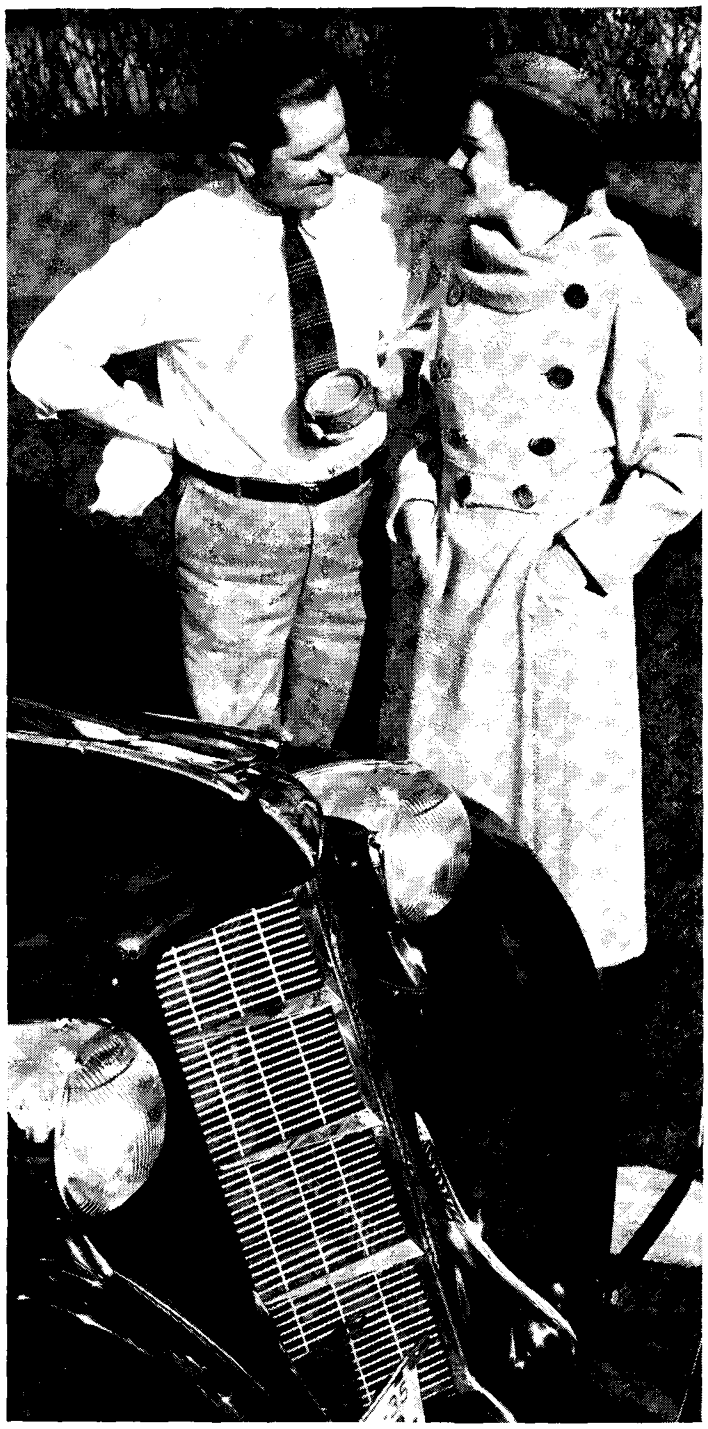
"The Only Way to Keep Cars Beautiful!"



Be Sure and Simoniz a New Car!

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

If you want your car to stay beautiful, Simoniz it. Unless you do, "finish rot" will soon dull and destroy the finish.

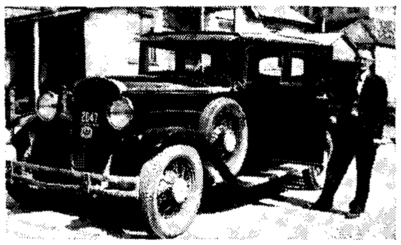
Not only new cars, but old cars as well, should be Simonized. And the sooner the better. The finish needs this remarkable protection to guard it from further damage. It guards your car's beauty no matter where or when you drive, makes the finish last longer and keeps the colors from fading.

Your car may be dull. Then clean the finish with the new, improved Simoniz Kleener before applying Simoniz. You'll marvel how easily it restores the lustre and brings back all the beauty your car had when new.

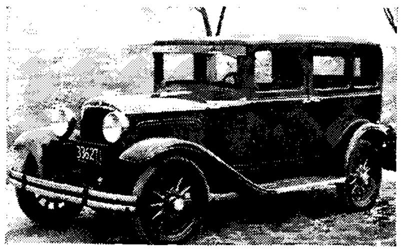
You will find it pays to always insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your car. Don't take anything else, for there is nothing like them. Sold by hardware, auto accessory stores, garages and filling stations everywhere.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

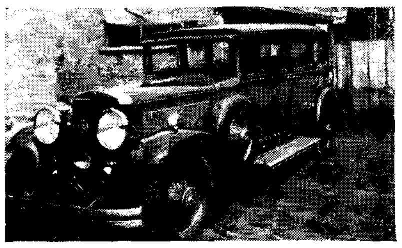
Recognized for over twenty years as authorities on motor car finishes.



Even in Alaska, weather can't get the best of Simoniz. Look at this car—it still looks new after years of hard driving. Owned by Mr. J. B. Burford, Juneau, Alaska.



Here's a 1929 Plymouth sedan. "It still looks like new—thanks to Simoniz," says Mr. John W. Lewalski, Peabody, Massachusetts.



Simoniz kept this Cadillac car looking like new. It has been driven over 40,000 miles and is owned by Mr. J. H. Bancroft of Mobile, Alabama.

"SIMONIZ" KLEENER
LACQUERS DUCO
SIMONIZ
LACQUERS DUCO

For your protection, look for the famous trademark SIMONIZ on the can. If it isn't there, it isn't Simoniz or Simoniz Kleener. They're never sold under any other name.

An ounce of *experience* is worth a pound of *words!*

- I'm just a plain motorist. No degrees in engineering. And no experience in the motor oil business. What I know about oil you can write on a stamp.

But there are some things I do know.

I know that for ten years I've used an oil that has never caused me a repair bill. I know that in all these years I haven't had to add oil between regular fillings. I know that I've run my cars from 50,000 to 60,000 miles, and received good money for them in trade-ins. And I know a dozen people whose experience has been the same.

Maybe you'll call me hide-bound to stick all these years to Quaker State. But there are things I'd rather experiment with than *my car.* And when my friends, who are plain motorists too, can prove to me from *their own experience* that there's a better kind of oil on the market, you'll find me using it.

But I have a suspicion that when that day comes, you'll find the name Quaker State on that better kind of oil.

I can't prove that. But it's a confidence I have which Quaker State has justly earned.

QUAKER STATE MOTOR OIL

"First choice of Experience"

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING COMPANY, OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

Every Last Trick

Continued from page 36

tract—the type of optimistic calling which so often makes squeezes a necessity. East had doubled one of North's diamond bids along the way. If West had held the king-queen at the top of his clubs and had led one of them, it is clear that East would have been squeezed on the initial trick, having to set up either North's fifth diamond or one of South's major thirteeners. Declarer, winning the spade which actually was led, realized West must have *had a tremendous string of clubs to* have bid at all, with no high cards out except one king and a few jacks. So the club finesse being marked as a loser, he played to the ace of clubs to see if this would squeeze East. It did. When he tossed away a heart, that suit was run. On its thirteener East had to discard again from diamonds or spades. He picked a spade, so declarer ran four of them to make up the needed thirteen tricks.

A play hitherto called the "suicide squeeze" because the opponents are obliged to squeeze themselves—a title bestowed by Carl L. Robertson of Cleveland—came up recently while Sidney Lenz was having some social rubbers with a group of friends in Scheveningen, Holland. It was on a hand of this nature:

North
♠ 10 4
♡ 7 5 3 2
♢ 9 6 5
♣ 10 6 4 3

West
♠ A Q 7 5 2
♡ 6
♢ 8 7 4 2
♣ 7 5 2

East
♠ 9 8 3
♡ J 10 9 4
♢ Q J 3
♣ Q J 9

South
♠ K J 6
♡ A K Q 8
♢ A K 10
♣ A K 8

At three no trump, South could count only eight tricks after the spade lead to his jack. Trying two hearts, he found they wouldn't break. So as a forlorn hope, he led a spade into the jaws of West's major tenace. As West blithely ran his four spade tricks, East had to discard. The moment he tossed a heart, diamond or club, the declarer's ninth trick was established. In Mr. Lenz's game with his Hollander friends, the one who was running a long suit commented to him: "Even Homer nods." Nary a word answered Mr. Lenz until the leader's poor squeezed partner helplessly exclaimed "*Menschenfresser!*" Mr. Lenz has translated that into his new name for this play—the "cannibal squeeze," because one opponent effectually eats up the other.

And now for a play which cannot come up except in a very freaky situation. West had bid clubs a couple of times, his partner diamonds, and East finally doubled South's four spades.

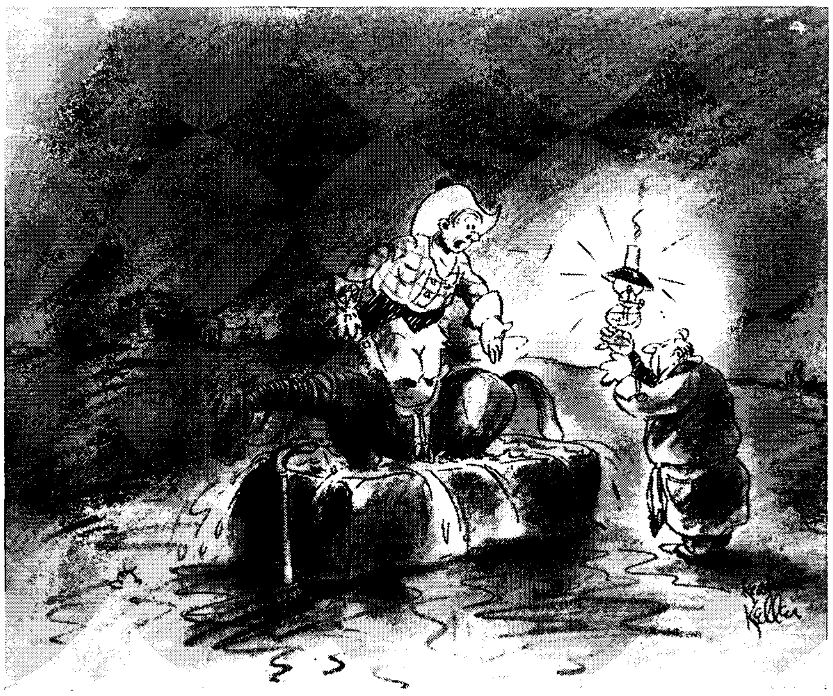
North
♠ J 10 4 2
♡ 6 5 4 2
♢ **Q 9** 5
♣ **A** K

West
♠ 6
♡ A K
♢ **A** K 6
♣ J **10 8** 7 5 3 2

East
♠ K 7 5 3
♡ 10 3
♢ J 10 8 7 3 2
♣ 9

South
♠ A Q 9 8
♡ Q J **9** 8 7
♢ 4
♣ **Q 6** 4

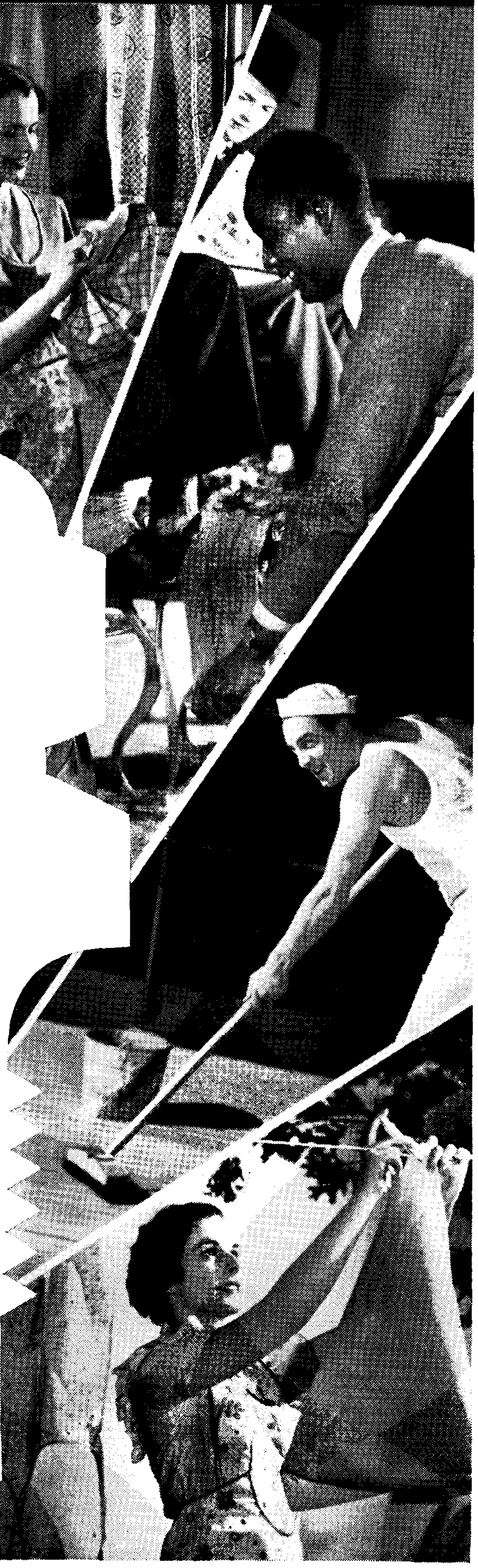
West saw fit to play his heart ace and king first, then his diamond king, getting a discouraging deuce signal on the latter, whereupon he shifted to his club jack—much too late. When it dropped the nine, South feared a club ruff, so immediately opened trumps. His jack rode through, next his ten was covered, and he finished up all the other spades and hearts. When the last heart was played, the position was as shown by the cards in bold-face type. West could not discard his diamond ace, because then the dummy would throw off a small diamond and take the last two tricks. So he let his eight of clubs go. Declarer thereupon discarded his ace of clubs from the dummy, dropped West's ten with his queen and took the last trick with the six of clubs. The name of "unblocking squeeze" is hereby fastened onto this play, which involved the tossing away of a ranking card in the hand opposite the squeeze card.



"That was me hollerin' fer help, Doc—I thought the creek come up again"

REAMER KELLER

"SPARK PLUGS NEED CLEANING TOO!"



Everyone knows

the value of cleaning. Cleaning both big and little things has become a great national habit, and in many cases a vital one. Often the smooth, efficient, satisfactory functioning of major things depends wholly on the cleanliness of minor items. Automobile performance is a fair example for—

"SPARK PLUGS need cleaning, TOO!"

Dirty spark plugs waste as much as 1 gallon of gas in 10—cause hard starting and loss of power. The Oxide Coating, soot, and carbon which collect on all spark plugs damage their efficiency. That is why AC engineers spent 2 years developing and perfecting the AC Spark Plug Cleaning Machine—one of AC's greatest contributions to the cause of fuel economy and better engine performance. The AC Cleaning Machine protects spark plug efficiency by scientifically and quickly removing Oxide Coating and dirt.

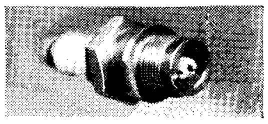
ONLY 5c PER PLUG

Let your dealer, garage, or service station clean your spark plugs in his AC Cleaner. It will save you gas and restore pep and power. Replace badly worn plugs with New AC s.

LOOK FOR THE AC SPARK PLUG CLEANER

Before Cleaning

After a few thousand miles, Oxide Coating, soot, and carbon coat spark plug insulators — wasting gas and impairing performance.



After Cleaning

The new AC method removes all Oxide Coating, soot and carbon. Insulator is clean as new — saving gas, restoring performance.

AC SPARK PLUG COMPANY

Flint, Michigan — St. Catharines, Ontario

AC

THE QUALITY SPARK PLUG

NOW 60c (in Canada, 75c)

BLACK HEAT ON THE MOJAVE*

by PHILIP KERBY

"Black Heat" it was called on the Mojave Desert, as fiery lances from a lemon colored sun seared black all vegetation. Sturdy fronds of date palms were crisped and withered by the desert blast. Desert springs dried up and water holes were little more than muddy pits as official temperatures rose to 118° and 121°.

And yet, despite the terrific, withering heat, life in these desert towns went on. Homes with Frigidaires, equipped with Super Freezers, were natural rallying places. Neighbors came to borrow ice . . . hostesses served dainty, frozen desserts . . . men drank from tall glasses in which sparkling ice cubes tinkled. And in these homes food preservation problems were completely eliminated.

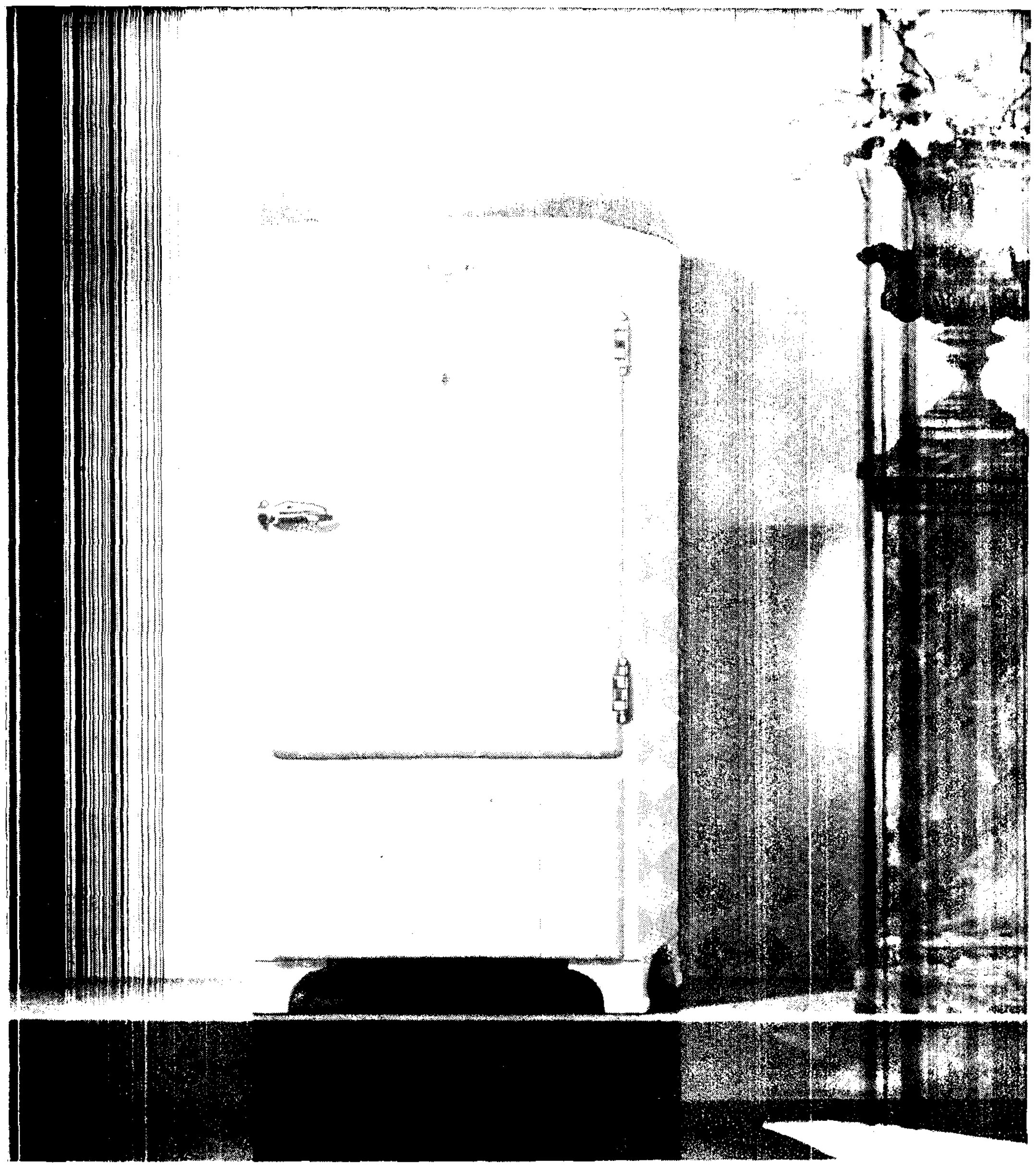
Day after cloudless day, and night after scorching night the Frigidaire Super Freezer successfully met the severest test that unremitting, relentless heat could impose upon it.

"I am very glad to recommend Frigidaire, with the Super Freezer, for hot climates," Mr. Earl Hodge told me, "as its dependability is remarkable. No matter how hot the day or night, the Super Freezer always gave me more ice cubes than I needed. Milk never curdled, but remained pure and sweet for days. Lettuce taken from the Hydrator snapped and crackled. The frozen desserts were delicious."

From other Frigidaire owners I heard the same story in many different versions. All were unanimous in their praise of the Frigidaire Super Freezer and its day-after-day dependability during the scorching heat of last summer.

** One of the hottest sections of the United States in the summer of 1934, according to U. S. Weather Bureau statistics.*

LISTEN TO JACK PEARL IN A NEW SHOW WITH FREDDY RICH'S ORCHESTRA, EVERY WEDNESDAY, 10 P. M., E. S. T. (9 P. M. AFTER MAY FIRST) COLUMBIA NETWORK, COAST TO COAST



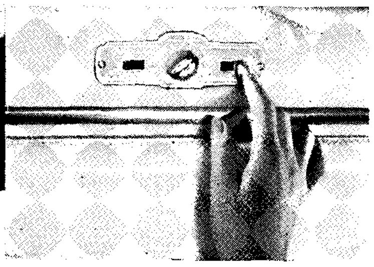
Today....... the Super ice...preserves food

All electric refrigerators are not the same. Last summer's terrific heat wave proved this. It proved that you should not buy any refrigerator unless you are sure of its ability to produce dependable refrigeration, even on the hottest days.

If you demand pounds of ice cubes every day . . . if you wish to eliminate all worries about food preservation during the hot summer days . . . *buy the Frigidaire '35;* it is the only refrigerator equipped with the Super Freezer—the great, new Frigidaire

The Hydrator gives you cold, moist air for the crisping of vegetables. It even makes wilted vegetables fresh again

The Frigidaire '35 has Automatic Reset Defrosting. It turns itself on automatically when defrosting is completed



FRI

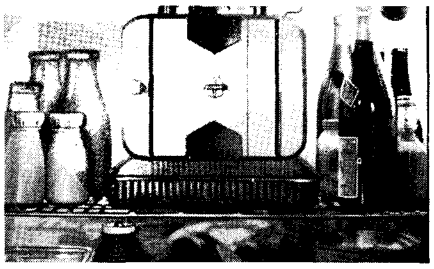
NOW IN ITS FOURTH MILLION

reezer in every Frigidaire '35 freezes more etter...makes possible greater savings

levelopment that has proved its ability to provide more cold han is ever needed, regardless of outside temperatures.

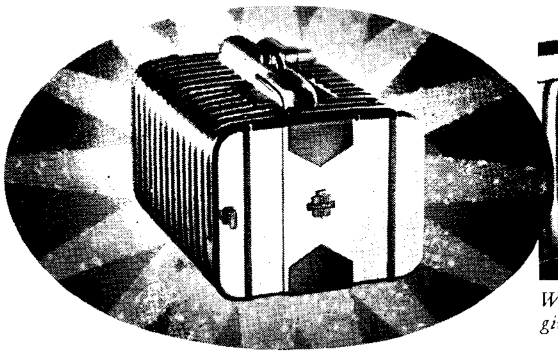
If you wish milk to remain fresh and sweet for days . . . if ou like lettuce crisp, and celery that snaps and crackles . . . if ou like meats firm and juicy . . . *insist upon the Frigidaire '35.* or the Super Freezer provides the right cold for every purpose.

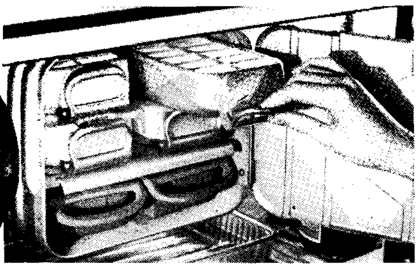
There's *fast freezing* for making ice cubes and desserts; *frozen torage* for meats and ice cream; *extra cold storage* for keeping a reserve supply of ice cubes; *moist storage* for vegetables and fruits; and *normal storage*, under 50 degrees, for foods requiring dry, frosty cold. Before you buy a refrigerator, you owe it to yourself to learn the tremendous difference between the Frigidaire '35 and other refrigerators—not only in the service it renders, but also in its low cost of operation. You will be amazed to find that the Frigidaire does not cost any more. Go to the nearest Frigidaire showroom and get all the facts for yourself.



n interior light flashes on when the door is opened— nd there's space for tall bottles on each side of the Super Freezer

In each one of the 16 new, snow-white models the Super Freezer provides greater cold-producing ability, greater ice capacity, faster freezing, and complete refrigeration service





With Automatic Ice Tray Release the Frigidaire '35 gives you ice trays that come sliding out at the touch of a finger

GIDAIRE '35

The General Motors Refrigerator

Do you hate being hampered?

Are you one of those who rebel at the nagging little restraints of life? Do you like a free rein, and your fun in big measures? You ought to get introduced to Spud! For grant to Spud just this little addition to the modern art of enjoying life: *it freed our daily pleasure of smoking from the annoying restrictions of a dry, stale mouth.* Spud took the limits off smoking enjoyment when it took the tar-laden *heat* out of smoke—and replaced it with a taste-clearing coolness that makes each smoke taste better than the last. That's why any Spud fan will tell you: you can forget to remember how many you smoke—but you'll never forget that clean, fresh taste.

Spud
Menthol Cooled
CIGARETTES

CORK TIP or PLAIN

SPUD

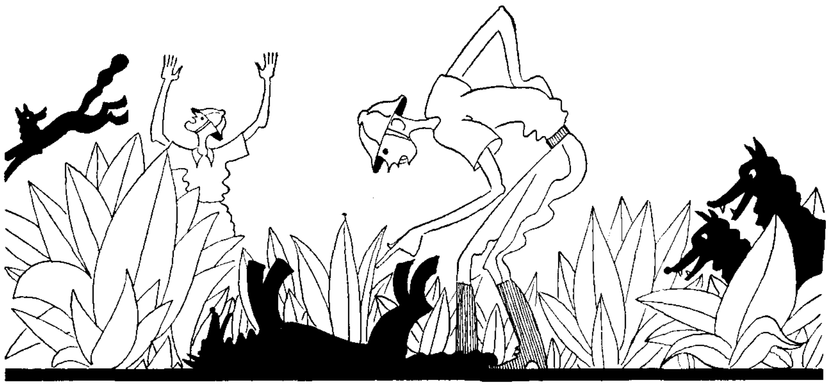
MENTHOL-COOLED

CIGARETTES

15c FOR 20

(20c IN CANADA)

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Of the 200-odd species of wild and domesticated dogs in the world today, one—the dingo of Australia—is found in both wild and tame states. An outstanding characteristic of the wild dingo, a ruthless killer of sheep for sport as well as for food, is his ability to feign death when caught. He will lie lifeless, allowing his captor to maul him unmercifully, until his chance for escape arises. Then away he goes.

Despite the fact that the Jews are the most nervous people in the world and not only highly susceptible to a host of functional derangements of the nervous system but also to diabetes, their expectation of life—at every age—is 20 per cent greater than that of non-Jews. Thus, today the American gentile who has reached the age of ten may expect to live to the average age of 58.72 years while the Jew may expect to live to an average of 70.46 years.—*By F. D. McHugh, New York City.*

Among the oddest passenger elevators in use today is a set installed in a large office building in Hamburg, Germany. They are built like buckets on an endless chain, going up one side of the shaft and coming down the other without a stop. There are no doors and the passengers hop on and off as the cars pass their floor. Those whose "timing" is bad have to use the stairs.

A rare form of insanity is the fear of doing the most trivial things in an improper manner or order. One example was the case of a man who required an hour each morning to determine which sock should be put on first and at least two hours each night to figure out the right way to remove his clothes. After undressing, he sometimes redressed himself and started again in the belief that the previous removal of his clothes had been in the wrong order.

Decreasing factory personnel and organizing large groups of homeworkers have grown to be sizable activities of the small manufacturers of the United States. Today, despite the large number of NRA codes which deal with this problem, there are still hundreds of thousands of homeworkers toiling day and night in order to earn, on an hourly basis of from three to ten cents, wages which range from $2 to $7 a week. —*By Rose C. Feld, New York City.*

Studies of the effect of atmospheric conditions on human efficiency show that the majority of us work faster in the spring and autumn than in the winter and that we accomplish more work than usual immediately after a change in weather, not only on a clear day following a stormy period but also during a storm following several days of sunshine.

The most unusual of the world's monuments that commemorate events which never occurred and persons who never existed is the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Afghanistan. This nation was not in the World War and therefore did not have an unknown soldier.—*By Clarence Imislund, Eau Claire, Wisconsin.*

Another "trial of the century" was the Cu Unjieng case in the Philippines which ended in November, 1933. This trial of three men accused of forging commercial papers lasted two years and seven days, had 47,000 documents submitted as evidence, used 24,000 pages of stenographic notes and called 137 witnesses, the cross examination of one lasting more than six months.—*By Jose Bernal, Manila, Philippine Islands.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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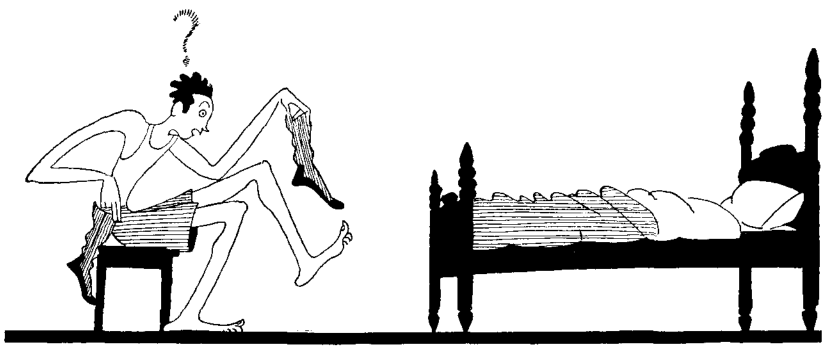
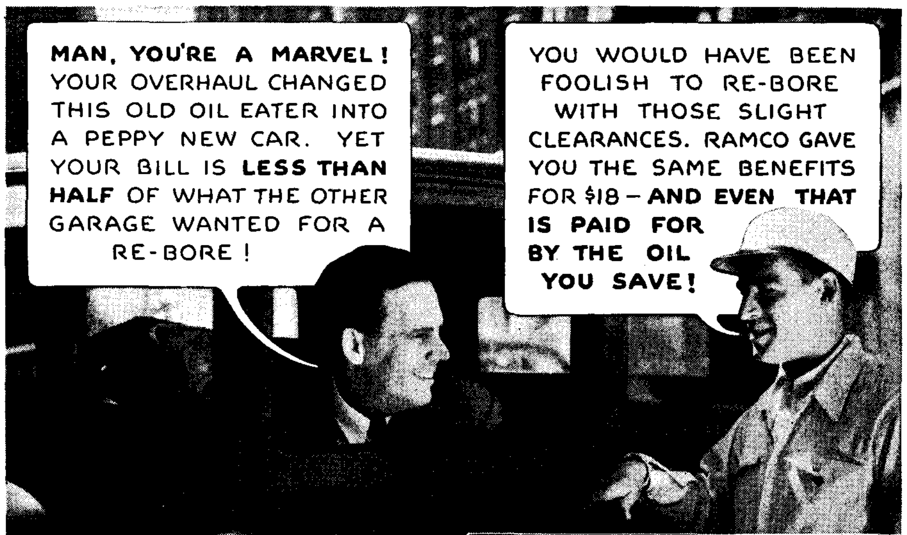
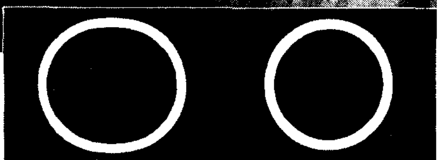


OVERHAUL COSTS SLASHED! NEW CAR OIL-ECONOMY, PEP AND POWER—ONLY $18 UP!


MAN, YOU'RE A MARVEL! YOUR OVERHAUL CHANGED THIS OLD OIL EATER INTO A PEPPY NEW CAR. YET YOUR BILL IS LESS THAN HALF OF WHAT THE OTHER GARAGE WANTED FOR A RE-BORE!
YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN FOOLISH TO RE-BORE WITH THOSE SLIGHT CLEARANCES. RAMCO GAVE YOU THE SAME BENEFITS FOR $18—AND EVEN THAT IS PAID FOR BY THE OIL YOU SAVE!



After 15,000 miles of operation, your cylinders are irregularly enlarged.

The usual type of piston ring, such as used in new motors, is different from Ramco because *it is designed* ONLY *for true,* round, straight-sided cylinders and specific piston clearances.

Motorists amazed at savings of revolutionary RAMCO Overhaul with RAMCO Piston Rings and Piston Skirt Expanders compared with old Overhaul Costs . . . Restores "first year" gas and oil mileage . . . Brings back "new car" pep, power, quiet and efficiency!

BEFORE you "trade in" that old car, before you put out $40 to $150 for an old-type overhaul—profit by the experience of motorists who have saved with Ramco!

Does your car pump oil? E. R., of Wooster, Ohio, says—"My Dodge had run 30,000 miles, cylinders were out of round, and motor was pumping oil excessively. Since a Ramco Overhaul, my motor has run 64,000 miles without pumping oil, or any sign of piston slap."

Do you yearn for that "first year" driving thrill? Listen to what J. C. S., of St. Louis, Mo., says—"For only a few dollars, a Ramco Overhaul reconditioned my 35,000-mile Graham—made it run as sweet as the day I bought it. Before, I used a quart of heavy oil every sixty-five miles; now I put in 'light,' and use practically none of that."

It's your turn next! Get a RAMCO Overhaul and end oil-pumping, power blow-by, piston slapping and rocking . . . win back that thrill of "first year" speed and power. In just a few hours, for just a few dollars—your RAMCO Repairman can work this miracle! See him at once! Mail coupon now.

The Ramco Piston Ring is engineered as a unit with the Ramco Inner-Ring of "live" steel. This cushions the piston and causes the piston-ring to conform to or follow the irregular or worn cylinders, scientifically sealing the oil and increasing compression. . . . Another feature of the Ramco Overhaul is the Ramco Piston Skirt Expander, designed to make like new the original alloy pistons, thus saving new piston costs; it restores collapsed skirts and compensates for piston wear.

Ramco Replacement Rings Often Save Reboring Costs

Because RAMCO Rings and Piston Skirt Expanders "take up" wear, automatically sealing cylinders—reboring those cylinders is usually not necessary. Even when extreme clearances call for reboring, RAMCO Rings and Piston Skirt Expanders should also be installed to prevent trouble with the rebore job. They end piston rocking and slap, vibration, and uneven wear of cylinder walls, without piston drag; eliminate ring collapse and flutter; stop blow-by and oil pumping; are not affected by heat or wear. A Ramco Overhaul is a lasting repair.

[You can find the nearest Ramco dealer in the Classified Telephone Directory under Piston Rings.]

Patented in U. S. and Canada. Other patents pending.

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Without cost or obligation, send us your valuable book "How to Analyze Your Motor."

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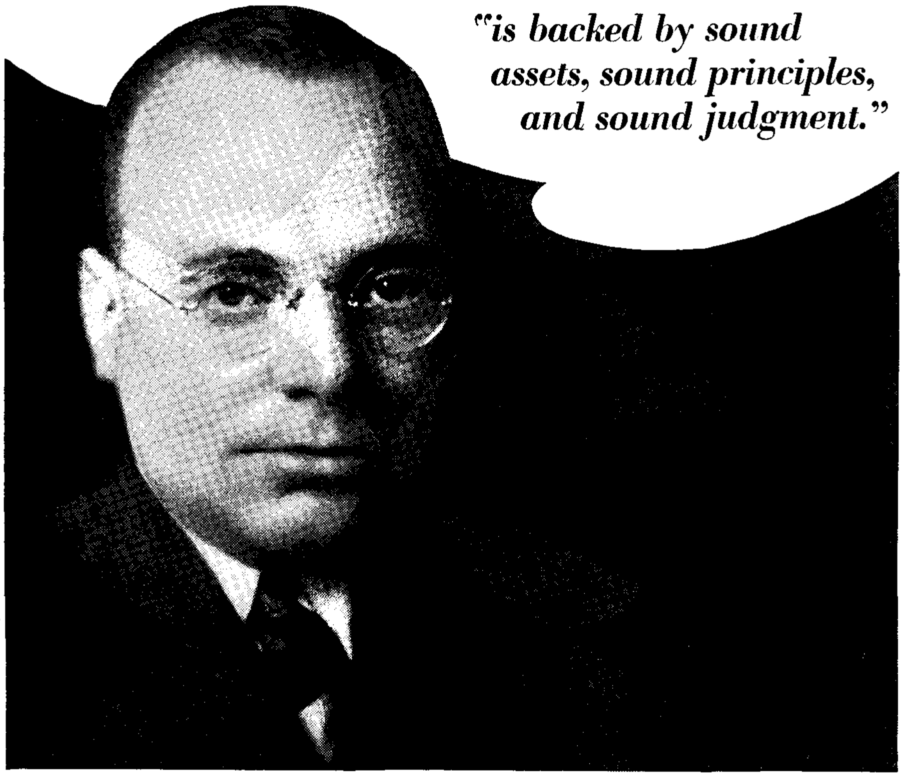
RAMCO

PISTON RINGS
PISTON SKIRT EXPANDERS
RAMCO OVERHAUL METHOD

"My Mutual Benefit life insurance,"

writes **George F. Rand**, President,
The Marine Trust Company,

"is backed by sound assets, sound principles, and sound judgment."



Mr. George F. Rand, President of the Marine Trust Co. of Buffalo and a leading figure in eastern banking circles.

"THE longer I live," says Mr. Rand, "the more I see what a splendid protection life insurance affords. It is a duty that every man owes to his family.

"I feel that I have made this protection doubly sure for my own family by taking insurance in a company as firmly established and well run as the Mutual Benefit. I chose it because throughout its history it has put the welfare and security of its policyholders first."

The best evidence of the Mutual Benefit's regard for its policyholders' interests lies in the liberal practices it has pioneered. The Mutual Benefit was the first life insurance company to establish the Principle of Retroaction—making new benefits applicable to all existing policies insofar as possible. It has led in liberalizing policies and surrender values.

The security of policyholders has been protected by sound, conservative business practices. The Mutual Benefit has declared a dividend for every one of its 90 years of operation, and its net cost of insurance has been remarkably low.

To you this means that the Mutual Benefit offers maximum benefits at minimum cost.

How to get full protection immediately *at HALF the usual first cost*

You probably *want* more life insurance than you feel you can *afford* this year. That's where the Mutual Benefit's new policy comes in. It gives you permanent life insurance at about half the usual initial cost—enabling you to establish a sufficient program immediately. This policy has the same liberal provisions as the usual Mutual Benefit contract, shares in dividends and carries cash values. Write today for the free booklet, "How to Start Now", which explains this helpful policy.

The MUTUAL BENEFIT
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
302 BROADWAY, NEWARK, N. J.
1845 · LIBERAL CONTRACTS FOR NINETY YEARS · 1935

The Vanishing Brain Trust

Continued from page 13

The President's economic security bill, before Congress at this writing, furnishes a striking illustration of the overloading policy that has been and is still being pursued. The compulsory old-age annuity system and the unemployment compensation system are to be administered by a Social Insurance Board in the Department of Labor. Voluntary annuities, however, together with the investment of unemployment insurance funds, are to be under the control of the Treasury.

One After Another

The Federal Emergency Relief Administration will have charge of the grants-in-aid toward meeting the costs allowed under state laws to old people in need, and also aid to states for the costs of "mothers' pensions." The Children's Bureau is given control of all grants-in-aid to states toward welfare services for the protection and care of homeless, dependent and neglected youngsters; of the appropriations for strengthening state and local health services to mothers and children, extending maternity and nursing services in rural counties, and conducting special demonstrations and research in maternal care; and to cap it all, is made responsible for the medical care of crippled children.

The Secretary of the Treasury is to be given $10,000,000 a year for the extension of public health services, eight tenths of the amount to be allotted to the states for the betterment of health services and for assistance to the counties and towns in maintaining adequate public health programs. As will be seen, the Geodetic Survey and the Bureau of Mines are about the only government agencies that do not figure in the plan.

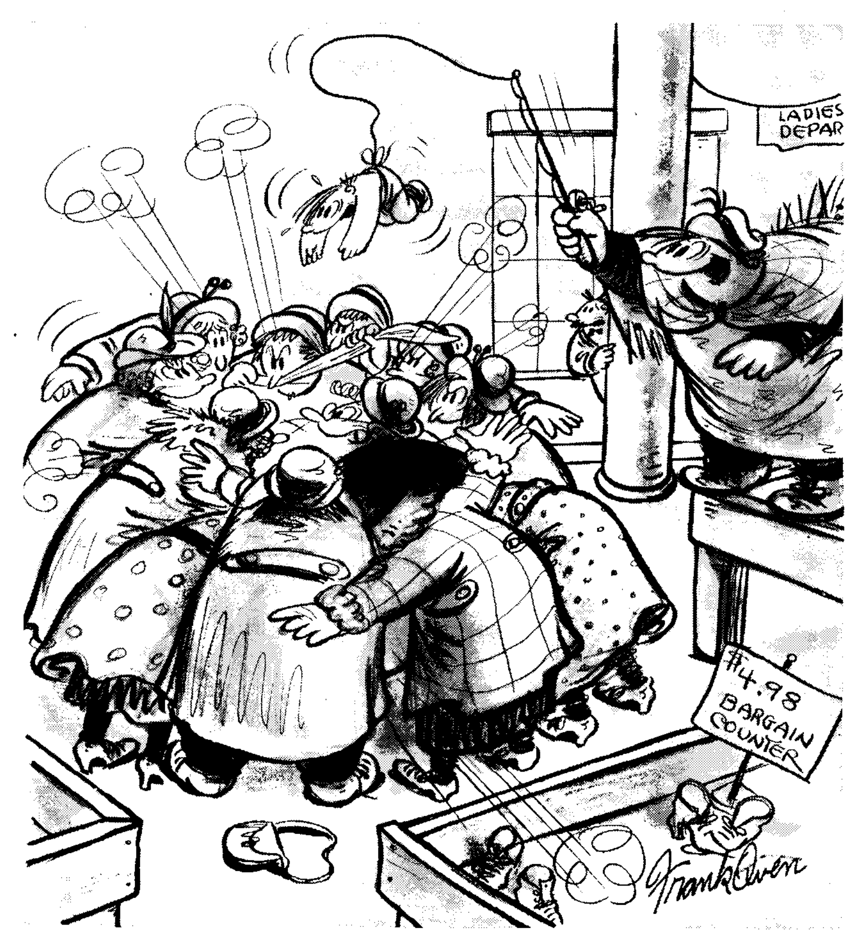
If Congress approves the hodgepodge, doubtless an attempt will be made to bring about cohesion, some unity of purpose, by the creation of interdepartmental committees. This has been tried from the very first, and from the very first has failed. Today there is no more pathetic spectacle in all Washington than that of secretaries and assistant secretaries bounding like kangaroos from committee room to committee room, happy if they are only able to remember just what the next meeting is about.

Cross pulls and confusions result inevitably, and as a result an unbelievable load is thrown on the shoulders of the President. Virtually every major activity of the New Deal, and not a few minor ones, wait on his decision or, at least, his approval. Every day sees the executive offices of the White House besieged by a line of principals and supernumeraries that takes hours to pass a given point or, rather, to reach it.

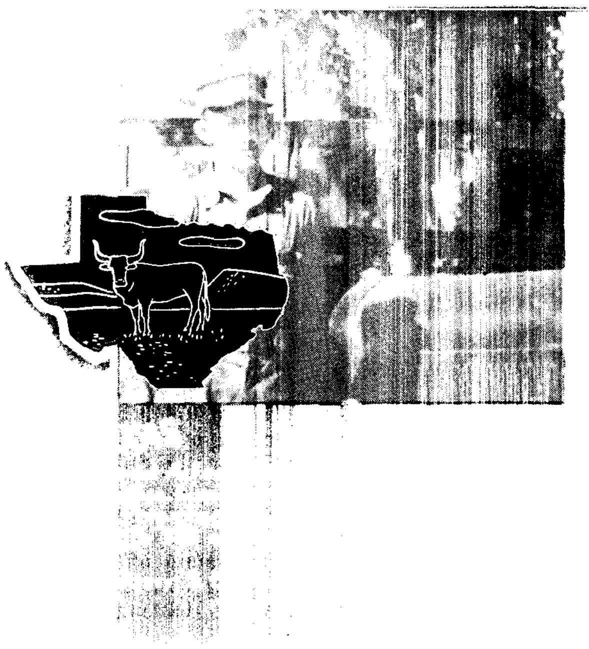
Granted that Mr. Roosevelt has the strength of a Norman percheron, an equability of disposition that makes him a stranger to worry and nerve fag, and a sanguine temperament that nothing daunts or depresses, the fact remains that even if he does continue to stand up under the staggering burden, the very concentration of authority is bound to create bottle necks, log jams and all sorts of traffic blocks.

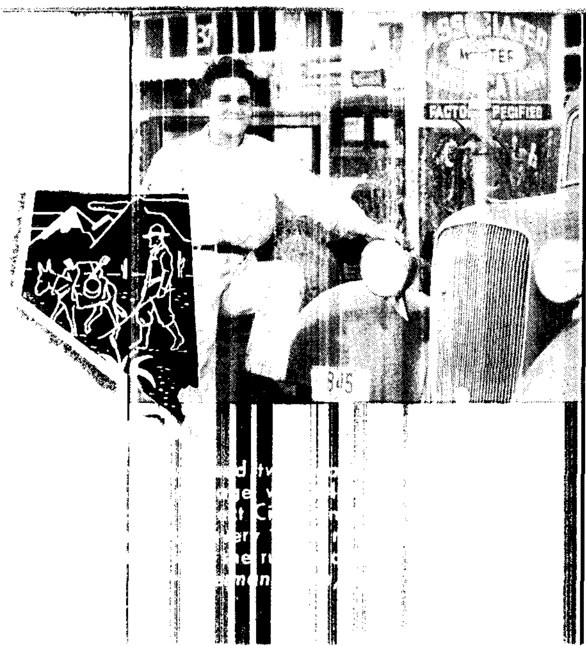
Capable administrators! That is the crying need of the New Deal. And with full opportunity to *administer*. An end to the futile business of setting up boards and bureaus in departments already overweighted, and to government by haphazard committees!

Only chaos may be expected until vital and distinctive New Deal agencies are established as separated and independent units, each under a one-man control, and that man given power to do the job.



"Remember, honey, get Mamma size eleven!" FRANK OWEN





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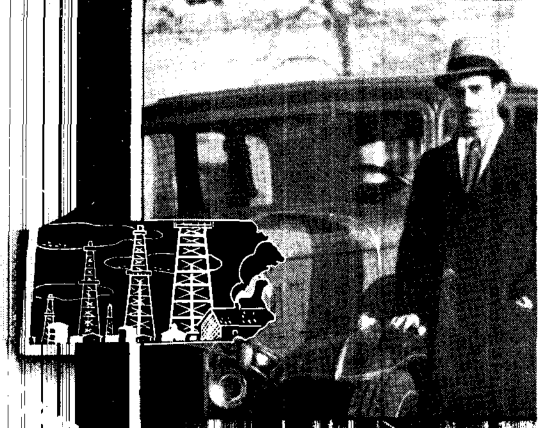

PENNSYLVANIA

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FLORIDA

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ALL AMERICA ACCLAIMS

PERFECT CIRCLE PERFORMANCE AND ECONOMY

Car owners from every state say it pays to replace worn-out rings with newest type Perfect Circles

IT'S quite important what kind of rings go into your motor—important enough, in fact, for you to make sure by specifying Perfect Circle Piston Rings. When you read what these car owners say of their experiences you'll surely want Perfect Circles, too.

If your motor has gone 20,000 to 25,000 miles without a ring change, it's certain you can save money by installing the latest type Perfect Circles. They'll easily save you $25.00 to $50.00 a year on gasoline and oil that you are now wasting—and your motor will run like new again. Just go to your own repairman and tell him you want Perfect Circles. That will assure you of the finest performance and utmost economy—over a long, satisfying period.

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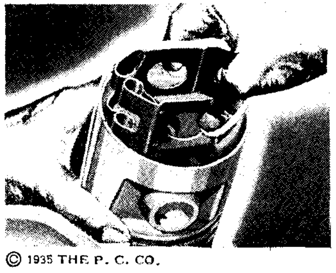
Piston Rings

PERFECT CIRCLE PISTON EXPANDERS—FOR ALUMINUM PISTONS



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Half of the cars running today have aluminum pistons. Whenever one of these cars has run 20,000 to 25,000 miles—long enough to need new piston rings—you may be sure it also needs Perfect Circle Piston Expanders. These expanders already are giving phenomenal results in hundreds of thousands of cars. Permanently restore the fit of your old pistons and stop piston slap.

OH, SIS, WHAT SHALL I DO? BOB THINKS I DON'T LOVE HIM ANYMORE... YES, OF COURSE I LOVE HIM, SIS, ONLY...
GREAT SCOTT!
YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS, SIS,—EVERYONE DOES BUT HIM! IT IS ON THE TIP OF MY TONGUE TO TELL HIM BUT IT IS SO HARD TO TALK ABOUT "B.O."
"B.O."—SO THAT'S IT! WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN, THINKING I COULDN'T OFFEND
DIDN'T TAKE ME LONG TO GET LIFEBUOY. HOW FRESH AND CLEAN IT LEAVES ONE —NO "B.O." NOW
A LIFEBUOY HOME NOW—safe, happy!
TELL ME, MISSUS, WHY DO YOU LOVE YOUR HUSBAND?
BECAUSE YOU'RE SUCH A SWEET OLD DARLING
YOU'VE ME TO THANK FOR YOUR LOVELY NEW COMPLEXION, FOR I INTRODUCED YOU TO LIFEBUOY
THANKS, DARLING, IT'S WONDERFUL —SO MILD AND GENTLE

ONCE a complexion meets Lifebuoy—they're *friends* for life! For Lifebuoy lather is everything a complexion could ask for. It is rich-lathering even in hard water. It is deep-cleansing, pore-penetrating. And above all, it is *gentle!*

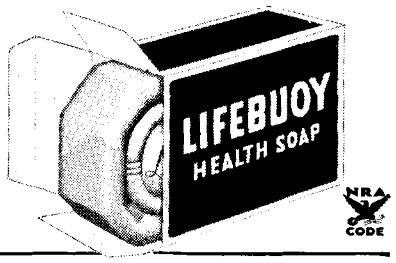
According to scientific skin tests, Lifebuoy is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps." Even dull, unattractive complexions can't help growing clearer, fresher, more radiantly lovely on daily Lifebuoy care.

"B.O." isn't "choosey"

"B.O." (*body odor*) never warns us. It never discriminates! A salaried clerk may be the next victim—a debutante, the next!

Man, woman or child, everyone perspires a quart or more daily; everyone needs to take precautions. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, refreshing lather deodorizes, *protects*. Its fresh, clean scent quickly rinses away. Make Lifebuoy a habit for face, hands and bath.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP STOPS "B.O." (Body Odor)

Brains at Bat

Continued from page 28

was using Cronin frequently in the lineup.

"Keep Reeves in there," testily wired the Washington owner. "He'll never be a ball player if you don't."

"Neither will Cronin," wired back Harris; "I'm going to keep playing him."

It was the making of Cronin; perhaps the unmaking of Harris, for Bucky was fired at the end of the season, and while Cronin only hit .243 in 63 games, his fielding was so sensational that he earned the regular shortfielding job. Even Griff couldn't say he couldn't field and, after all, he hadn't cost much.

The young fellow then went to work on that problem of hitting. He asked questions of better batters. He practiced grips and stances and swings. Next season, he lifted his average to .282, and the next, the flaming season of 1930, he led all the shortstops of the league with a thumping average of .346, was the outstanding fielding star of the circuit and, at the end of the season, this onion-green rookie of two years before was voted the most valuable player in the American League!

Berries from Boston

He couldn't hit, eh?

He not only could hit, but he likewise could do everything else. He had fire, aggressiveness, baseball brains. He dominated every scene, waded into every argument, battled it out with umpires to the last bitter ditch and literally lifted the team along with his driving personality as well as his superfine play.

In 1931, hitting for .306 and in 1932 for .318, he maintained his position as one of baseball's great stars, and when Walter Johnson's three-year managerial contract expired at the end of 1932, old Griff, who'd taken a revolutionary chance with the twenty-seven-year-old Harris some years before, decided to take another one now with the twenty-six-year-old Cronin.

And again the Old Fox showed he knew how to pick a manager, even if he couldn't always read the signs on a rookie. The whole world—that is to say, the baseball part of it—shouted "No." They said Griff was ruining a great shortstop in the effort to make perhaps a fair manager. Lightning never strikes in the same place twice, they insisted. The kid was too young. He was too valuable as was. He had a smart baseball mind all right, but all the others had too much experience on him. Even Harris, while not much older in years at the time of his elevation, was much older in baseball experience.

But Griff stood fast, and another miracle came blazingly to pass!

Buying Earl Whitehill from Detroit and Walter Stewart from the Browns at Cronin's suggestion, old Griff sat back and watched baseball's newest and youngest boy wonder lead the Senators to a beautifully fought-out pennant. The perfect ending of World Series triumph didn't materialize, principally because Carl Hubbell of the Giants cannoned the ball instead of pitching it that year. Still, that was pretty good for a starter. Cronin proved an able and resourceful manager. The extra duties didn't sag him a bit. He stung that onion for a .309 percentage and played his usual faultless game in the field.

Last season for the big fellow wasn't so good—either for himself or his Senators, but a bad season quite frequently follows a good one in either baseball or football, and anyhow he was in love. Washington was the injury-ridden victim of a succession of tough breaks, including the breaking of Cronin's hand almost a month from the finish. In a close play at first in an early September double-header, Cronin crashed into Wes Ferrell, burly Red Sox pitcher covering the bag, and spun off to strike the ground and arise with a fracture. The injury held his batting average to .283.

The scene now switches to Boston, where, in a flashback, we pick up again the busy figure of this same Bucky Harris. After the denouement of his Washington triumphs, he had transferred to Detroit, where for five years he'd held the whip on the Tigers, striving to make them jump through bigger and better hoops—a futile task in view of the length of their legs.

At the beginning of the 1934 season, however, he had been installed as manager of the Boston Red Sox by the American League's new Crœsus, young Thomas Austin Yawkey, who hires the best he can get and is prepared to pay the price. But Bucky didn't click with the bleacherites in Boston. Boston is a paradox. According to the celebrated limerick, it's the exclusive bourne where the Cabots speak only to the Lowells and the Lowells speak only to God, but there's also a milling multitude of Murphys, Cohens, Di Pesas and Jablonskis, who speak freely and fluently to the various and sundry, including, especially, all visiting umpires.

They like to see their ball players come boiling out of the dugout when a close one goes the other way; and their managers wading into the diamond calling in raw-boned language for heaven to witness the abominable larceny just perpetrated and blasting the umpire involved and all umpires in general.

Bucky was too suave for the boys. He's learned the trick of arguing without raising his voice and going into a stamp dance. It may be good strategy, but it's faulty theater—at least in a Boston ball park that's known the likes of old Bill "Rough" Carrigan. The team, already a disappointment in view of the money spent on it, seemed to take its cue from its leader. It looked too polite, which means too disinterested. The strange part of it was that all the experts agreed Bucky was doing a pretty swell job. It wasn't his fault Lefty Grove's arm went dead, that Walberg was hurt and other hopes didn't materialize. The crowd started to second-guess him. In time it was booing him.

When Along Came Love

A change was inevitable.

Young Yawkey and his general manager, the famous Eddie Collins, huddled. They pondered their problem expertly. They needed these: A fiery, aggressive leader with baseball brains, one preferably with a good Irish name, Boston being what it is; one who could play as well as direct, and who'd add punch to the attack without subtracting from the defense; one that was young; one the crowd already liked; one that had a reputation.

The composite spelled but one possible name.

"But," said Collins, "we can't get Cronin. He's a fixture in Washington. He's just married Griff's daughter. Griff's got in mind for him what he once had for Bucky Harris."

That was true, for of a truth and a verity, Joe had just the previous week wedded the true niece of Mrs. Griffith, and adopted daughter of the couple. Miss Mildred June Robertson. And he'd done it with the blessing of the Griffs. It was that big southern moon across the waters of the Gulf from the Senatorial training camp that seemed to start the idea in the spring. Halfway through the race, Joe bought the ring. At the end of the season they were married and were already in Joe's native San Francisco shopping for an apartment in which to spend their winter's honeymoon.

"I know," said Yawkey, "but we'll offer Griff so much money, he'll be jarred for the rest of his life."

They did—$250,000 in cash, the record price of all time, and Lynn Lary, their own Red Sox shortstop. With it went a five-year contract as playing manager to the new son-in-law at a salary understood to be $35,000 a year!

Back on the Job

"I couldn't pay Joe that kind of money," Griff told the Washington scribes who burned the wind to his office when they heard of the sale, "and I couldn't stand in his way. Joe's a good boy."

"I hate to leave Griff," the somewhat bewildered Joe told the San Francisco sports newshawks, "but if I had to go somewhere, I'm glad it was Boston. It's a grand baseball town."

"Who? Me?" said the pretty bride, who until her marriage helped her foster father as the Senatorial office secretary. "It's all right with me. I'd go to Oshkosh with Joe!"

There ends for the moment the chronicle of Cronin, who started from the orthodox humble beginnings to land, at the age of twenty-eight, the best baseball job in the business, with the richest ball club on earth, picking up fame, romance and poise as he traveled. His current Red Sox will write the next chapter. It may be glad or sad, but he personally, professionally and romantically seems beautifully set however it chooses to go.

There remains a sequel and an interesting conjecture. The sequel concerns that same Bucky Harris. Griff didn't have a manager. Bucky didn't have a job. Each knew the other well. They'd been through much together. There was, of course, the memory of that six-year-old break, but many a ball's been knocked over the fence since then.

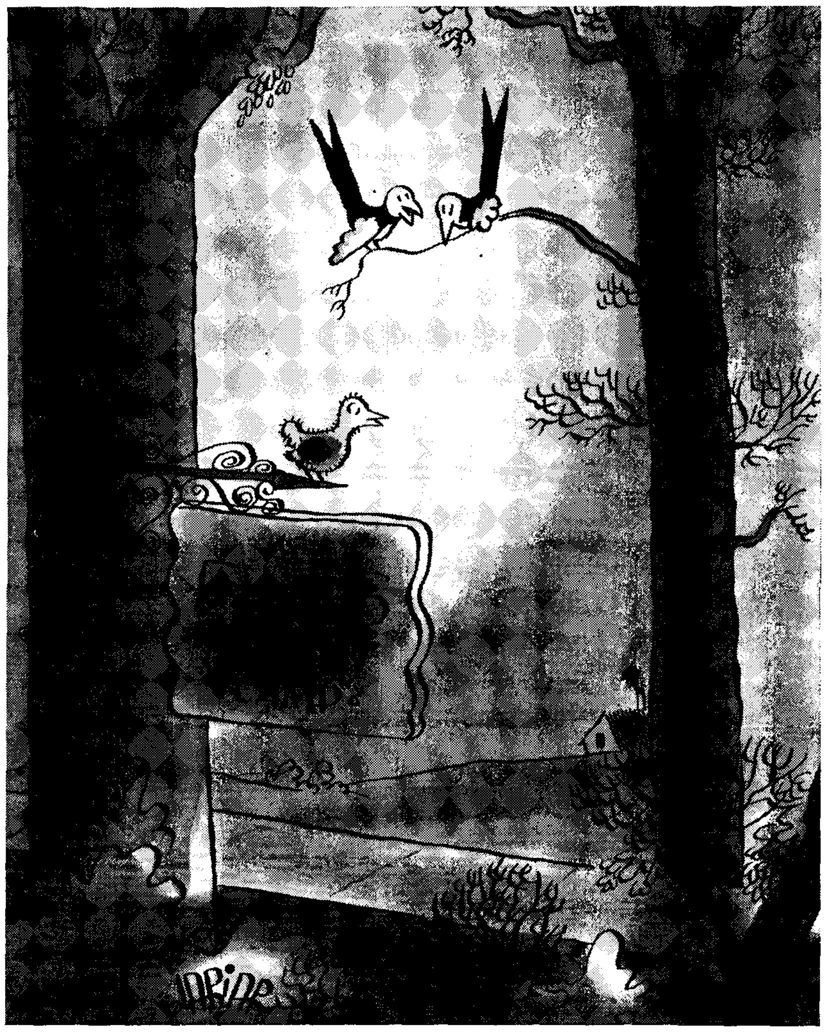
For three or four days they circled each other like a couple of stray kids trying to scrape an acquaintance, then Griff threw open his arms to what he's always considered his prodigal son and said, "Come on home, boy. I need you."

So Buck's now back in the job he used to have before Cronin came out of the West to chase him around so.

The interesting conjecture is this: Griff's getting old. He's been in baseball for approximately fifty years. He's ready for somebody to step in and succeed him. It'll probably be Buck, now that Joe's indentured to Boston, and five years are long near the end of the road. And when Griff passes on, as one day he must, Joe's wife, one supposes, will inherit those Senators. Suppose it happens while Joe is still contracted to Boston. What rule covers the wife of a manager's owning a rival club in the same league? The situation has never arisen.

And if longer delayed, Griff will undoubtedly have retired, and an older Bucky may possibly be sitting in his chair. Will the scoop of circumstances come along, then, for the third and climactic time to move Bucky Harris out and Joe Cronin in?

The tale of these two, who once played on opposite sides of Washington's second sack, is almost Damon and Pythias in reverse, yet the tale of either is a sports success epic, Cronin's sparkling with the brighter coloration.



"He joined the nudist colony!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

NO WAY TO ESCAPE THOSE ACCUSING EYES

...I was never so embarrassed in my life!

"I'D RATHER take a beating than appear in public again with a growth of stubble on my face," confesses a man who tried to skip shaving and get by.

Why should any man risk the respect of others by failing to keep clean-shaven! Today comfort and satisfaction are *positively guaranteed* when you shave with the Gillette "Blue Blade." We know beyond a shadow of a doubt that no better blade can be produced. It is the product of manufacturing facilities and skill unequalled the world over. Relentless inspection begins with the steel when it arrives from the mill. Every reel must answer Gillette specifications—the most rigid known. For absolute uniformity and perfection of temper the steel is fed through electrically controlled furnaces exclusive with Gillette. Temperature changes in accordance with the requirements of the metal—assuring correct hardness for super-keen edges that stand up. Grinding, honing and stropping are automatic—almost unbelievably accurate.

Inspection is uncompromising. No faulty blade can pass. And—to protect its perfectly finished edges—each blade is firmly anchored in its envelope at four points. It reaches you as keen as it left the factory. Get the benefit of unmatched manufacturing care and skill. For unusual comfort try the Gillette "Blue Blade" tomorrow morning.

Reputable merchants give you what you ask for. In stores where substitution is practised—INSIST ON

GILLETTE BLUE BLADES

NOW 5 *for* 25¢ • 10 *for* 49¢

A TWIST... IT'S OPEN!

The ARISTOCRAT
—New Gillette
One Piece Razor

The Aristocrat is all one piece, no loose parts. Heavily plated with 24-Karat gold and guaranteed a lifetime. Price $4 complete in smart leather case with 10 Gillette "Blue Blades."

A TWIST... IT'S CLOSED!

TWO SIDES OF THE HOUR GLASS

Time applies *two* tests to an insurance company. One test is concerned with the *length* of time—the other with its *shortness.*

In selecting an insurance company, the experienced buyer asks, first, "How *long* is the company's record of distinguished service?" Then he asks: "Will I get service in the *shortest* possible time?"

For *length* of service, the Hartford points to 125 years of square dealing—payment of legitimate claims in cash. As for the *speed* of service the Hartford has some 17,000 agents; Western Union offices in the United States or Canadian National Telegraphs offices in Canada have on file the name and address of the nearest representative of the Hartford, for the convenience of anyone asking for this information in time of trouble. Thus Hartford protection goes hand in hand with you everywhere and 125 *years* of time have built this company which now saves you time—when time saved means trouble saved.

If you want Hartford nation-wide insurance service, see the nearest Hartford Agent or ask any licensed broker to place your insurance in the Hartford which writes practically every form of insurance except life.

HARTFORD

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.
HARTFORD ACCIDENT and INDEMNITY CO.
HARTFORD • CONNECTICUT

The Three Horsemen

Continued from page 9

had made him a man of action. He did not even speak to Von Grock; but talking across him, at the top of his voice, called out to the second in command, General Von Voglen, a stocky man with a square head, who had stood in the background as motionless as a stone.

"Who has the best horse in your cavalry division, General? Who is the best rider?"

"Arnold Von Schacht has a horse that might beat a race horse," replied the general. "And he rides it as well as a jockey. He is of the White Hussars."

"Very well," said the Prince, with the same new ring in his voice. "Let him ride at once after the man with this mad message and stop him. I will give him authority; which I think the distinguished Marshal will not dispute. Bring me pen and ink."

HE SAT down, shaking out the cloak, and they brought him writing materials; and he wrote firmly and with a flourish the order, overriding all other orders, for the reprieve and release of Petrowski the Pole.

Then amid a dead silence, in the midst of which old Grock stood with an unblinking stare like a stone idol of prehistoric times, he swept out of the room, trailing his mantle and saber. He was so violently displeased that no man dared to remind him of the formal reviewing of the troops. Arnold Von Schacht, a curly-haired, active youth, looking more like a boy, but wearing more than one medal on the white uniform of the Hussars, clicked his heels and received the folded paper from the Prince. Then, striding out, he sprang on his horse and flew along the high, narrow road like a silver arrow or a shooting star.

The old Marshal went back slowly and calmly to his tent, slowly and calmly removed his spiked helmet and his spectacles, and laid them on the table as before. Then he called out to an orderly just outside the tent and bade him fetch Sergeant Schwarz of the White Hussars immediately.

A MINUTE later there presented himself before the Marshal a gaunt and wiry man with a great scar across his jaw; rather dark for a German, unless all his colors had been changed by years of smoke and storm and bad weather. He saluted and stood stiffly at attention, as the Marshal slowly raised his eyes to him. And vast as was the abyss between the Imperial Marshal, with generals under him, and that one battered noncommissioned officer, it is true that of all the men who have talked in this tale these two men alone understood each other without words.

"Sergeant," said the Marshal curtly, "I have seen you twice before. Once, I think, when you won the prize of the whole army for marksmanship with the carbine."

The sergeant saluted and said nothing.

"And once again," went on Von Grock, "when you were questioned for shooting that damned old woman who would not give us information about the ambush. The incident caused considerable comment at the time, even in some of our own circles. Influence, however, was exerted on your side. My influence."

The sergeant saluted again and was still silent. The Marshal continued to speak in a colorless but curiously candid way:

"His Highness the Prince has been misinformed and deceived on a point essential to his own safety and that of the Fatherland. Under this error, he has rashly sent a reprieve to the Pole, Petrowski, who is to be executed tonight. I repeat: who is to be executed tonight. You must immediately ride after Von Schacht, who carries the reprieve, and stop him."

"I can hardly hope to overtake him, Marshal," said Sergeant Schwarz. "He has the swiftest horse in the regiment, and is the finest rider."

"I did not tell you to overtake him. I told you to stop him," said Grock. Then he spoke more slowly. "A man may often be stopped or recalled by various signals—by shouting or shooting." His voice dragged still more ponderously but without a pause. "The discharge of a carbine might attract his attention."

And then the dark sergeant saluted for the third time, and his grim mouth was again shut tight.

"The world is changed," said Grock, "not by what is said or what is blamed or praised, but by what is done. The world never recovers from what is done. At this moment the killing of a man is a thing that must be done." He suddenly flashed his brilliant eyes of steel at the other and added: "I mean, of course, Petrowski."

And Sergeant Schwarz smiled still more grimly; and he also, lifting the flap of the tent, went out into the darkness and mounted his horse and rode.

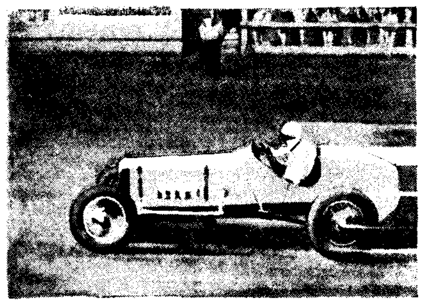
THE last of the three riders was even less likely than the first to indulge in imaginative ideas for their own sake. But because he also was in some imperfect manner human, he could not but feel, on such a night and such an errand, the oppressiveness of that inhuman landscape.

While he rode along that one abrupt bridge, there spread out to infinity all around him something a myriad times more inhuman than the sea. For a man could not swim in it, nor sail boats on it, nor do anything human with it; he could only sink in it and practically without a struggle.

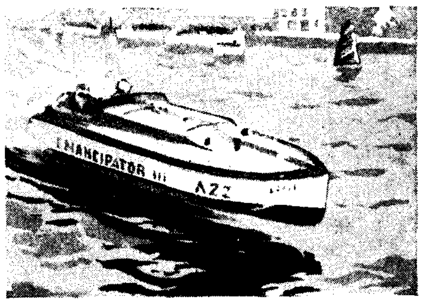
The sergeant felt vaguely the presence of some primordial slime that was neither solid nor liquid nor capable of any form; and he felt its presence behind the forms of all things. He was atheist, like so many thousands of dull, clever men in northern Germany; but he was not that happier sort of pagan who can see in human progress a natural flowering of the earth. That world before him was not a field in which green or living things evolved and developed and bore fruit; it was only an abyss in which all living things would sink forever as in a bottomless pit; and the thought hardened him for all the strange duties he had to do in so hateful a world. The gray-green blotches of flattened vegetation, seen from above like a sprawling map, seemed more like the chart of a disease than a development; and the landlocked pools might have been of poison rather than water. He remembered some humanitarian fuss or other about the poisoning of pools.

But the reflections of the sergeant, like most reflections of men not normally reflective, had a root in some subconscious strain on his nerves and his practical intelligence. The truth was that the straight road before him was not only dreary but seemed intermi-

(Continued on page 50)

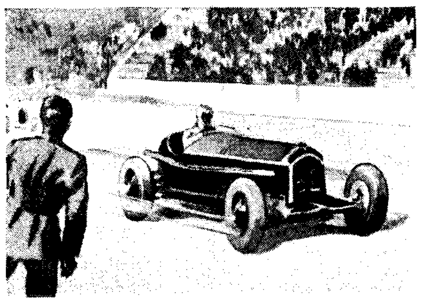


WASHINGTON—*Al Thiesen, recently awarded the 1934 Midwestern AAA racing championships, used Champions, thus bringing every sectional AAA championship and the 1934 National AAA championship to drivers who used dependable Champions.*



CHICAGO—*S. Mortimer Auerbach won the 125 cu. in. hydroplane championship with Emancipator III and the 225 cu. in. hydroplane championship with Emancipator II. These boats Champion-equipped have won 9 major events; set three new records.*

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.—*Joel Thorne, winner of the Townsend Medal, emblematic of the National High Point Outboard Championship, automatically became Champion Spark Plug High Point Trophy winner in the Eastern division since he used Champions exclusively.*



FRANCE—*Champion-equipped cars made a clean sweep in the Grand Prix du Comminges. The event was won by Comotti driving a Champion-equipped Alfa-Romeo averaging 93.35 mph. Cars finishing second, third and fourth were Champion-equipped.*

CHAMPION
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
If dependability is important
SPARK PLUGS
ARE VITALLY IMPORTANT

If the simple but highly significant facts were always borne in mind, the motorist would always specify Champions when his spark plugs require replacement. Now in their 25th year, Champions continue to outsell all others all around the world. For eleven straight years they have been first choice of racing champions the world over. Surely this evidence of greater dependability is too impressive to be overlooked.

CHAMPIONS

KEEP YOUR ENGINE YOUNG • CHANGE SPARK PLUGS EVERY 10,000 MILES

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The Three Horsemen

Continued from page 48

nably long. He would never have believed he could have ridden so far without catching some distant glimpse of the man he followed. Von Schacht must indeed have the fleetest of horses to have got so far ahead already; for, after all, he had only started, at whatever speed, within a comparatively short time. As Schwarz had said, he hardly expected to overtake him; but a very realistic sense of the distances involved had told him that he must very soon come in sight of him. And then, just as despair was beginning to descend and spread itself vaguely over the desolate landscape, he saw him at last.

A WHITE spot, which slightly, slowly, enlarged into something like a white figure, appeared far ahead, riding furiously. It enlarged to that extent because Schwarz managed a spurt of riding furiously himself; but it was large enough to show the faint streak of orange across the white uniform that marked the regiment of the Hussars. The winner of the prize for shooting in the whole army had hit the white of smaller targets than that.

He unslung his carbine; and a shock of unnatural noise shook up all the wild fowl for miles upon the silent marshes. But Sergeant Schwarz did not trouble about them. What interested him was that. even at such a distance, he could see the straight white figure turn crooked and alter in shape. as if the man had suddenly grown deformed. He was hanging like a humpback over the saddle; and Schwarz, with his exact eye and long experience, was certain that his victim was shot through the body, and almost certain that he was shot through the heart. Then he brought the horse down with a second shot; and the whole equestrian group heeled over and slipped and slid and vanished in one white flash into the dark fenland below.

The hard-headed sergeant was certain that his work was done. Hard-headed men of his sort are generally very precise about what they are doing; that is why they are so often quite wrong about what they do. He had outraged the comradeship that is the soul of armies; he had killed a gallant officer who was in the performance of his duty; he had deceived and defied his sovereign and committed a common murder without excuse of personal quarrel; but he had obeyed his superior officer and he had helped to kill a Pole.

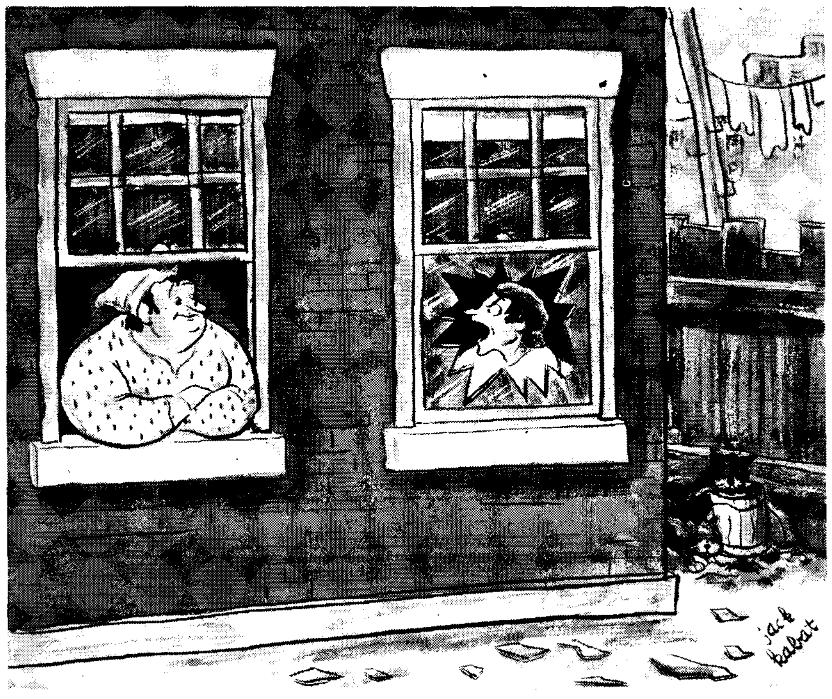
These two last facts for the moment filled his mind; and he rode thoughtfully back again to make his report to Marshal Von Grock. He had no doubts about the thoroughness of the work he had done. The man carrying the reprieve was certainly dead; and even if by some miracle he were only dying, he could not conceivably have ridden his dead or dying horse to the town in time to prevent the execution. No; on the whole it was much more practical and prudent to get back under the wing of his protector, the author of the desperate project. With his whole strength he leaned on the strength of the great Marshal.

And truly the great Marshal had this greatness about him: that after the monstrous thing he had done, or caused to be done, he disdained to show any fear of facing the facts on the spot; or the compromising possibilities of keeping in touch with his tool. He and the sergeant, indeed, an hour or so later, actually rode along the ridge together, till they came to a particular place where the Marshal dismounted, but bade the other ride on. He wished the sergeant to go forward to the original goal of the riders and see if all was quiet in the town after the execution or whether there remained some danger from popular resentment.

"IS IT here then, Marshal?" asked the sergeant in a low voice. "I fancied it was farther on; but it's a fact the infernal road seemed to lengthen out like a nightmare."

"It is here," answered Grock; and swung himself heavily from saddle and stirrup, and then went to the edge of the long parapet and looked down.

The moon had risen over the marshes and gone up, strengthening in splendor and gleaming on dark waters and green scum; and in the nearest clump of reeds. at the foot of the slope, there lay as in a sort of luminous and radiant ruin, all that was left of one of those superb



"It was a home run"

JACK KABAT

THEY TOLD ME BY OLIVER

"I'VE NEVER FOUND ANYTHING LIKE OLIVE OIL FOR PREVENTING SKIN IRRITATION!" SAID JACK HARRIS, TRAINER OF ELLSWORTH VINES, WORLD-FAMOUS PROFESSIONAL TENNIS STAR-
OLIVER

NO IRRITATION AFTER SHAVING

. . . when you use Palmolive, the shaving cream made with Olive Oil

GRUELLING tennis under a blazing sun—a mighty tough ordeal for any man's skin! But this shaving, day in and day out, gives your skin plenty of punishment, too!

So, to prevent this after-shave irritation—to keep your face feeling fresh and smooth . . . in perfect condition all the time—Palmolive Shave Cream is made with just the right amount of olive oil! And olive oil, thousands of trainers say, can't be beaten for soothing an irritated skin!

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LARGE SIZE TUBE—100 SHAVES FOR 25¢

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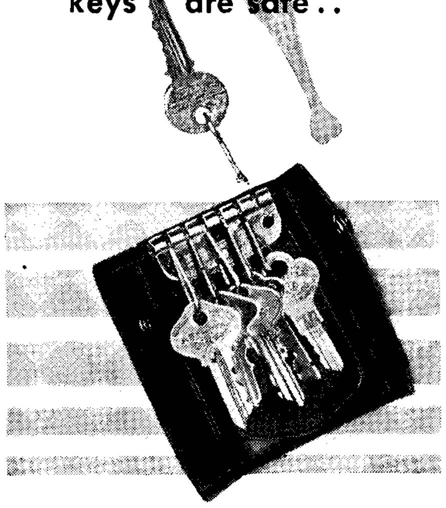
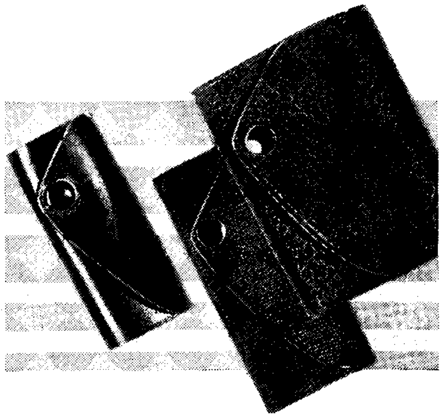


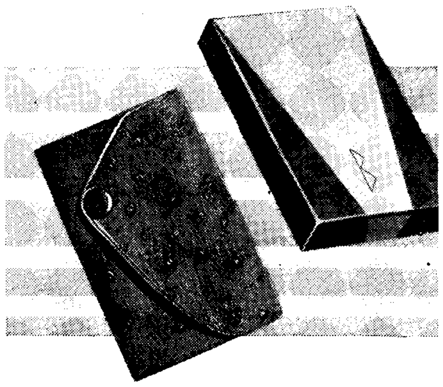
Pin Morocco, 6 loops, $2.50. Others from 50¢.

● **3 EXCLUSIVE FEATURES**—New automatic detachable safety loop, can't spread or tangle. Reinforcing flap keeps your Key-Tainer in shape. Buxton Key Return Service brings back a lost Key-Tainer FREE.



(*Left*) Smooth Cowhide, 2 loops, 50¢. Others to $4.00. (*Right above*) Mandalay Goat, 8 loops, $2. Others from $1 to $6. (*Right below*) India Goat, 4 loops, $1.50. Others from 50¢.

● **AS A GIFT**—Small in price and large in performance, the Key-Tainer makes an ideal gift. Men of all ages, and women, too, think it's great.



Handsomely packaged in a striking brown and copper box. Genuine Ostrich, 6 loops, $5.

● **DESIGNED** for greater safety, durability and smartness, only a Key-Tainer offers the patented Buxton features. Easier operation, too—the handy button needs only one hand to open and use.

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white horses and white horsemen of his old brigade. Nor was the identity doubtful; the moon made a sort of aureole of the curled golden hair of young Arnold, the second rider and the bearer of the reprieve; and the same mystical moonshine glittered not only on baldrick and buttons, but on the special medals of the young soldier and the stripes and signs of his degree.

Under such a glamorous veil of light, he might almost have been in the white armor of Sir Galahad; and there could scarcely have been a more horrible contrast than that between such fallen grace and youth below and the rocky and grotesque figure looking down from above.

Grock had taken off his helmet again; and though it is possible that this was the vague shadow of some funereal form of respect, its visible effect was that the queer, naked head and neck like that of a pachyderm glittered stonily in the moon, like the hairless head and neck of some monster of the Age of Stone. Rops, or some such etcher of the black, fantastic German schools, might have drawn such a picture of a huge beast as inhuman as a beetle looking down on the broken wings and white and golden armor of some defeated champion of the Cherubim.

Grock said no prayer and uttered no pity; but in some dark way his mind was moved; as even the dark and mighty swamp will sometimes move like a living thing; and as such men will, when feeling for the first time faintly on their defense before they know not what, he tried to formulate his only faith and confront with it the stark universe and the staring moon.

"After and before the deed the German Will is the same. It cannot be broken by changes and by time, like that of those others who repent. It stands outside time like a thing of stone, looking forward and backward with the same face."

THE silence that followed lasted long enough to please his cold vanity with a certain sense of portent; as if a stone figure had spoken in a valley of silence. But the silence began to thrill once more with a distant whisper which was the faint throb of horse hoofs; and a moment later the sergeant came galloping or rather racing back along the uplifted road; and his scarred and swarthy visage was no longer merely grim but ghastly in the moon.

"Marshal," he said, saluting with a strange stiffness, "I have seen Petrowski the Pole."

"Haven't they buried him yet?" asked the Marshal, still staring down and in some abstraction.

"If they have," said Schwarz, "he has rolled the stone away and risen from the dead."

He stared in front of him at the moon and marshes. But indeed, though he was far from being a visionary character, it was not these things that he saw; but rather the things he had just seen. He had indeed seen Paul Petrowski walking alive and alert down the brilliantly illuminated main avenue of that Polish town to the very beginning of the causeway; there was no mistaking the slim figure with plumes of hair and tuft of Frenchified beard which figured in so many private albums and illustrated magazines. And behind him he had seen that Polish town aflame with flags and firebrands and a population boiling with triumphant hero worship; though perhaps less hostile to the government than it might have been, since it was rejoicing at the release of its popular hero.

"Do you mean," cried Grock with a sudden croaking stridency of voice, "that they have dared to release him in defiance of my message?"

Schwarz saluted again and said:

"They had already released him; and they have received no message."

"Do you ask me, after all this," said Grock, "to believe that no messenger came from our camp at all?"

"No messenger at all," said the sergeant.

There was a much longer silence and then Grock said hoarsely:

"What in the name of hell has happened? Can you think of anything to explain it all?"

"I have seen something," said the sergeant, "which I think does explain it all."

WHEN Mr. Pond had told the story up to this point, he paused with an irritating blankness of expression.

"Well," said Gahagan impatiently, "and do *you* know anything that would explain it all?"

"Well, I think I do," said Mr. Pond meekly. "You see, I had to worry it out for myself, when the report came round to my apartment. It really did arise from an excess of Prussian obedience. It also arose from an excess of another Prussian weakness: contempt. And of all the passions that blind and madden and mislead men, the worst is the coldest—contempt.

"Grock had talked much too comfortably before the cow; and much too confidently before the cabbage. He despised stupid men even on his own staff; and treated Von Hocheimer, the first messenger, as a piece of furniture merely because he looked like a fool; but he was not such a fool as he looked. He also understood what the great Marshal meant, quite as well as the cynical sergeant, who had done such dirty work all his life.

Von Hocheimer also understood the Marshal's peculiar moral philosophy: that an act is unanswerable even when it is indefensible. He knew that what his commander wanted was simply the corpse of Petrowski; that he wanted it anyhow, at the expense of any deception of princes or destruction of soldiers. And when he heard a swifter horseman behind him, riding to overtake him, he knew as well as Grock himself that the new messenger must be carrying with him the message of the mercy of the Prince.

"Von Schacht, that very young but very gallant officer, looking like the very embodiment of all that more generous tradition of Germany that has been too much neglected in this tale, was worthy of the accident that made him the herald of a more generous policy. He came with the speed of that noble horsemanship that has left behind it in Europe the very name of chivalry, calling out to the other in a tone like a herald's trumpet to stop and stand and turn. And Von Hocheimer obeyed. He stopped; he reined in his horse; he turned in his saddle; but his hand held the carbine leveled like a pistol, and he shot the boy between the eyes.

"Then he turned again and rode on, carrying the death warrant of the Pole. Behind him horse and man had crashed over the edge of the embankment; so that the whole road was clear. And along that clear and open road toiled in his turn the third messenger, marveling at the interminable length of his journey; till he saw at last the unmistakable uniform of a Hussar like a white star disappearing in the distance, and he shot also. Only he did not kill the second messenger, but the first.

"That was why no messenger came alive to the Polish town that night. That was why the prisoner walked out of his prison alive. Do you think I was quite wrong in saying that Von Grock had two faithful servants; and one too many?"

How a Man of 40 can

RETIRE AT 60

BY INVESTING $1.77 A DAY

STRANGELY enough, the cost of retiring on an income seems to bother some people.

It shouldn't.

If you save even as little as 18c a day, you can have a small but regular income paid you in your old age.

Or save $1.77 a day as mentioned above, and naturally you get ten times as much income when you retire. Save more and get more.

What it costs to retire is not as important a question as *how much income you want each month when you're 55 or 60 years old.*

Here's what most men want

Generally when a man gets to be around 40 years old, he knows he has only about fifteen or twenty more active years left in which to save for his old age. He knows he has about fifteen years after he reaches 60 for which he must save in advance—or accept charity.

How much does he need? $25 a month for life? $100 a month for life? $250 a month for life?

He knows ordinary methods of saving are both slow and risky. He dare not spend his capital for fear of using it up too fast. He doesn't know how long it will last. Thus he may be facing poverty in the years he needs money most.

Why the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan is Better

1. You get a regular monthly income for life when you retire: $10 a month, $50, $100, or even $500 (depending on the Plan you select). You can arrange to retire at 55, 60, or 65.

2. When you retire by this Plan, you *never* face poverty as long as you live. You *always get* money every month.

3. Leave your wife a cash income for life in case of your death before retirement age. (You can add this provision to your Plan if you are insurable, and also add the following:)

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE RICH

to draw an income for the rest of your life as soon as you are 55 or older. For example:

A BOOKKEEPER: I was surprised to find I could afford to quit work at 55. I will get $80 a month for life when I retire.

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A WOMAN: I'm not married and so I'm making sure that I won't have to keep on working more than fifteen more years. Then Phoenix Mutual will pay me an income for life.

4. A monthly disability income for yourself, if before age 55 serious illness or accident lays you up for six months or more.

The best of it is, *anyone* can afford to invest something regularly when the reward is the chance to *retire for life!*

How to Select the Right Plan

To find the cost of the Income Plan which bests meets your own needs, first decide when you want to retire, and how much income you will want each month after retirement. When we know this and your present age, we can tell you the cost to the exact penny. And usually every cent, and more in most cases, comes back to you at retirement age.

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HAVE WANTED

WE WANT TO thank the motoring public for the many letters praising the new Mobiloil Arctic. In answer to your question, "Will this same kind of oil be available for Summer?" we are pleased to announce that ... *today* ... ALL SUMMER MOBILOILS are *made by Socony-Vacuum's Clearosol Process.* You can con-

THIS IS IMPORTANT NEWS to every one o America's 20,000,000 motorists.

For it announces a revolutionary new kin of Summer oil ... Summer Mobiloil, made b the same famous Clearosol Process that pro duced the sensational Mobiloil Arctic used b 3,000,000 motorists last Winter.

This is a tremendous improvement ove even the best oils produced by previous meth ods. It gives results you can see and feel. I makes savings you never imagined possible

New Refining Achievement

Briefly stated ... here's the story. A ne refining process has been discovered.

This new process . . . called the Socony Vacuum Clearosol Process ... *does what no pre vious refining method has ever accomplished.*

It removes the impurities present in a

"SEE—IT'S FULL UP" ... That's the welcome news you'll hear most of the time this Summer, after you've changed to the new Mobiloil. Exhaustive tests ... with this new kind of Mobiloil pitted against another of the high-grade oils ... show this: That the new Mobiloil resists consumption 98% ... compared to 88% for the other oil. Think what this 10% difference means in terms of cash when you're buying oil!

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tinue to enjoy the remarkable oil savings, improved engine performance and protection which were introduced to you six months ago by the new Mobiloil Arctic. More than 75,000 dealers are now ready to supply you.

(*Signed*)
Socony-Vacuum Oil Company, Inc.

rude oils. It takes out the weak, unstable ngredients that break down and blow away t high engine heat. It "washes away" the arbon- and gum-forming elements that dirty our engine . . . stick rings and valves.

You Can Check the Difference

Result? For the first time in history . . . an il that actually demonstrates its superiority!

It retains its body . . . even after miles of ast, hot-weather driving. That means more ime between refills. Less money for oil!

It lubricates better. That means a sweet-unning engine. It actually puts zest and pep n performance . . . of old cars as well as new!

And finally, it keeps your engine clean. That means fewer repairs . . . longer life for our car . . . greater value when you trade it in.

This sounds like high-priced lubrication. The fact is . . . this new Mobiloil is sold at bsolutely no increase in price.

So why not use it for your Spring oil change? Have your crankcase drained and refilled oday . . . wherever you see the Sign of the Red Gargoyle or the Flying Red Horse.

100 HOURS of operation on ordinary oil did this! Pistons blocked with gum and rings stuck with muck . . . both formed by impurities left in the oil.

AFTER 100 HOURS on new Mobiloil, pistons are remarkably clean. This new oil is practically 100% pure . . . free of elements that dirty-up engines.

NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST demand jumped 20 to 60%! Never before so instant a welcome as was received last Winter by the new Mobiloil Arctic, made by Socony-Vacuum's revolutionary Clearosol Process. Floods of letters reported, "Lasts far longer than any oil I ever used before" . . . "Car runs much better" . . . "Cuts repair costs." NOW, with Spring here, ALL Summer Mobiloils—A, AF, B, BB—are made by this same Clearosol Process.

Pardon our accent (both Southern & Northern) but—

Men do need MUM

"THERE'S one time our softly Southern accent goes completely back on us, and that's when we get on the subject of men's need for Mum. As we understand it, *everybody* perspires — and that would include men, wouldn't it? And where there's perspiration moisture, there's bound to be unpleasant odor. We're only weak, helpless women but we've whipped the perspiration odor problem. Mum!"

• • • •

We're only telling you what women tell us, men. You know how it is — underarm perspiration odor is pretty disagreeable.

You can't depend on your daily shower to protect you. It can only wash away traces of past perspiration.

A quick rub-in of Mum, the instant cream deodorant, under each arm *after* your shower — and you're safe for all day.

Mum is harmless to clothing. Soothing to the skin. It doesn't prevent perspiration itself — just unpleasant body odor.

Mum is a great comfort to take traveling. It cannot leak or scatter. Take just half a minute to use it when you dress, and you'll be safe *all* day *every* day. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

FOR PERSPIRING, BURNING FEET Mum is wonderfully soothing and cooling. Destroys every trace of perspiration odor and keeps hose and shoe linings fresher.

Rattlebrain

Continued from page 19

his hands. "Thank Heaven, you're here! I was thinking maybe I ought to open it. Is somebody dead?"

George opened the telegram. Aunt Ella looked over his shoulder and read: "If you think you can throw me overboard you are screwy. Love and kisses and please pay the boy for this wire. Suzette."

"What is it?" Uncle Elmer inquired.

Aunt Ella took the telegram from George's fingers and handed it to Uncle Elmer. "The chorus girl! I knew it! They'll probably put him in jail unless he marries her."

George was paying the boy.

"Don't get jittery, Aunt Ella. I know how to handle women."

He took a book of blanks and another pencil from the boy and wrote firmly: "Miss Suzette O'Brien, Hi-Hey-De-Hey Night Club, Pittsburgh, Pa. I meant every word I said. I hope to marry a beautiful Engleville girl very soon. Kindest regards and goodby forever. George."

"Collect," he said to the boy and turned his attention to soothing Uncle Elmer and Aunt Ella.

Aunt Ella looked at him doubtfully. "We never could stand the shame. Your Uncle Elmer's position—"

"There's a lot of stuff more serious than Suzette to think about." He shook his head knowingly.

"Come in to supper," said Aunt Ella. "Remember, tomorrow morning you are to go to church with us."

"Just watch me, Aunt Ella."

"I will," she assured him.

GEORGE came galloping down the stairs.

"Well, here I am, folks, all set, bright and early for breakfast and church. Wow, what a swell morning!"

"Um," said Uncle Elmer. "Your aunt has something to say to you."

Aunt Ella stood with thin lips tightly pinched together.

"You called on Nancy Morgan last night," she accused, "although I had forbidden it."

"Well, now, Aunt Ella, when a man's in love—"

"You juggled canes and umbrellas and broke a lamp."

"The light was bad. And Nancy told me it didn't make any difference—it was an old lamp anyway. She's a riot, Aunt Ella. A smash! And she loves me!"

"You did card tricks!"

"Nancy liked 'em." He sobered. "Her father didn't, though. Funny how some people don't like card tricks—"

"Nancy's mother telephoned me this morning."

"OH, THAT'S how you found out. Well, well." He licked his lips. For a moment his assurance was shaken, but only for a moment. "Nancy said he'd like 'em and called her father in and he said he loathed card tricks but I said he'd love this one and I asked him to select a card and not let me see it and he knocked the deck out of my hand and beat it. I'll get him yet, though, Aunt Ella."

"You proposed marriage to Nancy Morgan."

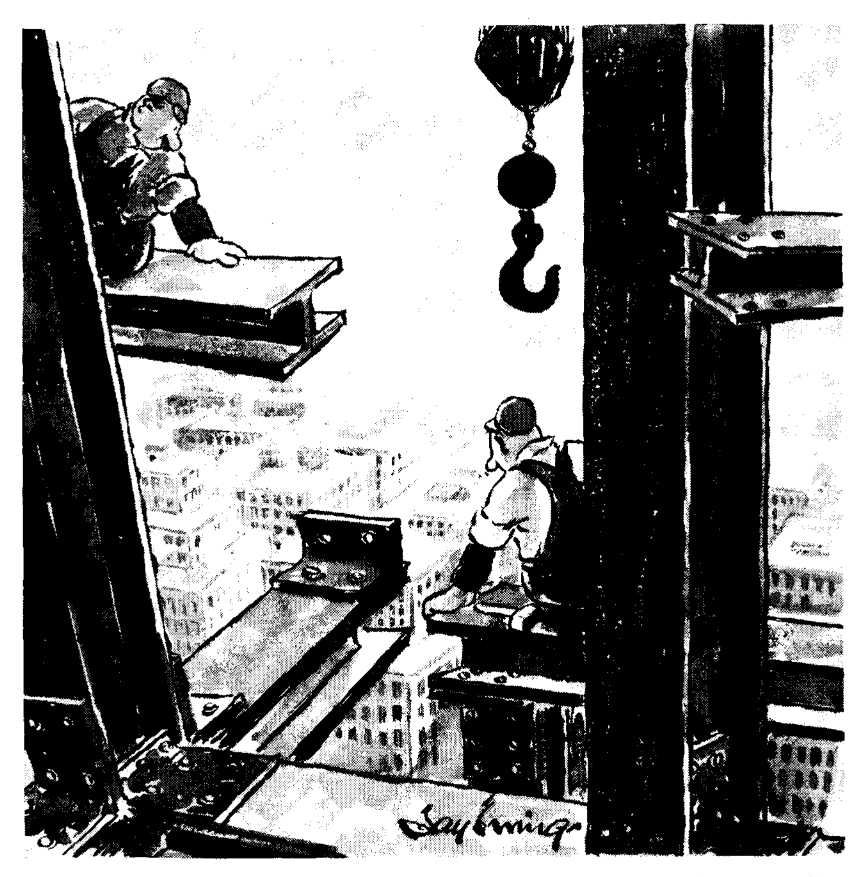
"I'll say I did! And she said, 'No,' but I knew she was just fooling, because she let me hold her hand."

"Mrs. Morgan said—"

"I went into the library and told her father I was going to marry his daughter and he said he'd be damned if he'd have a blithering magician in his family and I said I didn't care what he said and he got excited and jumped up and took a swing at me and I ducked and gave him a little push in the stomach and he said *'Oof!'* and sat down again so I ran out and kissed Nancy on the run and came home. That's all."

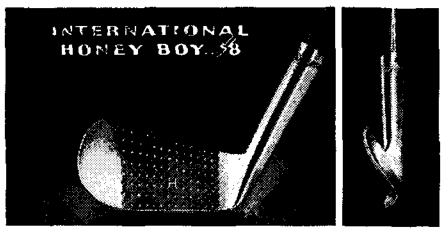
"All!" Aunt Ella screamed. "You assaulted Mr. Morgan! He wants to have you arrested and says he will if you ever come on his property or see Nancy again!"

"Oh, gee!" he said. "He gets mad easy, don't he?"

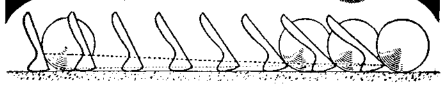


"Betcha it'd scare the daylights outa them if we was to fall down there"

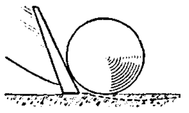
JAY IRVING



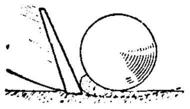
16 TIMES GREATER CHANCE FOR A PERFECT IRON SHOT ...with Hagen DEFLECTOR SOLE IRONS



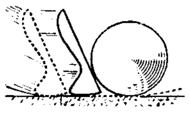
Above illustration—Lower dotted line denotes the elevation of front edge, graduating uniformly from No. 1 Iron to No. 8. Upper dotted line denotes contact of the club with the ball on all irons. Approach irons are designed to produce extra back-spin.



Above illustrates the accuracy with which a ball must be hit with conventional iron. Who among us can always do that?



Above illustrates what happens when you hit behind the ball with conventional irons. The club head digs into the ground —under the ball—producing a terrible shot.



Above illustrates what happens when you hit *behind* the ball with Hagen Deflector-Sole Irons. Note how the head slides on the turf. Result—a beautiful shot.

THE Hagen Deflector-Sole Iron puts new confidence, distance and accuracy into every one of those vital iron shots.

On this advanced design the back edge of the Hagen iron is considerably lower than the front. This permits the club head to glide over the turf—*it does not dig in.* You can hit a full inch back of the ball and still get a perfect iron shot.

This full inch leeway gives you 16 times greater chance for perfect iron play. See the new International Honey Boy Irons today. Also ladies models. Hagen clubs $3.50 up.

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The new Hagen Honey Boy has a casehardened cover which gives this ball undreamed of lasting qualities. Tuffer than any duffer. "It's a Honey" 75c. Other Hagen Balls 75c—50c—35c—25c.

Choice alone dictates the playing of Hagen Clubs and Balls by both Professionals and Amateurs

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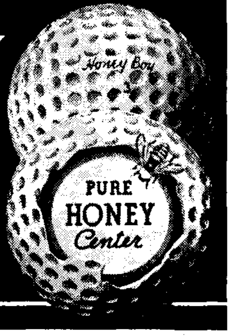
Here is a New Tough Guy
"IT'S A HONEY"
HAGEN "HONEY BOY"
..with Case Hardened Cover and Honey Center



"You are discharged from the mill."

"Criminy!"

"And Mr. Morgan never will make your uncle a dean."

George stiffened and walked over, put an arm around his uncle's shoulders and said softly, "Gosh, Uncle Elmer, I'm sorry I did that to you. I guess I'm just a no-good, after all."

Uncle Elmer said quietly: "I know you didn't mean anything wrong, George. And you're not a no-good. You're just like your father, and he wasn't a no-good." He glared challengingly at Aunt Ella.

"What," demanded Aunt Ella, "are you going to do now?"

George looked wide-eyed from Aunt Ella to Uncle Elmer. "You mean—"

"Now, Ella," pleaded Uncle Elmer, "you—"

"We cannot keep you here any longer," she said.

GEORGE had said he thought under the circumstances he'd better pass up the dear old church and Aunt Ella had said she thought so, too.

"I'm tempted to stay at home myself," she said angrily. "I don't know how I'll ever be able to face Mr. and Mrs. Morgan and Nancy."

"He's a good church guy—Mr. Morgan?"

"Mr. Morgan is a deacon."

"Then, maybe— Look, Aunt Ella, I'm not up on church stuff but isn't there something about loving your neighbor and turning the other cheek and forgiving and all that? Couldn't you get him to forgive me and to realize it's not Uncle Elmer's fault, so he'd get to be dean? Couldn't you?"

"Some things never can be forgiven," she answered.

George shrugged his shoulders. "Well," he sighed, "I'll be all packed when you get back." Then he said to himself, "I will unless I think of something."

WHEN Mr. Archibald G. Morgan and his wife and daughter arrived home from church an agitated butler opened the door.

"Two most disreputable tramps, sir —I could do nothing with them. One was armed. They are waiting in the library to see you."

"Armed?" Mr. Morgan exclaimed.

"They must be robbers!" Mrs. Morgan cried. "Why didn't you call the police?"

"Well—er—Madam, he said if I did he would—er—blow my stomach out and—"

"Hello, folks," said a voice. "Come right in, Mr. Morgan. Everything's dandy now."

"George!" Nancy cried. "What has happened to you?"

He was covered with dirt, his coat was torn, one of his trouser legs was split at the knee, one eye was black and his lips were puffed. He waved a pistol idly in his right hand.

"What is this outrage?" Mr. Morgan demanded. "How dare you threaten me with that revolver, sir? Nancy, call the police."

"Hold everything, honey," George dropped the gun in a side pocket. "Mr. Morgan, just step into the main tent. Big show's about to commence. Not you, ladies. It's a private performance."

"He'll kill you, Archibald!" Mrs. Morgan warned. "Don't go!"

"Of course I won't go. Leave my house at once, you—you—" he hissed the foul epithet—"you *magician*, you!"

"Not," said George, his bruised face grinning, "until we have a little talk about Annabelle."

"Annabelle?" demanded Mrs. Morgan, peering at her husband and putting her fists on her hips.

"Annabelle?" cried Nancy, covering a shocked gasp with a dainty hand.

"Annabelle," George confirmed.

"She's a horse," Mr. Morgan said.

"She is, indeed," said George. "How about a little gossip, Mr. Morgan?"

"Perhaps, Mother"—Mr. Morgan cleared his throat—"it is best that I—"

"Attaboy," said George. Mr. Morgan entered his library and George closed the door.

"Who's that?" Mr. Morgan asked, backing away as he pointed to a figure in a leather chair—a figure torn, bruised, cut and bleeding.

"That is Mr. Horse McFoot. Pretty soggy bundle, hey?"

"The kid's a dirty rat," muttered McFoot and raised a face on which the nose seemed to have been pushed several inches to the left.

Mr. Morgan straightened into what he thought was a commanding pose. All he did was to throw his stomach out farther. He glared at George and declaimed: "What scoundrelry—what scroundelry—" He began again, "What infamy is going on here, sir?"

"He told," said George.

"You told?" Mr. Morgan stared at McFoot.

"What that baby didn't tell, Mr. Morgan, you could stick in your eye."

Mr. Morgan sank into his desk chair. The deacon in the church, the man who ran the university and who practicaliy owned Engleville, breathed heavily. "It will all be misconstrued," he groaned. He pulled himself together. "So it's blackmail!" he sneered at George.

"Naw, Mr. Morgan. Listen. You're sore at Uncle Elmer, you don't like me and you don't want me to marry Nancy, who loves me dearly."

"She does nothing of the kind, sir."

"Wait, will you? So I try to think how I can square everything. All the time I'm suspicious of Horse McFoot and Square Jaw Eddie, your chauffeur. I figure maybe they're going to kidnap Nancy."

"You're a fool, sir. Edward and McFoot are business associates of mine. They brought me a plan and I agreed to finance it."

"Will you please not make yourself look silly, Mr. Morgan? The father of the girl I'm going to marry—"

"I should call the police!"

"But you won't. Now let me talk. So I remember what McFoot told Uncle Elmer about the third degree being no good and I say, 'That's because he's afraid of it,' so I get McFoot and persuade him to go up an alley and I get his gun and the whole story. It wasn't kidnapping, after all. It was about Annabelle and the one hundred thousand dollars you're going to put up on a wire-tapping racket."

"IT WAS a business deal, sir," said Mr. Morgan feebly.

"You're a sap, Mr. Morgan, if you'll pardon me. Haven't you been around? McFoot is an old-time horse-race crook. That's why they call him 'Horse.' They came here just to frame you. They let you win a little bet on Annabelle but if you let them get hold of that big dough it would be gone." George wheeled and held out a threatening fist. "What say, Horse?"

McFoot nodded. "We was goin' to take him for a hun'red grand."

Mr. Morgan was doing some tense thinking. He threw open a humidor on his desk. "Have one?" he asked George.

"No, thanks," said George. He sat on the edge of the desk.

Mr. Morgan lighted a cigar. Now he was calm, but tense, as if he were presiding at a directors' meeting with a tough problem on his hands.

"If this gets out," he said, "I will be the laughingstock of Engleville."

(*Continued on page 56*)

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(Continued from page 55)

"I'll keep it quiet, Mr. Morgan. Leave it to me."

"I believe you. You're a remarkable young man," he said gratefully. "I humbly apologize. How can I ever thank you?"

"By making Uncle Elmer a dean. That's all."

"Of course. What else?"

"You might let me see Nancy now and then."

"I shall be proud. And I shall see that you are promoted at the mill. But I must do something more substantial. You saved me a hundred thousand dollars, young man." He opened a drawer and drew out a check book and a moment later George was protesting.

"Ten thousand dollars! Hey, Mr. Morgan, I can't take this. I just wanted Uncle Elmer to be a dean."

"That's ten per cent. A proper reward," said Mr. Morgan crisply. He pointed with his pen. "Now what do we do with this ruffian?"

"Turn him loose. Look, you. Scram! And pick up your pal on the way."

McFOOT pulled himself to his feet. As he swung open the door, Mrs. Morgan and Nancy bounded into the room.

"Archibald," exclaimed Mrs. Morgan, "are you all right?"

Mr. Morgan announced, "This young man has just done me a great service."

"Everything's O. K., honey," said George.

Nancy worried: "But you're all bruised and—"

"Listen, guy," interrupted Mr. McFoot from the door, "now I know where I seen you. In jail at Junction City, New Jersey."

"Certainly," said George promptly. "And that's where I saw you and Square Jaw Eddie. Now beat it, Horse, or—"

Horse beat it.

"Look, honey," said George, "let's us go out on the porch."

"The man said you were in jail," she said, backing away.

"Nothing at all, sugar pie. I was with a show that was pinched. We were out the next day—"

There was a commotion outside. The butler was talking loudly.

"Holy mackerel," said George. "I bet Horse is pinching the silverware!" He started toward the door but stopped as a little brown-haired girl in a becoming gray suit stepped in. Her eyes were flashing.

"Suzette!" George cried.

"What's going on here?" she asked. She surveyed George. "Who beat him up?" she demanded, and looked around belligerently.

"Who," snorted Mrs. Morgan, "is this person?"

"This is Suzette," said George, all out of breath. "Meet the Morgans, Suzette." He explained, "She's the girl I used to be engaged to." He put a hand on her shoulder and said feebly, "You run along now, honey, we're very busy. I'll be seeing you. Attababy."

"*Used* to?" she questioned. "I used to and still am." She softened. "George, this is the third time I've had to pull you out of a jam like this."

"Well, now, Suzette—" he was cocky no longer.

Suzette put an arm around him and explained confidentially to Mrs. Morgan, one woman to another: "I just can't let this kid out of my sight. Every time he sees a pretty girl he proposes to her and sends me a wire calling everything off and I have to hotfoot it to get him out of trouble. Come on, George."

"Well, now, Suzette—"

"Come along, lamb pie. You know you don't love anybody but me."

George sighed. "I guess you're right."

Outside, on the porch, she stopped. "Kiss me," she said.

He kissed her with his bruised lips.

"Okay?" she asked.

"Okay, honey. I guess I'm a sap." He held her tight. Suddenly he relaxed and stood looking at the front door.

"Come on. Let's go," she said.

"I'm going back."

"Going back?"

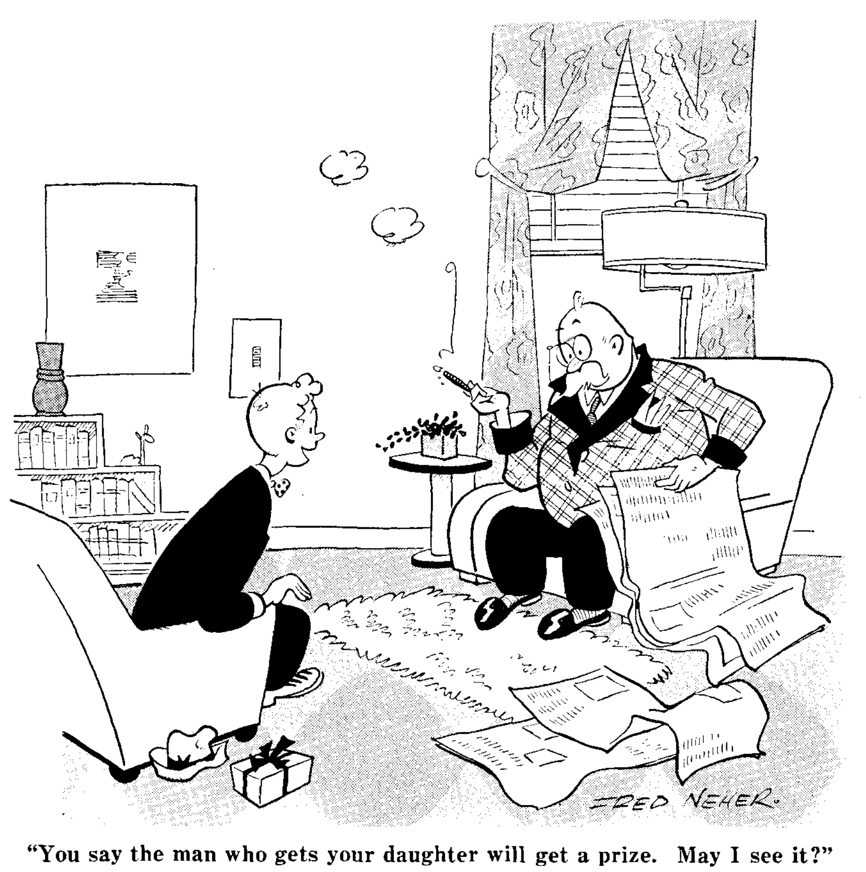
"I'm going to make Mr. Morgan look at a card trick."

"Hey, wait, you goof."

"It won't take a minute. I promised myself I'd get him, and I will."

"But look, George, what's this you dropped? It's a check!"

"Oh, that. It's two movie theaters. I'll be back in a minute."



"You say the man who gets your daughter will get a prize. May I see it?"

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Patients in clinics everywhere are getting remarkable relief from this new food.

Dr. Alban Girault, the French Specialist, says: "Almost unbelievable how well it works!"

Dr. Girault (at right) is one of thousands of doctors, here and abroad, astonished by the new fresh yeast. He says of this new "strain" of yeast:—

"I was amazed at its results when used on large numbers of patients. Instead of acting harshly and temporarily as cathartics do, it stimulates secretion of digestive juices and restores peristalsis (bowel action) in a natural way . . . *It is a notable discovery.*"

Dr. Girault has been chief of clinic of the Paris Faculty of Medicine—is a leading member of distinguished medical societies.

Almost unheard of... these results in a well-known U.S. hospital..

IN HOSPITALS in this country, astonishing results are being obtained with the new Fleischmann's Yeast: 93% of constipation cases corrected in one clinic; 83% of indigestion cases relieved in another; 89% of skin cases of digestive origin in another. Typical cases from one hospital's actual records are:—

CASE OF T.E. Man. Age 30.

Suffered from chronic constipation. *Used strong cathartics habitually.* Tongue coated. Showed obvious symptoms of autointoxication from bowel wastes.

Eating three cakes of the new Fleischmann's Yeast daily gave improvement by end of first week of the treatment. *Easier bowel movements daily without laxatives.* Felt better.

CASE OF K.M. Man. Age 62.

Had used strong cathartics and enemas for chronic constipation for 10 years. Discomfort from gas. Pale, weak. Was on a special diet.

Treatment with Fleischmann's new Yeast improved his digestion. *Patient was able to discontinue cathartics and enemas as a result.*

Feels better. No discomfort from gas. *Now has natural daily bowel evacuations.*

CASE OF K.Q. Woman. Age 51.

Had used strong cathartics for chronic constipation for years. Appetite poor. Frequent headaches. Very nervous. Complained of abdominal heaviness.

After eating Fleischmann's new Yeast, appetite improved. *After one week, had daily evacuations without cathartics.*

Feels very well, no headaches. Nervousness relieved, no more discomfort from gas.

Completely corrected by this new discovery...chronic CASES OF CONSTIPATION

A new food supplies "Protective Substances" your stomach, bowels need to work properly. No other food, even fruits and vegetables, gives you enough of them!

IT IS A FACT that hospitals are now correcting even stubborn cases of constipation—simply by adding *one food* to the diet.

For some time it has been known that certain "protective substances" were needed in the diet for the stomach and bowels to work properly. When these "protective substances" are undersupplied—digestion slows up, and people become constipated.

Ordinary foods, even fruits and vegetables, do not supply enough of these substances.

But *one food* now supplies them in abundance. This food is the new Fleischmann's Yeast!

This new Fleischmann's Yeast is the *richest known* source of these "protective substances." "Amazing," "unbelievable," are the words doctors themselves are using to describe the results they are getting with it.

The new Fleischmann's Yeast acts very differently from cathartics. It builds up a healthier condition of the whole intestinal tract. When it reaches the stomach, it starts an increased flow of your digestive juices. It also tones and strengthens the muscular action—and this stimulating effect on the nerves and muscles goes all through your intestinal tract.

Digestion soon improves. The bowels begin to work naturally. Poisons no longer seep into the blood, as before. The skin clears up. Energy increases.

Add it to your daily diet

Begin today to eat the new Fleischmann's Yeast and see how adding this one food to your diet will correct constipation and improve your health. Eat it regularly! Don't stop just because you feel better in a few days. Eat it every day—just like drinking orange juice or brushing your teeth.

And eat it *right*. The directions given at the right will help you to do this. Begin to eat this new Fleischmann's Yeast now! And keep it up.

THE NEW FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is a food—not a medicine. Eaten daily, it can give you complete bowel regularity . . . *keep* you free from constipation. (This new Fleischmann's Yeast is as good as ever for baking.)

Supplies Vitamins
A B D G
FLEISCHMANN'S
YEAST
Eat 3 cakes daily
—before meals

THIS IS THE WAY YOU SHOULD EAT IT:

Eat three cakes of the new Fleischmann's fresh Yeast each day. Some people eat 4, 5 or even 6 cakes a day, although 3 cakes daily are usually enough. A little experimenting will show you just the amount *you* require.

Eat it just plain, or dissolved in a little water . . . or in milk, fruit juices or fountain drinks. Many like it spread on a cracker.

Eat it one-half hour before each meal. This gives it a chance to start your digestive juices flowing before *other* food enters your stomach. If it's inconvenient to eat a cake before lunch, eat 2 cakes half an hour before breakfast and a third cake before supper.

If you're taking cathartics, discontinue them gradually (not all at once). As the new Fleischmann's Yeast strengthens your stomach and bowel action, you can stop using laxatives entirely.

You can get the new Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, soda fountains and restaurants. It comes in the foil-wrapped cake with yellow label. Get several days' supply at a time—keep in a cool, dry place.

TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION:

In recent tests, Fleischmann's new Yeast increased peptic activity up to 30%; speeded up stomach's "emptying time" as much as 34%; increased gastric secretion and motility very measurably.

Its most important substance resembles a *digestive hormone*. It also supplies *4 vitamins:* Vitamin A, for the health of epithelial tissue, B for proper nerve functioning, G for growth, D to aid assimilation of lime. Being fresh, it releases its properties in *active* form.

Constipation may be serious, especially if due to an organic disorder. To be sure, see a doctor.

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Dr. Socrates

Continued from page 22

Cardwell smiled.

"If sworn statements are what you want I can get you several that that girl wasn't near any of the cars, had nothing to do with it. As a matter of fact, I saw the whole thing myself. I was with Mr. Ben Suggs and Mr. Edsall Dickey. Does this interest you? What would four sworn statements to one mean? You tell me. I don't know much about law."

Anderson turned to Ginder.

"I didn't know about this."

"What does it matter?" rumbled Ginder. "They're all enemies of mine. One of them is Ben Suggs' cook."

"Politics again. What a town! Well, that's merely a sidelight, anyway. Dr. Cardwell, there are three sets of fingerprints on this bottle. One set belongs to Hugh Mordell. Another set belongs to Red Bastian. The third set we can't identify. Do you mind if I run a print?" Anderson had returned to his first manner, both polite and sardonic.

Cardwell hesitated. The fingerprints might very well be his; on the other hand, they might not, and if he refused he would be tacitly acknowledging his guilt. Anyway, if they took him to jail on a charge as serious as this they'd take his fingerprints as a matter of routine.

"I don't mind."

While Anderson was fingerprinting Cardwell, Ginder lit a cigar and sat smoking with his hands crossed on his stomach, the picture of complacence. Cardwell's nervousness left him suddenly as he looked at the big doctor. He'd fight. They had his back up. He'd show them what a bunch of bunglers they were. He just couldn't bear the thought of Ginder getting the upper hand. Ever since his arrival the big doctor had pursued him spitefully. Did he fear a younger, better educated man? Or was it mere ill nature? He knew that Doc Ginder had his good points; he knew that in spite of being tight-fisted, he bought shoes and groceries for the poor, organized turkey suppers for the boys at the Orphans' Home, and otherwise showed himself public-spirited. Tom Suggs said it was all politics. But Cardwell wasn't sure. At first he had borne the big doctor's gibes and denigration silently, thinking it was all a joke. Now he knew better, but was still in doubt about the motive.

WHILE Anderson carefully studied the fingerprints, Cardwell washed his hands, then he lit a cigarette and sat back. Finally he said:

"Ginder, I've always wondered about something."

"Yes?"

"What have you got against me?"

"Nothing, nothing."

"I'd hate to have you really after me!"

Ginder smiled, very much pleased.

"Oh, I've got my drag around here."

"So I see. You'll never be satisfied till they hang me, I guess."

"I wouldn't say that, Doc."

"Well, when will you be satisfied?"

Ginder's face reddened.

"You never had a kind word for me from the first time I set eyes on you," he burst out, surprising Cardwell. "You just turned up your nose at me. You was from Chicago. I was just a tank-town pill peddler. That was your attitude. Well, I couldn't see no young snipe making me look small. I told everybody a man like you would get in a mess in a town like this; if it wasn't women it would be something else. I was right, wasn't I? Not only women but everything else, it looks like. No, you don't belong here, Doc."

Anderson looked up.

"You're clear here, Doctor. But I'm sorry to say, I've got to hold you."

"Hold me?"

"Yes. This is a serious matter."

"But . . ."

"I'll have to ask you to come along. The girl, too."

"Why do you have to drag her into *this?*"

"I haven't any choice. Now don't make any trouble, Dr. Cardwell. Right now you must consider yourself my prisoner. You're in the hands of the federal government. I think you know what that means."

Cardwell hadn't expected this. Now he'd be behind the bars and unable to do anything at all. He sat trying to think. Anderson went to the door and called the other man:

"Chuck, get the girl. I'm taking them both down."

CARDWELL paced the floor in his cell at the county jail, racking his brain for a solution to his problem. He had not yet recovered from the shock of the arrest: Doc Ginder's triumphant look, the calm satisfaction of the federal men, the pushing, curious crowd, the insistent reporters; Jo's bewilderment. Above all he thought about Jo and how she had said, "Oh, Lee, I'm sorry I got you into all this trouble," and while she was saying this, worrying about him, she had looked so young and helpless. And poor Ma; simply flabbergasted and giving Doc Ginder a piece of her mind! . . . It was all terribly confusing. And now something had to be done before it was too late.

Down the corridor in the tank some drunks were singing loudly and from time to time one of them would yell: "Hi, Doc, old boy." There'd be a roar. Once the man cried: "So they caught up with you, did they, Doc? Naughty, naughty, Doc, running around with them wicked bandits. Ain't you ashamed?"

The uproar was increasing. Cardwell held his hands over his ears. A jailer came on the run and stood shouting at the drunks, who laughed in his face and told him where he could go.

"All right," cried the jailer, "one more peep out of you so-and-sos and you'll get solitary. I'd just love to stick you wise guys in a nice little black hole we got."

The uproar subsided except for one loud, maudlin voice. Another jailer came running. Cardwell saw them drag the drunk down the corridor; his legs seemed made of rubber, and his head was rolling, but he was singing The Last Round-Up with gestures.

"One man out," cried somebody in the tank. "No runs, no hits, no errors."

"Pipe down," said another voice. "They stick you in that hole once and you'll start picking them out of the air."

The jail quieted down. Cardwell stood looking at the square, barred patches of sunlight on the floor. He was wondering how Jo felt; she was down the corridor in the women's section; not very far away from him if you merely measured the actual distance but really as remote as the moon.

Cardwell was so preoccupied that he did not see the jailer till he tapped on the bars.

"Yes?"

"Some people to see you, Dr. Cardwell. Follow me."

The jailer let him out and started

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down the corridor with him. When he passed the tank one of the men said:

"Here's to a life of crime, eh, Doc? At least you don't have to worry where you're going to sleep for a while."

"*Button that big mouth of yours,*" said the jailer.

Cardwell smiled slightly and the man in the tank winked at him.

The jailer took Cardwell into a little room just inside the huge steel gate which led to the outer world and to the freedom Cardwell had valued but little till now. He found Ben and Tom Suggs and Caroline waiting for him. He hardly knew Caroline; the beauty specialists had been working on her and she was very fashionably dressed. She got up immediately and shook hands with him.

"Oh, Dr. Cardwell," she cried, "I'm so sorry about this. It's simply terrible. But don't you worry. A lot of people who count in this town are pulling for you."

"Yes," said Tom, shaking hands. "Don't you worry. Plenty of people know about your troubles with Big Belly Ginder. . . ."

"Why, Uncle Tom!"

" 'Scuse me, Carrie. Yes, sir; he can't pull the wool over everybody's eyes."

"Tom's getting his friend Senator Tomlin down here, young Doc," said Ben. "He'll get you out in no time. He's the best criminal lawyer in Wayne County."

"Don't you worry none, Doc," said Tom. "We're behind you. And we ain't the only ones. Ed Dickey's for you and Professor Talbot and a lot of other good people. This is just the right time to put a spoke in Doc Ginder's wheel; he's had his day in this here town."

"Thanks, very much. I certainly appreciate this."

CAROLINE came over very close to him.

"After what you did for me, Dad says he'll mortgage his house to help you."

"Now wait. You mustn't. . . ."

"Oh, he was joking. He's very rich. Aren't you, Dad?"

Ben laughed.

"Rich? No. But I got some put by, and so's Tom."

"There won't be no trouble about money," said Tom with a smile. "Ben and I can buy and sell all the Ginders that ever lived. We've just let him run hog-wild because we didn't care a lot, but he's gone too far this time, him and his Minute Men, and we're going to tie him up. Look here, young Doc, ever think about getting into politics?"

Cardwell started.

"Politics? No. I can't say that I ever did."

"Well, when we get this little matter cleared up you and I'll have a talk."

THE jailer opened the door and came in. He didn't say anything at first but just stood looking at the rich Suggses, wondering how it felt never to have to worry about money. After a few minutes, he said:

"Sorry, folks, but . . ."

Cardwell turned.

"It's all right."

They shook hands all around. Caroline shook hands last and Cardwell was a little surprised at the unmistakable pressure and warmth.

"Goodby, Dr. Cardwell. Don't worry. We'll look after you."

Cardwell smiled and felt very foolish; there was something about Caroline's manner that worried him. Caroline and Ben went out the door, smiling and waving; Tom hesitated.

"Young Doc," he said, looking a little embarrassed, "all Carrie talks about is you. I've never seen her so interested in anything before. When we started in here do you know what she said? She said: 'I wonder if Dr. Cardwell will like my new clothes?' "

"Oh," said Cardwell, stammering, "did she?"

"She sure did. Carrie's a right nice young girl. Educated, too, like you. Ben spent a lot of money educating that girl. Well, goodby. When you get out of here I want you to come around for dinner some night. I want to talk to you."

On the way back to his cell, the jailer said:

"Got some mighty important people pulling for you, Dr. Cardwell."

"Yes," said Cardwell absently.

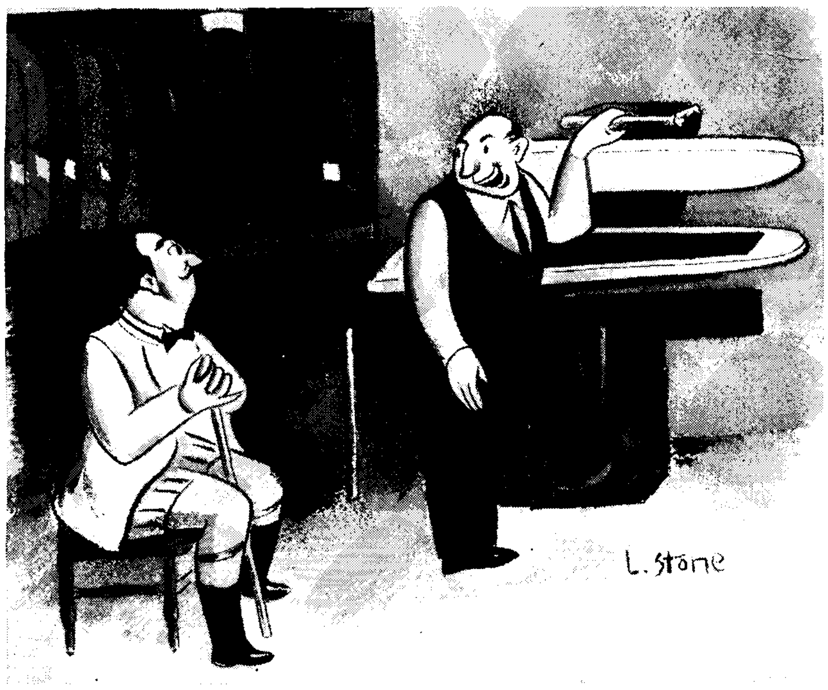
The jailer closed the door and locked it, then he said:

"Anything I can get you, Doctor? Cigarettes? Magazines? Liquor?"

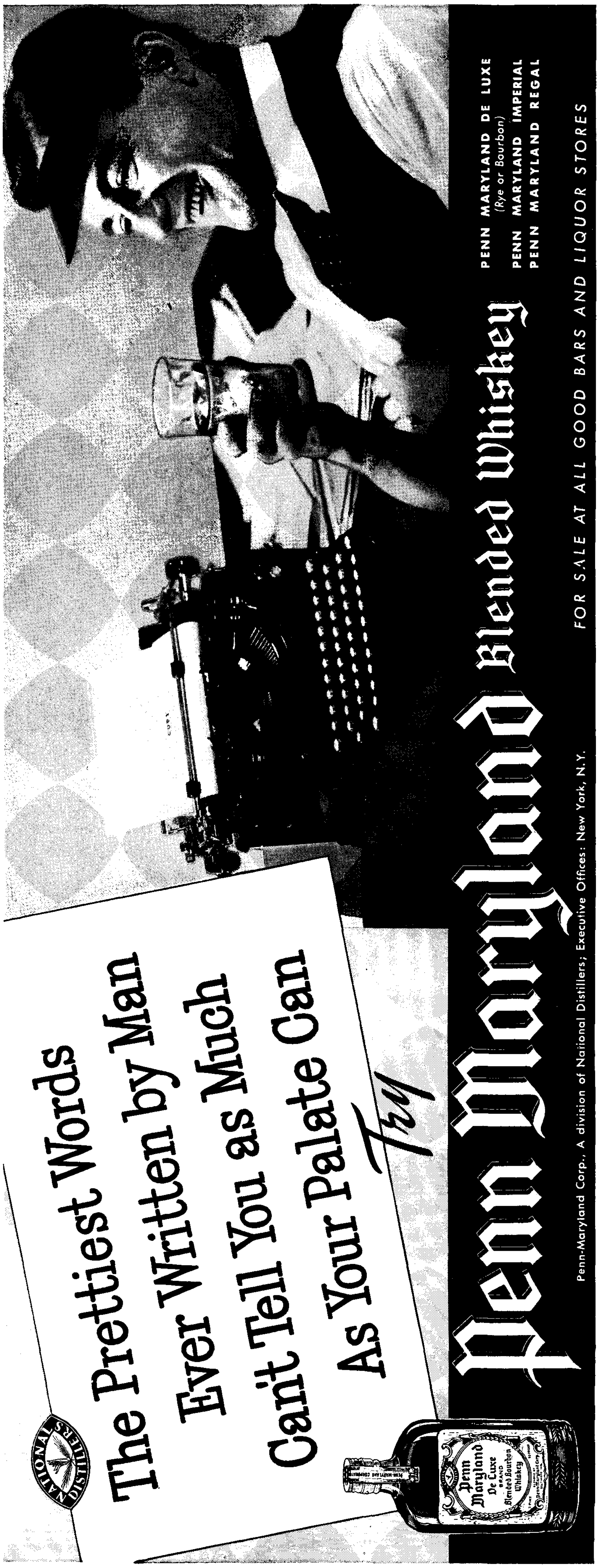
"No, thank you," said Cardwell; "not right now."

The jailer went away. Cardwell began to pace back and forth. Suddenly he paused. He heard a vague, distant uproar. Men were yelling; hoarse, strident yells. The uproar got nearer and nearer. An extra! Good heavens! Had they caught Red? He stood tense.

(*Continued on page* 60)



"I'd press these pants for nothing if I could have been there to see you sitting in that puddle, Mr. Grisly" LAURENCE STONE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(Continued from page 59)

Presently the jailer came running down the corridor. His face was white. He shoved a paper between the bars.

"Look . . . look at this, Dr. Cardwell."

Cardwell stared. Immense black headlines dominated the front page: "Red Bastian to Storm Jail. Demands Release of Cardwell and Jo Gray." Cardwell began to tremble. Good Lord! This was *the finish!* His hands shook violently as he read:

" . . . Wayne County's premier bandit and crime lord, Kenneth (Red) Bastian, who is gradually assuming the proportions of a national menace, today hurled an ultimatum at Wayne County officials. He gave them twenty-four hours to release Dr. Cardwell and Josephine 'Hitch-Hiker' Gray from custody . . . federal men are arriving on every train . . . governor to order out company of militia . . . bandit leader is defying all constituted authority . . . crack reporters from all over the country arriving by plane . . . governor called it a crisis in the state's war on crime and the criminal . . . it is rumored that Chief Edmund Greer himself has arrived from Washington, D. C., to take charge. . . ."

Cardwell handed back the paper.

"What a mess!" he said, laughing out of nervousness.

THERE was a commotion at the end of the corridor; a medley of voices and scuffling feet. The jailer left on the run. Presently Anderson and the federal agent called Chuck stopped at Cardwell's cell. Cardwell saw that there was a city policeman with them, also a big, light-haired man of about forty that he didn't know. The jailer opened the door and the light-haired man stepped in.

"Lock this door," he said; then: "You men wait for me down the corridor. No leaks, understand? I'm tired of all this blather in the newspapers. Officially I'm not here. When I have any announcements to make I'll make them. All right."

The jailer locked the door and followed the other men down the corridor out of sight.

"Cardwell," said the man, "I'm Edmund Greer."

"I've heard of you."

Greer sat on one end of the bunk, Cardwell on the other. It was growing dark in the cell.

"I understand that Mr. Tom Suggs is retaining ex-Senator Tomlin on your behalf."

"That's right."

"What effect do you think this Red Bastian business will have on Mr. Suggs' plans?"

"I don't know. He's pretty sure that I'm innocent."

"I talked to Miss Suggs. That is, she talked to me. Those people certainly must have a lot of influence. Nobody was supposed to know that I had arrived. But she got to me some way. Seemed very much interested. Rich, isn't she?"

"I believe so."

Greer was silent for such a long time that Cardwell began to think about Caroline Suggs and how she had changed. Why, that first day she was the picture of invalidism. Now she was an active and seemingly healthy young woman. Talk had done it. He hadn't given her any medicine at all. Merely talk; subtle and not so subtle suggestions. He had willed her well and she had got well. It was so. . . . Cardwell jumped up and began to pace back and forth.

"Cardwell," said Greer, "you've got too many irons in the fire. With the Suggses in your pocket you should have let well enough alone."

Cardwell ignored him.

"I've got it! I've got it!" he cried, dancing about in his excitement.

Greer jumped up hastily. Was the fellow crazy?

"Mr. Greer," cried Cardwell, "I've been trying for I don't know how many hours to solve a problem and all of a sudden I've got it. All in a flash."

"Well, that's interesting," said Greer doubtfully.

"Sit down," said Cardwell.

They sat.

"Well?" said Greer, clearing his throat.

"Mr. Greer, what would you give to have Red Bastian and all his mob right in your hands?"

"Why, a good deal. What do you want to do, turn state's?"

"Turn what? Say, do you really think I'm mixed up with a crew like that?"

"What can I think? You don't suppose Red Bastian would get his name plastered all over the newspapers like that just for a joke, do you? He means business."

"I see. Well, I do happen to know Red Bastian."

"Naturally. Do you know where he is now?"

"Of course."

"But, good Lord, man . . . if you'll only . . ." Cardwell saw that Greer was trembling with excitement.

"Wait a minute. I'm coming to that. Now, I'll be frank. While I have done a few things that I shouldn't have done, there was no criminal intent. I'm guilty, you understand, but not in the way you think. Also Miss Gray. She's really a very nice girl. It's all due to unfortunate circumstances. Now, if I make it possible for you to get Red Bastian with a minimum of risk, I'll do it under the following conditions: Miss Gray must be unconditionally released *at once* and exonerated. *I must* be exonerated."

"I see. But I can't promise you anything like that. This is a very serious business."

"All right, then," said Cardwell. "All you have to do is wait. He'll be here tomorrow with machine-guns and twenty or thirty people will be killed."

Greer said nothing. He took out a cigar and lit it, then he sat turning the match about in his fingers.

"Well," he said at last, "I will admit I'm up a tree. I'm in full charge now. Whatever happens I'll be blamed for it. Why don't you come clean, Cardwell? I'm your friend. What you say here will never be used against you. I can promise you that much."

"All right. I'll take you up on that."

"Good." Greer relaxed and waited for Cardwell to speak.

CARDWELL hesitated for a long time, then he began. He told Greer everything. Greer listened with deep interest, and when Cardwell finally finished he said:

"Dr. Cardwell, that's the wildest story I ever heard in my life. A jury would roll on the floor laughing. But I believe you. Yes, strange to say, I believe you. But, Doctor, you've been very, very foolish. I don't think I need tell you that."

"Yes; I've been foolish. I know it. But I can clear the situation up for you now. Everything happened for the best, I guess."

"It looks simple. You tell us where he is. We'll go get him."

Cardwell smiled slightly.

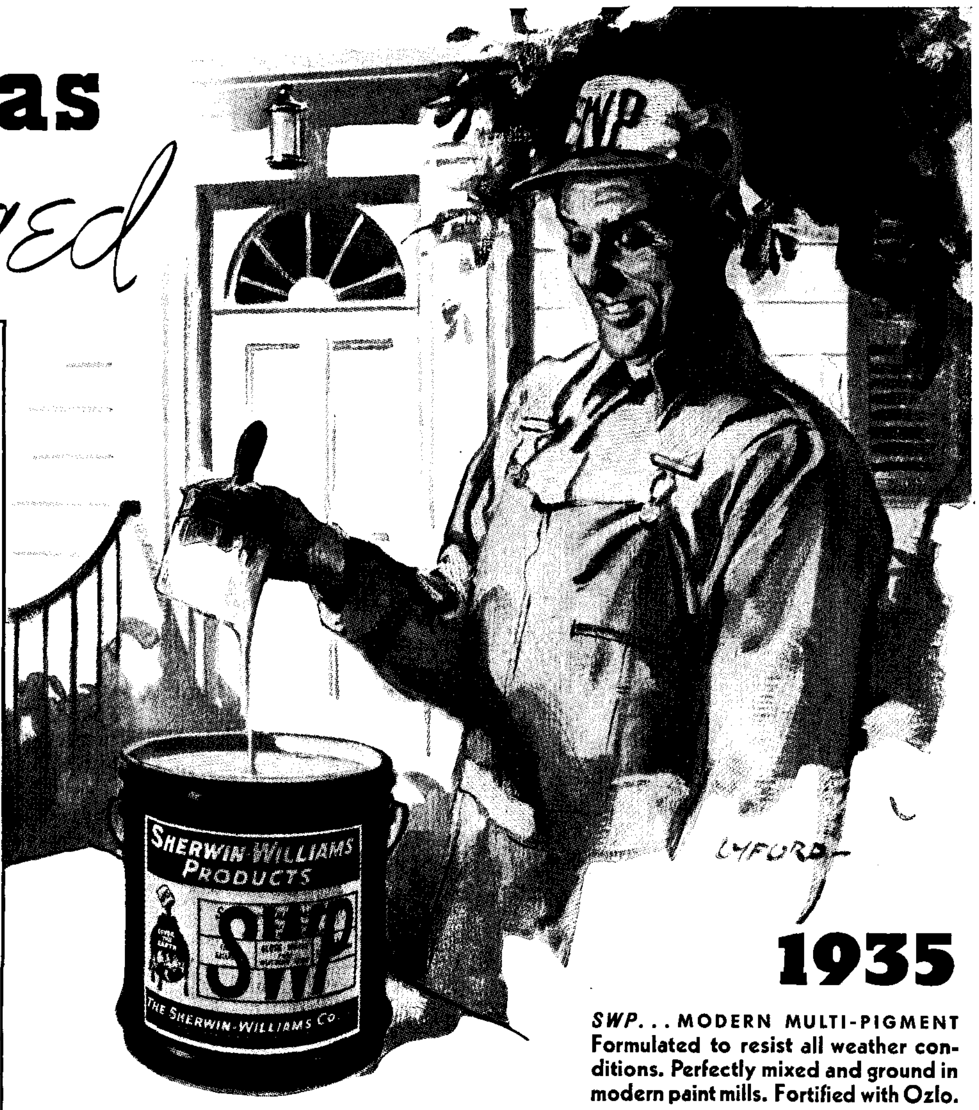
"It's not as simple as that. Red told me himself it would take an army to capture him, and he's right."

"Well, the militia has been ordered out. We'll get him if you tell us where he is."

"But I won't tell you."

(Continued on page 62)

Yes, Painting Ideas have *Changed*



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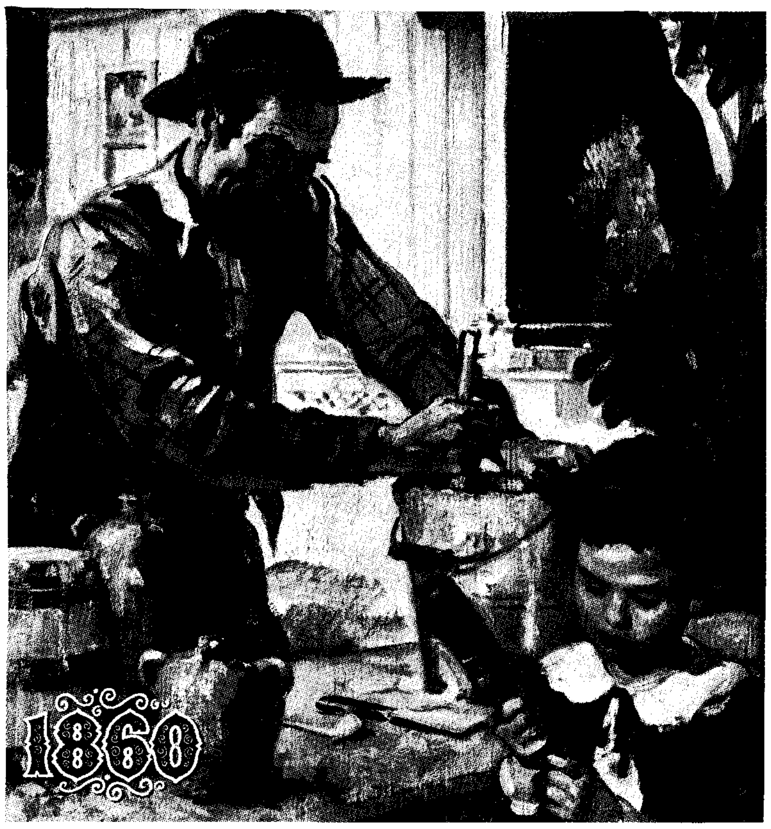

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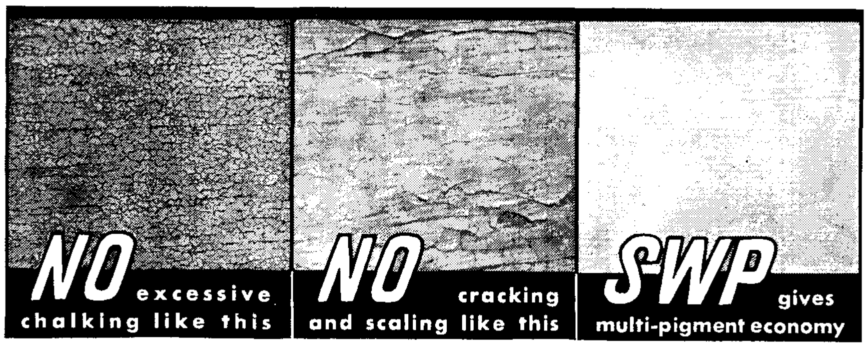
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Dr. Socrates

Continued from page 60

"What?"

"I won't tell you. That is, unless you'll let me get him my own way."

"What's the object?"

"Well, in a sense I feel that I ought to redeem myself. Personally, I hate Red Bastian thoroughly. But I can't see any sense in having a lot of men killed when it's absolutely useless."

"All right. I'm with you there. Let's hear your plan."

Cardwell smiled and, jumping to his feet, began to talk rapidly.

CARDWELL, Greer and Anderson were sitting in a little anteroom on the second floor of the county jail when Chuck and another federal man brought Catlett in. At the sight of Cardwell, Catlett wilted visibly; his face grew livid and he began to sweat clammily. When Greer asked him to sit down, he groped behind him for the chair, found the arms, then sat down heavily. Nobody said anything; Catlett looked from one to another, then he took out a big handkerchief and mopped his face.

"I . . . I don't know what this is all about," he said, addressing Cardwell. "Somebody called me up out at my place and said my cousin's kids was down with typhoid and that Fred wanted me to come in and help him out. When I drove up in front of Fred's these men here nabbed me and wouldn't tell me nothing. I . . . my God, Cardwell; can't you see the state I'm in? Won't somebody tell me something?"

"You don't need to worry about your cousin's children," said Greer. "That was just Dr. Cardwell's idea to get you in here safely. It worked all right, didn't it?"

Catlett stared at Cardwell. Anderson spoke up:

"Catlett, this is Mr. Edmund Greer. He wants to talk to you."

Catlett shifted in his chair uneasily and wet his lips.

"Greer, the federal man?"

"Yes. I'm here looking into the little matter of Red Bastian. Cardwell thought you could help us."

Catlett tried to laugh. It was a pitiful attempt and Cardwell felt sorry for him.

"How could I help?"

"Why, I understand Red's hideaway is out in your district."

Catlett lowered his eyes and sat staring at the floor. Cardwell heard a clock ticking noisily. After a while Greer said:

"Think a minute, Catlett. We won't bother you while you're thinking. Get yourself together; then if you've got anything to say, we'll listen."

Cardwell turned and stared off across the room; he didn't like to see a man writhing. Anderson lit a cigar, then he began to walk back and forth whistling softly. At a sign from Greer, Chuck and the other officer went out, closing the door. Suddenly Catlett put his hands over his face and began to sob.

"I knew it was coming," he stammered. "I just had a feeling it was going to happen. My God, Mr. Greer, you don't know what I been through the last four weeks. It wasn't my fault. I couldn't help myself. They would have killed me sure. . . ."

"Wait a minute now," said Greer soothingly. "I take it you know why you're here?"

Catlett calmed himself and sat looking haggardly at Greer.

"Yes, I think so."

"How long have Red and his mob been at your place?"

"About three months off and on."

"Were you in with these robberies and murders and so on?"

Catlett started half out of his chair.

"No, sir. What do you take me for? I never even took a cent of their money. They just camped down on me and there wasn't nothing I could do about it unless I wanted to get shot, which I don't. No man does."

"Well, what is the connection between you and a man like Red Bastian? I understand you come of very respectable people."

"I do. Why, I've known Red and his family since he was a kid. He was always sort of friendly. Of course, I thought he was a pretty tough lot, but I didn't think no harm of him. We were friends in a manner of speaking. Well, all of a sudden he busted loose. And when he got in all that trouble up in Kansas he come down to my place one night and told me I'd have to hide him. I said I wouldn't; he was a bank robber and a murderer now and he wasn't the Red Bastian I used to know. He just laughed, and you know what he did? We was standing out on my veranda. He just pulled out a gun and began to shoot at me. Wasn't trying to hit me, you understand; but it was mighty uncomfortable with them bullets hitting the front of the house all around me. Well, he buffaloed me, that's all! And I've stayed buffaloed."

"It seems to me you could have got help. There's a sheriff's office in this county."

"Jeff Wagner? Why, Red Bastian would eat him for breakfast. You don't know. They got a regular arsenal out at my place; they got lookouts. Mr. Greer, you take my advice and don't bite off more than you can chew. Why, I tell you that boy's crazy. You should have heard him going on when he heard they'd arrested Doc, here, and that girl. I never heard nothing like it. You'd think he was the boss of this county and a man didn't have no right to arrest anybody unless he said so. And last night! They had a party out there and they nearly wrecked the place. I never heard such screaming and carrying on in my born days and I ain't exactly been in a convent all my life. Them women! . . ." Catlett stared at the floor for a long time, then he said: "I'm glad I got pulled in. Yes, sir. I even welcome going to jail. Maybe I can get a little peace of mind."

THERE was a short silence, then Greer said:

"Catlett, you're in serious trouble. Your charge can be made very stiff. We can send you up for life and not half try."

"For life?"

"Yes. Dr. Cardwell here wants a little help. Will you give it to him?"

"Why, yes; I guess so. Just as long as I don't have to face that Red Bastian again."

"That's just what you have to do. Give us a little help, Catlett, and I'm your friend."

"I don't like it."

Cardwell interposed.

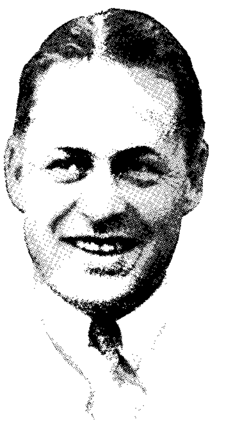
"Was Red suspicious when you left?"

"No. All he thinks about is shooting up this jail. He says it will make the biggest headline ever seen in the county. He's crazy, I tell you. Anyway, he knows Fred and the kids, or used to. Say, there is some typhoid about, ain't there?"

"Yes," said Cardwell. "There are a few cases in Skintown."

"I thought so. That's why I didn't give this call a second thought. I al-

Telegram from



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ways knew you was a shrewd one, Doc. You sure fooled me."

Greer got up.

"What do you say, Catlett?"

"Well, I guess I'm game. I ain't much hand for fighting and using a gun, but if it's something else, why, I guess maybe . . . Say, you're sure enough going to be my friend, ain't you, Mr. Greer?"

"I certainly am. This is the biggest thing in the country right now."

The color had begun to come back into Catlett's face.

"I know you're a pretty important man, Mr. Greer. I guess I'll take a chance."

"Hand me that map, Anderson," said Greer.

ANDERSON took a big county map down from a cabinet and Greer spread it out on the table. There was a circle in red ink around Catlett's farm.

"I'll send most of my men around to the north," said Greer. "Catlett, what do you know about these lookouts?"

"Why, they don't get so very far from the house in the daytime. At night I don't know. There's some old servants' quarters about a half mile south of the house. They hang out there a good deal. Sometimes a couple of them cruises around in a Ford they got. It's the only car about the place, except mine. All the cars they use in the holdups are hot cars and they ditch them. Red's shrewd. He's never brought a hot car around my place."

"All right. Now you're in the hands of Dr. Cardwell. He's in charge. He'll be armed and if I'm not mistaken, he'll use his gun if you make him suspicious."

"Oh, you don't have to worry about me. It'll be a great day for me when you get that crazy redhead behind the bars. If you do!"

"And another thing," said Greer. "The place will be surrounded by the time you get there. You wouldn't have a chance if you double-crossed us."

"Never fear!"

"All right. Dr. Cardwell, I think we're ready. Chuck has got Catlett's car around behind the jail. For Lord's sake don't let anybody see you. Officially, you're in custody. Some of these meddlers around here might mess up the whole business."

"What about Miss Gray?"

Greer cleared his throat uncomfortably.

"I'm sorry, but I've got to hold her till this thing is over."

Cardwell smiled slightly.

"Don't even trust me, Mr. Greer?"

"I can't take chances."

"May I see her?"

"Yes. Mr. Anderson, Dr. Cardwell wants to see Miss Gray."

"Just step into the next room, Doctor."

Cardwell, alone in the little room, paced back and forth restlessly, waiting for Jo. He felt very resolute and sure of the success of his plan, but he could not hide from himself the fact that it was exceedingly hazardous. One slip and he'd be a dead man. But if he succeeded, he was not only ridding the community of a dangerous and demoralizing horde, he was extricating himself from an extremely serious situation. Strangely enough, he was not nervous at all and his hands were steady.

The door opened. Cardwell turned. He saw Jo coming toward him, smiling. He took her hand.

"I'm being released," he said. "They're going to hold you."

"All right, Lee. It's all my fault, anyway."

"Not at all. You'll be out of here before the night's over, Jo, and everything will be cleared up."

"Oh, that's nice."

"You're taking it very calmly."

"I don't get excited."

Cardwell smiled.

"No. I don't believe you do. Well, don't worry. It's just a matter of hours."

"Do you think Red will really storm the jail?"

"He intends to. But I don't think he'll ever get around to it."

Jo looked at him for a long time before she spoke:

"Lee, I wish you'd let me in on this."

"Tell you all about it tonight. By the way, I'm being secretly released, so mum's the word. Officially, I'm back in my cell right now."

"Well, whatever it is you're going to do, be careful, Lee. I wouldn't want to see anything happen to you. You're the best friend I ever had or ever hope to have."

"Thanks. That's a very nice compliment."

There was a short silence, then Jo turned and stood looking out the barred window into the street; the yellow caterpillar of light was running round and round the big electric sign on the roof of the Palace Theater; the street lamps gleamed palely in the spring evening.

"The matron says a very rich lady came to see you this afternoon."

"Miss Suggs. One of my patients."

"The matron says somebody told her that Ben Suggs thought you'd make him a nice son-in-law."

"Rot."

"You ought to marry a woman with money, Lee. It would save you a lot of trouble."

"And cause me a lot. I've seen too much of that in Chicago."

"Well, that's what the matron said."

Cardwell studied her.

"What's this all about?"

"Nothing. I just wondered if you were thinking about getting married. Just curious."

"Of course not. Now, goodby. I'll have you out some time tonight. Don't worry."

The jailer came in.

"Mr. Greer says to hurry, Dr. Cardwell."

Jo and Cardwell shook hands briefly. He was puzzled by her expression but lowered his eyes and said nothing. She sighed and went out. The jailer stood holding the door open.

Cardwell saw Jo disappearing down the gloomy corridor, looking slim and young and girlish beside the fat, waddling matron.

AS THEY left the Drury Post Road and turned down the old Cold Springs Turnpike, Cardwell noticed that Catlett's hands were shaking.

"Pull yourself together, Catlett," he said. "We'll soon be right in the middle of this business."

"I know it. Doc, this is just like walking into a den of lions. Red's no fool. He may get leery right away."

"Red hasn't got a chance."

"I know that. I know that. The government boys have got him now. That's certain. But, look, Doc; let's you and me let them take him."

"We're going to."

"I know, Doc. But I mean let's you and me just be on our way. If they don't hear nothing from us they'll just naturally close in on him."

"And Red will kill about half of them."

"That's what they get paid for, ain't it?"

"I think you're a little mixed up, Catlett. If we miss fire, you're in for it."

"I'm in for it however you look at it. All I'm trying to do is figure out some way so I don't have to catch lead."

(Continued on page 64)

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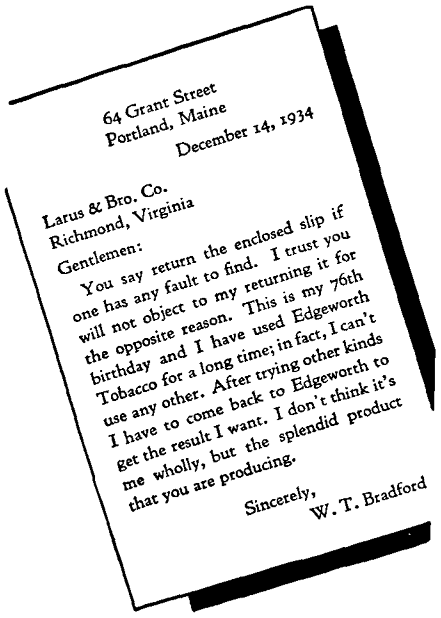

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On your radio, tune in on WRVA, the Edgeworth Tobacco Station, 1110 Kilocycles.

(Continued from page 63)

"Personally I think you're just talking through your hat."

There was a long silence, then Catlett smiled sadly and said:

"I guess you're right, Doc. By heaven, I would like to see that swaggering, bragging, cursing, red-headed so-and-so get what's coming to him for once. But what I'm afraid of is, I won't be there to enjoy the fun."

Cardwell said nothing. Catlett throttled down to ten miles an hour.

"We'll hit them ruts soon. Say, Doc, I don't know what you got up your sleeve, but whatever it is, it better be good. Red can see right through a fellow."

Cardwell hesitated, then he said:

"Catlett, before this business starts, I want to tell you something. You stay in front of me, and if I sit down, you sit some place where I can see you."

"I wouldn't give you away, Doc. But whatever you say goes."

THE car bounced under them, then lurched and rolled, almost turning over.

"No wonder Red's safe here, or was," said Catlett. "A man that drives this road don't care what happens to his car."

Tall trees loomed above them as the car rolled and pitched like a rowboat in a heavy sea; Cardwell saw the silver gleam of a pond, which reflected the bright moonlight, heard the frogs booming along the bank. The car dove and came up quivering, rattling like a bunch of tin cans.

"Listen to her shake," said Catlett, shifting into low gear. "If we'd only blow a tire we'd be in nice shape."

"Wouldn't we!"

"Hey!" boomed a voice from the side of the road.

Catlett stopped instantly.

"That you, Bob?"

"Yes."

"Everything O. K.?"

"Yes. I brought Doc Cardwell along *with me. He wants to see Red.* They released him."

"How do you like that! Red scared 'em out. Why, I thought he was crazy. Boy, I'm glad we don't have to bust in no jail. Howya, Doc?"

"Hello."

"Boy, they sure had you in a fix, eh, Doc? They'd've sure given you the works. Say, Bob, I don't know if you ought to be taking Doc in or not. Red's mighty touchy about anybody coming round. He wouldn't even let me bring my brother and he wants to join up with Red."

"Well, the harm's done now."

"No, it ain't." The man turned. "Spot, you run up and tell Red that Doc's here with Bob. If he says O. K., why it's O. K. If not, Doc, I'm sorry, but Bob'll have to take you back to town."

"All right." Cardwell took out a cigar and said: "Smoke?"

"Don't care if I do. My tobacco's getting low. A cigar will sort of break the monotony."

He lit up.

"Doc," he said, "maybe I ought to let you right on through, but Red, he's mighty touchy. Won't do no harm to wait a minute."

They sat waiting. Cardwell could hear Catlett clearing his throat nervously. The countryside was very still except for the frogs and an occasional light breeze which passed swiftly through the tall trees, rustling the leaves.

Suddenly they heard somebody shouting:

"Yea! Yea! Yea!"

A man came running, stumbling in his haste.

"Red says come right on in, Doc."

Catlett shifted gears, groaning faintly.

Cardwell laughed and said:

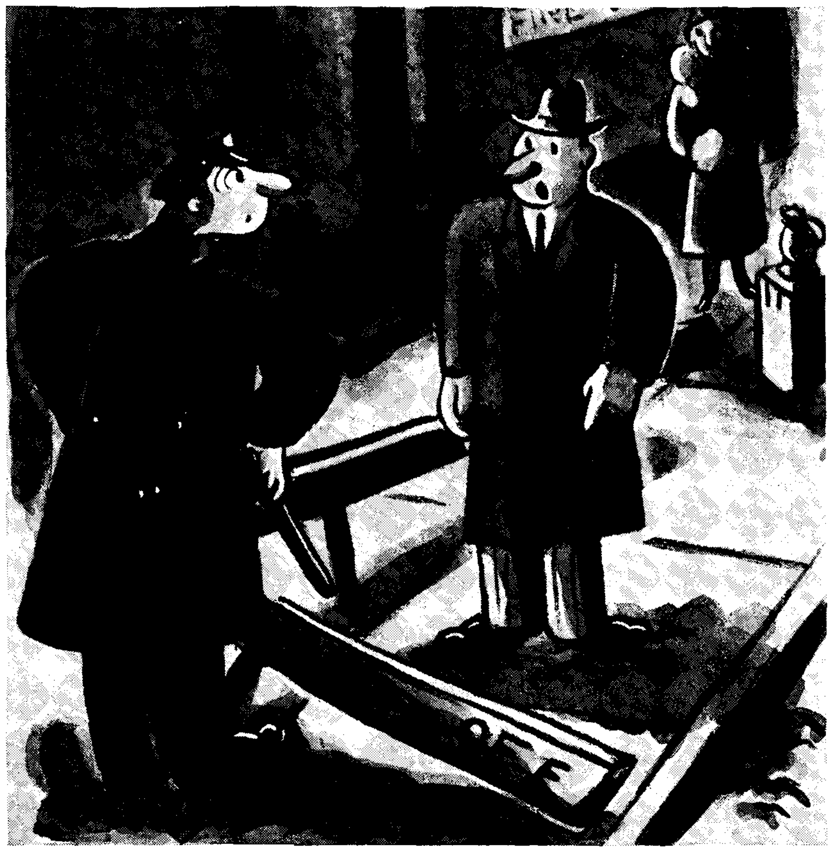
"We'll be coming out in a little while, so don't shoot us by mistake."

"Don't worry, Doc. Thanks for the cigar."

THE car rolled and pitched for about a quarter of a mile farther, then the road got smoother and in a little while Catlett turned to the right and pulled up. Cardwell saw immensely tall white pillars, glimmering faintly in the moonlight, towering above them.

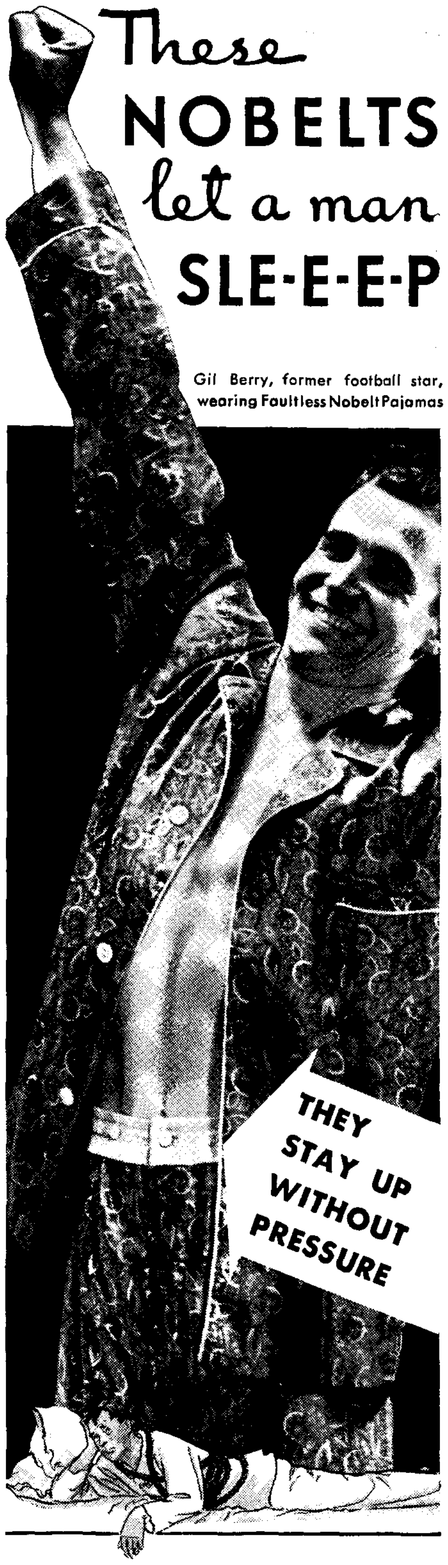
"This is my shebang," said Catlett. "Keep your fingers crossed, Doc."

(To be concluded next week)



"It's my inquisitive nature, Officer"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN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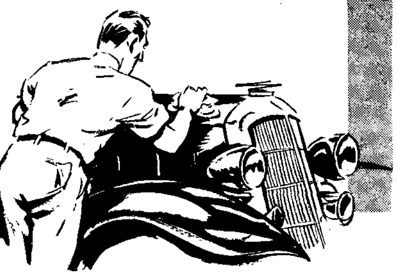

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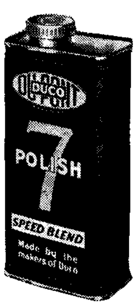

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A Special Formula

Continued from page 17

When they went in to dinner Brick was lurking at her elbow, grinning placidly. His air said: "Pretty silly of you to get all upset but I forgive you."

"Ooh," Patricia thought. "You wait. You wait."

They grouped around the table looking for their cards and Betty said: "Down there, Bill, stupid. Brick, you're over here, I think. And Mr. Trent, you win the lady in black velvet."

It was fun. She heard Brick mutter something but she didn't look at him, and then he went around to Sarah, whom he hated, and John Trent was pulling out her chair.

He whispered: "Hey! There *is* a Santa Claus." Patricia whispered something back and they became a separate, special party. She could do it, too, dog-gone it, if she wanted to, and it was fun. She used a corner of one eye to look at Brick and Sarah. Brick's face was dull red and he was mad. And even pounds of make-up couldn't hide the way that Sarah felt.

JUST before they finished dinner John Trent said: "You know I have my car. Do you think it would be all right if we sneaked off and drove on over to the club alone?"

"Why, of course," Patricia said.

John's car was in the driveway. When the crowd was organized to leave he simply took Pat's arm and they walked out the door. "We'll see you at the club," Patricia said. Like that! As nonchalant as that! Somebody said: "Hey, wait a minute," but it wasn't Brick; Brick hadn't got his tongue untied. They got into John's car and he backed slowly out the drive and everyone was standing on the front steps, looking at them, kind of gasping. She heard Betty giggle and Bill say: "For Pete's sake!" Then John Trent turned out into the street.

Patricia said: "Turn right at the next corner. That's where I live. There. And then turn left."

John turned and grinned at her. He said: "You're sure you know the longest way?"

Patricia thought: "He'll try to kiss me, just as sure as anything, and if it had been Sarah he'd have tried to kiss her too, except it wouldn't be much effort. Well, why shouldn't he? Why shouldn't I? I will, too, darn it. I will let him, just as if I always did, because it's part of how tonight turned out to be."

Patricia said, "Turn left." And they were in the country and the road led up the long white rise of Two-Mile Hill. She'd said "turn left" and it was three miles farther this way.

They reached the top of Two-Mile Hill and then there was a bang and clatter of a broken chain and John Trent stopped the car and turned and grinned at her.

He said: "Trick chain. My own invention. I'll have it on the market soon. Trent's Boon to Bashful Beaus. You see?"

"What about the summer, though?" Pat asked.

"Well," he admitted, "in the summer they'll just have to do their best."

He got out of the car and she could hear him linking up the broken chain. He got back in the car again and slid behind the wheel.

"Look," he told her, "going through a thing like that together ought to make a bond between us. First names, first."

"First?" Pat laughed. "And then what?"

"Then," he said, "I thought I'd ask you if the news had traveled."

"News?"

"About the latest rage in New York," John said.

"Why, what is it?"

"Well," John said, "it's people kissing people. Taken the whole town by storm. You mean you hadn't heard in Westfield?"

"Not a little tiny rumor even," Pat said. She tried to laugh. It wasn't too successful, for John Trent was leaning toward her and his arm had gone around her shoulder. He was lifting up her face and Pat thought, with a touch of panic, "But I mustn't!"

But she did.

Patricia was breathless when John finally released her. She was breathless and uncertain and confused. Her heart was pounding and she mustn't look at him; she mustn't let him know it. Silly! Silly! This was just a kiss for gayety and glamour; just a kiss for someone new, to match the evening and her dress. Why, this was how you did, these days, and it was just that she'd been silly about kissing people, that was all, that made her feel the way she did. In just a moment he'd look down at her and grin and say whatever it was customary for him to, when he had kissed someone, and she must smile back lightly; she must keep on imitating Sarah.

John Trent looked down at her. His technique evidently didn't call for grins right now, though. That was nicer, too. He said: "I hadn't planned to mean that quite so much."

Patricia laughed, oh, lightly. "Nice," she said. "So much more flattering than simply saying thanks and reaching for a cigarette. We like the way you say things, here in Westfield."

"We?"

"Like telling us you never want to get an inch away, and things. We like it."

"Oh," John said. "The formula. From Lesson I. Trent's Potent Parlor Pleasantries. Yes, that's the trouble."

"Is there trouble?"

"I don't know," he said. "There's something different, anyway. The way I feel, there's something. Isn't there? Or is it only me?"

Patricia laughed again. She told him: "That's nice, too. What lesson is that from?"

JOHN turned the switch and kicked the starter and the motor roared. He said: "I guess it's only me, all right."

The car went slowly down the road between the white, still fields. He didn't talk or even look at her and she was glad. It had been nice. He hadn't spoiled it; either.

"Turn right," Patricia said, "and then across the bridge and we'll be there."

She looked at him and smiled and he smiled back at her and then he put the brake on and the car slid to a stop.

She thought: "Oh, please don't let him spoil it. Can't he see it would? Just anticlimax. Just—just cheap. And after all he thinks I'm just—just cheap."

He fished out cigarettes and lighted two and handed one to her. He grinned then, saying: "Here you are. A guarantee that it will be just conversation."

"Oh," Patricia said. He *was* nice, after all.

He said: "Look here; words are the trouble. I've been thinking, and it's words."

"Words?"

"Like tonight," he said. "I meet you

(Continued on page 66)

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(Continued from page 65)

and I start right in and say a lot of words. You know the sort of thing I mean. You know darn' well they're not sincere. You know darn' well they're not original, but I keep right on saying them because it seems to be the system, these days. All right then; when I have said them all, where are we?"

"I don't know," Patricia said. "Are *we supposed to be somewhere?"*

"No," he said, "I guess we're not. I guess you've got the answer, all right."

"I don't believe I know quite what you mean," Patricia said.

"Well," he told her slowly, "here's what I am getting at. Suppose I suddenly found out that I was serious about somebody. Suddenly. And serious as hell. And knew it, absolutely. Well, what could I say about it if I'd used up all the words beforehand? Anything I'd say would sound like a system. She'd think that even this was just a formula."

"I was about to ask you what the lesson number was," Pat said.

"Of course," John said. "Of course you were. You see? That's what I'm getting at. But just suppose that lightning hits me some time, or some crazy thing, and I am serious and want to be believed. What could I say that she'd believe?"

PATRICIA laughed. "There's nothing you *could* say, I guess, if you'd used all your words up right at first. I guess that you'd just have to start in camping on her doorstep. That's the most convincing thing."

John took her cigarette and rolled the window down and flipped it out. Well, he'd succeeded all right, Pat thought. She knew what was coming. He would put his arm around her. He would draw her close. He'd lift her face up as he had before and look at her. He'd say: "Would *this* convince you?" Technique, that was what it was. It wouldn't spoil it after all. Her breath began to come a little quickly and she thought: "Patricia Dean! You *want* him to!"

He didn't, though. He simply rolled the window up again and turned the switch. The motor roared. He said: "Did you say right or left across the bridge?"

"Why—why—it's right," Patricia said.

John drove up to the entrance of the club. He said: "I'll let you out and find a place to park and join you in a minute."

There weren't many people in the club, Pat saw. The mid-week dances mostly drew the kids, but she saw Bill and Betty dancing past the door, and waved, and Betty stopped and hurried toward her.

"Pat," said Betty, "come upstairs, quick!"

There was no one in the dressing-room and Betty said, excitedly: "I didn't think you'd do it, Pat! It's marvelous! It's been an hour and Brick's simply raging, like a bull. The crowd began to kid him, naturally, and finally he stamped off all alone somewhere to wait until he comes, to beat him up."

Pat said: "Oh, Betty! But he can't! He can't!"

"Of course he can," said Betty. "Brick can beat up nearly anybody, Bill says. Bill says nobody can even talk to him. He'll do it right smack on the dance floor probably, Bill says. Isn't it exciting, Pat? And nothing's happened in this darned old club for ages. And about *you*, Pat! Who'd have thought it! After all these years of never looking at another soul. Why, maybe it's the start of a career."

Pat's knees were shaking. But she mustn't let them shake. They had to stop, so she could go downstairs. She turned toward the door and Betty said: "But aren't you thrilled! Why, all my life I've wanted two strong men to come to grips about me. And we've wondered—all of us—how you would finally wake Brick up. And how you did it!"

Pat said: "Betty, you have got to help me. Find Bill. Make him stop it. Make him."

"Stop it? But it's just exactly what you *planned!"*

Planned! Well, hadn't she? Well, wasn't that the honest truth? She had been mad at Brick because he hadn't looked at her tonight; because he wasn't always looking at her, saying things; because he'd taken her for granted. Oh, yes, she'd planned it all right, just as Betty said, to wake Brick up.

And now she had to stop it, stop it, for it wasn't fair. It wasn't fair to John Trent, who'd been nice, who hadn't known, who'd looked upon it only as a pleasant little interlude and who'd—been nice.

Patricia said to Betty, as they reached the bottom of the stairs: "Find Bill. Make him find Brick and tell him I must see him. Make him come right here."

She saw John dancing by with Sarah. So there'd been no trouble yet, and she could stop it. She would tell Brick it was all her fault, that she had been the one to change the dinner cards, to make John drive her here. She'd tell him she'd been mad and it was all her fault; she'd tell him anything to stop it, for it wasn't fair.

She watched John Trent and Sarah. Sarah, naturally! Already! They were dancing close together, he was looking down at her, and Pat could tell that they were murmuring. Already! Words, already! Technique! That was all that glamour was; technique.

Pat thought suddenly: "Well, let him *get* beat up, then. Let him! I don't care."

She turned into the empty lounge to wait for Brick. She heard the music stop; a little patter of applause. She walked on toward a big divan that occupied a corner. Then there was a step beside her and she turned and it was John Trent.

"Oh!" she gasped. "You mustn't! Please!"

"I mustn't what?"

"You mustn't be here! Please!"

"Oh, that's it," John Trent said. "The local lad's expected. For the reconciliation scene."

"Please. Please," Pat said again.

"I just dropped by," John said, "to let you thank me for my services. You might do that, you know. Old John Trent, fixer-upper. Well, the sprightly Sarah's just been telling me that you have finally burned the suitor up with old John Trent's assistance. No thanks, though?"

HER knees were doing it again; her lips were trembling, too. All she could do was watch the door for Brick. All she could say was: "P-p-please!"

John's face went through the motions of a smile; but she knew better. He despised her. He'd been nice, no matter what; he had been nice: and he despised her.

"There's just one more point," John said. "I've been told I'm due to get beat up to make the evening a complete success for you. Oh, no objections! Beauty in distress, you know. Trust old John Trent, the fixer-upper. I just thought I'd ask you where it would divert you most to have me stick my chin out for him. Here? Or on the dance floor?"

She saw Brick at the door. She saw him shake Bill off and push Pete to one side and come on toward them.

She said, "Brick!"

She got her knees in motion; she was

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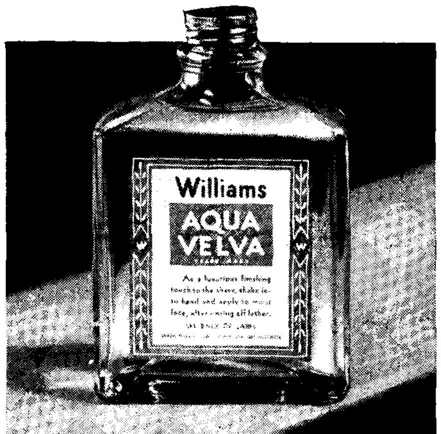

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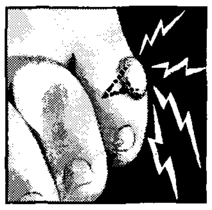

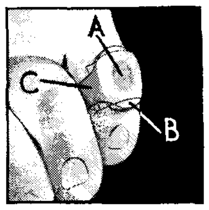

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running down the room. She found her voice. She told Brick, clinging to him: "Take me home. It's all my fault, Brick. Take me home."

Well, it was finally over. Oh, so much was over. Brick was gone and she was in her room again and sitting by her window, looking out on Maple Street. And now what? Now—not even Brick! She'd found that out; oh, finally. With all her dreams of Guardsmen she had thought, deep down, that sometime something would occur to make it Brick. It hadn't, though. It never would. She'd known that coming home. Brick had been stirred to words he'd never said before, but they had not stirred her. To pleading, even, and she'd let him kiss her, but she couldn't kiss him back. She'd known it would be still like kissing cousins and she knew the difference, now. Her face burned, thinking of the difference.

THE phone rang and Patricia heard her mother answer it. Her mother called: "Patricia, it's for you. Are you awake?"

"I'll answer it downstairs," Patricia called.

"This time of night!" her mother said. "What are they coming to?"

Patricia ran downstairs. Her heart thumped as she picked up the receiver. Why? Why? She told herself: "It's only Betty; Betty, wanting to find out."

She said, "Hello," and Betty's high, excited words came tumbling in her ear.

"Pat! But you turned Brick down! But, Pat, you couldn't have, now that he's gone insane about you! He was sitting here when we came home, Pat, and the way he looked nobody dared to say a word. He simply sat and looked at John and everybody tried to laugh it off or something and then Brick got up and walked right over to him and he said, 'You stole my girl.' And then he hit him and Bill jumped between them and he hit Bill. It was marvelous! You've driven him *insane* about you and no girl could turn him down. He wouldn't stop and wouldn't stop and then they all went outside, all the men, and made us stay in, darn it. We could see them partly, though, and it was simply *primitive*. And then—"

"Please!" Pat said. "Please." She couldn't listen any longer; couldn't. She hung up and slowly went upstairs.

She thought: "Now he'll go away and when he thinks of you he'll hate you. He was nice; and so you had him get beat up to make your evening a complete success—complete success—"

She thought, "I *won't* cry!" But she did.

She heard a car drive up. Two cars; and people coming up the walk; and voices. She thought, miserably: "Make them go away. They'll have to! Oh, they ought to *know!*"

The voices still continued, but the bell didn't ring. She heard somebody say, "Right here?" And then a laugh; and then another laugh; and somebody said, "Thanks." And someone—Bill, she thought—said, "Luck!" She heard a car drive off, but only one, and there was someone still outside. She slipped her robe on and went over to the window. Why, there was a fire; somebody had built a little fire on the front walk! Somebody was sitting on the steps, beside it, hunched up in an overcoat—somebody who threw back his head and suddenly began to sing—an old song, plaintively and loudly, so it must have echoed all around; for blocks.

"Ten-ting to-night! Ten-ting to-night! Tenting on the o-o-old—"

Patricia raised the window and the voice stopped. She leaned out and it was zero, probably. She didn't feel it, though. She said: "What are you *doing?*"

"Sorry," said the voice. "I didn't mean to wake you up."

"Oh, no," Patricia said, "of course not. Go away. What are you *doing?*"

"Oh, just camping," said the voice.

"You'll freeze, you silly thing!"

"I guess so. Yes, it seems quite likely, but I couldn't find a tent store open and I couldn't wait to start right in. You said it was the only way, you know."

Patricia laughed. Oh, it was marvelous to laugh, except you couldn't very well, because you sort of choked, too, at the same time.

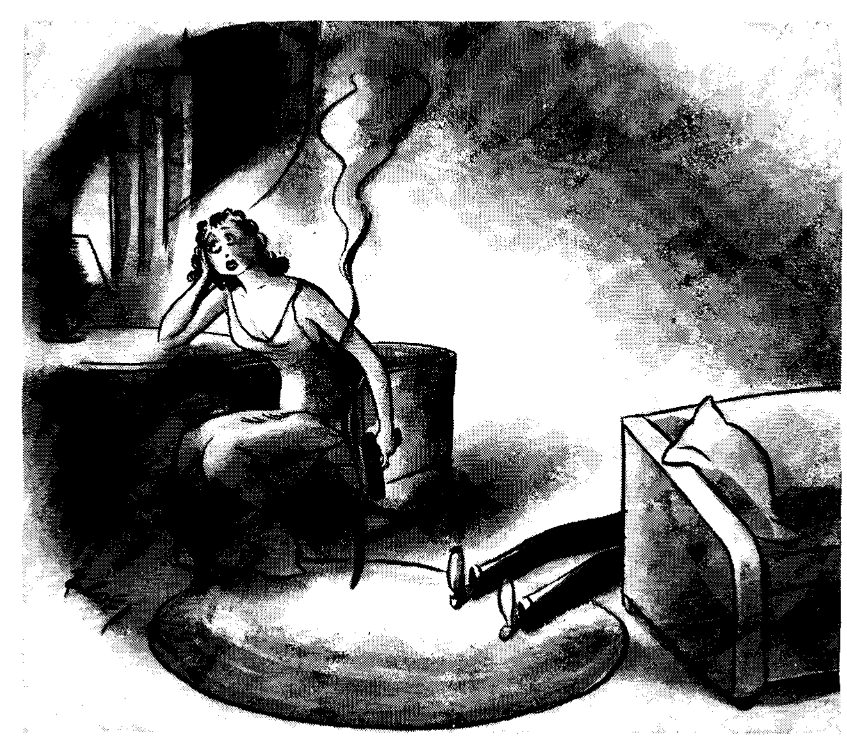
"I'm—I'm coming down," she said.

She found a pair of ski pants and a fur coat and galoshes and went and sat down on the steps beside him and he poked the fire so it blazed up brightly as he turned to look at her, to take her in his arms.

"Do you mind if I never get an inch away from you?" he asked. "For years and years?"

"Technique," she told him. "Pooh! You tell them *all* that."

"But I never camped before," John said. "I never even had a black eye. See? That changes everything."



"Well, that chapter in my life is finished!"

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TRUE TEMPER STEEL golf SHAFTS

With Bated Breath

Continued from page 30

said I was going with him. His face was always hard as flint. But when he spoke it was the voice I'd always known.

"I won't ask you to go today," he says; "you know Mason is working there. But I knew you wouldn't run away, Johnny Boy; you belong in the valley, son."

When I said I figgered on going along the Ole Man went into the house an' got his 30-30. I took a last look at the ranch after we swung up. I didn't figger to see it again.

We were within a mile of the U Bar camp when the Ole Man pulled up his horse. "I wish I could take this off your hands—I wish I could," he says. His voice was quiet an' gentle.

"Keep cool an' don't get excited, no matter what Mason says. Don't pull your gun till you're ready to shoot—when you pull it, come shootin', son. Get a slug into Mason's belly, don't think of anything else. If Mason pulls any kind of a crooked move I'll kill him myself." I could only nod my head.

THE U Bar cook was in camp alone. Dinner was almost ready. He said the outfit was branding out at a corral just up the canyon. We didn't ride two hundred yards till we met them coming in.

Mason was riding a big, black horse. He was coming at a gallop. At sight of us he tried to pull the big black up but the big horse fought for his head. He was still fighting for his head when he passed us an' Mason yelled "Hello." Me an' the Ole Man nodded, then Mason yelled "Hello" again, as if we hadn't heard him.

When he finally pulled the big horse down we followed him into camp. I could see the butt of his six-shooter underneath his bat-winged chaps. The scabbard was built into the leggin's where it was protected by the flap. It was a common way of packing a gun when a man was on a horse. A man could reach it quick. The flap protected it from the heavy brush. An' there was another advantage: it couldn't be seen from the front. When Mason dismounted from his horse he took his leggin's off an' he pitched the leggin's, gun an' all, on the ground just out of camp. The gesture was obviously peaceful. He knew we'd seen the gun.

We rode to the other side of camp. When the Ole Man got down from his horse he pulled his 30-30 from the scabbard an' leaned it against a tree. The Ole Man parked himself on his heels right beside the gun. He got out his pipe an' filled it, then he told me to go an' eat. I sat beside the Ole Man after I filled my plate. When I finished I put my things in the round-up pan. Then I parked beside the rifle while the Ole Man got his bait.

There was the usual round-up talk that goes with a meal in camp. Tom Nash, the foreman, told the Ole Man they had gathered thirty head of our stuff. The Ole Man spoke of a U Bar saddle horse that he had seen not over a week before that was running with the wild bunch.

One of the men attempted a joke. It was a pretty feeble effort. Bill Jones, who was just my age, laughed so loud that several of the punchers turned an' looked at him. Bill's face turned scarlet then. Nothing about the meal seemed real to me. I could feel the Ole Man's presence above everything else in camp.

I was conscious of trifling things I wouldn't have noticed before. The cook had shaved that morning. I counted three little cuts on his cheek. There was a little mole on Dick Smith's right hand. Dick had often stayed all night at the ranch. I'd never seen it before. Mason avoided me with his eyes. His face was the color of ashes. He didn't speak all through the meal. I tried to keep Carter an' Johnson out of my head. I kept looking at his belt buckle thinking of what the Ole Man had said. "Get a slug into his belly. Don't think of anything else." I wondered if I could go through with it when the blow-off finally come.

I watched Mason pull on his bat-winged chaps an' swing onto his big black horse. He rode just behind the foreman. As soon as the men were mounted we followed them to the corral. The Ole Man told me to hold the "cut." It put me off by myself. Occasionally I'd get a flash of Mason through the dust. But he didn't come anywhere close. I'll never forget the relief I felt when I saw the Ole Man coming an' we started the cattle for home.

The valley had never looked so good before. I didn't have to leave! The Ole Man an' I sat late that night. He spoke about my folks. He said my dad had never took things laying down. He always seen it through. I told the Ole Man I couldn't have faced it out if it hadn't been for him. But the Ole Man only shook his head. "You belong in the valley, Johnny Boy," he says; "you belong in the valley, son."

I thought it was all over. But it wasn't over. The blow-off came a month later. I'd gone into town alone. I'd gone in to another dance. I got a room in the hotel to change clothes. My room was just off the bar. I was shaving when I heard voices at the bar. Something went all over me. I put down my razor an' listened. It was Mason's voice. He was talking to the bartender.

"With that ole mus'-hog sitting by his rifle I didn't have a chance the other day in camp. Jackson's alone tonight." The bartender said something. I couldn't make it out. I tried to finish shaving. I cut myself twice on the cheek. I finally got so nervous I put the razor down. Mason was speaking again:

"I s'pose I'll have to get the Ole Man later but I aim to kill Jackson tonight."

I COULDN'T stand it no longer. The six-shooter the Ole Man had given me was laying on the bed. I cocked the gun an' held it in the waistband of my pants. I didn't even wipe the lather off my face. Mason was still talking as I came through the door.

Mason's back was toward me. He could see me in the mirror that stood behind the bar. In the mirror I could see his gun. It was in his waistband too, where he could get it quick.

Mason made no move to turn. His hand slid toward his gun. I couldn't shoot him in the back—I was thinking of Ole Johnson. I watched him pull the gun. He pulled it slow. An' still he made no move to turn. Then he slid the gun across the bar. He put his head down on his arm an' cried like a little kid.

I couldn't speak. When Mason finally raised his head I pointed to the door. I never saw him again.

The bartender stood beside me. He shook my hand. He said I needed a drink. But I didn't want a drink. I wanted to be alone.

I walked into my room an' lay down on the bed. It was all I could do to make it. I felt weak an' sick all over—I didn't want any trouble.

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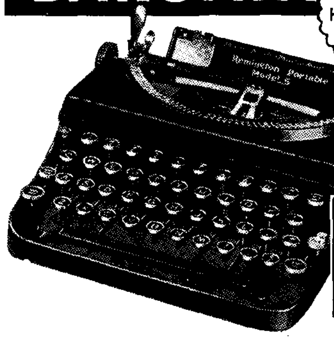

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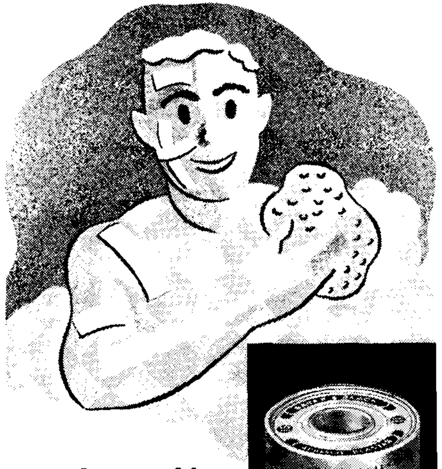

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A Lady In Distress

Who now knows a pleasant and most easy way for her to earn several dollars every day at home without neglecting her other home duties!

SHE'S young, just twenty-five, this little friend of mine—the mother of a young son. She has a husband who is good and kind. But lately money matters were making them both "edgy." *One day I received this letter from her:*

"I don't suppose you could ever help me to make money—I can't leave my home, but I'd like to hear from you anyway."

I sent her our free booklet which explains how thousands of girls and women are helping themselves and their families with the dollars earned in the Pin Money Club. Now my little friend writes me, saying:

"This morning Junior and I stepped out of our home and as the cool winds beat against my face I thought *'How happy I am!'* In a week I have earned $18.50. My husband says he can see how much happier I am since I have a few dollars of my own. I gave him money for the gas and electric bills. He did not want to take it, but I explained that since I could make money I expect to share expenses, too! I am so grateful to you."

Isn't that a convincing letter? I am sure that you also could use a few extra dollars! Then why don't you write for our free booklet? Perhaps you may earn $25 or $50 in a week or two.

ARE you, too, a lady in financial distress? Then why don't you look into this Club of ours? For more than twenty-five years it has helped thousands of women solve their financial problems. It will help you, also. Although it is called the Pin Money Club it really supplies more than just pin money—indeed, some members earn up to $1,000 a year. ***Do write to me today, sending a card or letter to***

Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's, The National Weekly
Department 1
250 Park Avenue New York City

The Bat Flies Low

Continued from page 21

"I am glad, Mr. Maguire," Hawley drawled, "that you are beginning to share my views about this bird."

"Despise your methods, Lurgan," said Lincoln Hayes.

"I regret that, sir, for they are not uncommon in the business world."

"If you're an English butler," rasped Hawley, "I don't wonder that in their country homes over there they keep battle axes on the wall. Anyway, the game's up, Lurgan. So be careful what you say. I am going to charge you with the attempted murder of Miss Ann Wayland and with the theft of valuable commercial documents from this room."

WHEN the doors of the Museum opened at ten o'clock on the morning following these strange occurrences in Lincoln Hayes' home, Ulric Stefanson was among the first to enter.

His memories of the notes upon which he had worked up to the time when darkness had come were provokingly incomplete. He looked to the famous lamp to assist them.

He knew, beyond question, that he had seen and had touched documents of a scientific importance so great that modern industry would be revolutionized by the man who could harness those forces. The greater part of Rorke's translation he had no more than scanned up to the time of its mysterious disappearance.

In the North Wing, where the Egyptian Collection is housed, he learned that Dr. Bardolff had not yet arrived. However, the doctor's assistant immediately proffered his services on glancing at a letter signed "Lincoln Hayes."

A very earnest, bespectacled young Oriental student, guidebook in hand, was the only visitor to the Tomb of Perneb, perhaps the most impressive exhibit in the fine collection. As they passed from the entrance hall, he was studying the inscriptions in the tomb vestibule and apparently comparing them with the account in his guidebook.

That curious coldness which seems to belong to places where sibilant echoes abound struck Stefanson here.

"It's a peculiar fact," said the assistant curator—"but we get more Oriental and Middle European visitors here than we get Americans! Look at that Egyptian we just passed. As likely as not he was born no great way from where that tomb came from!"

They passed through many rooms until they reached the Seventh Room. Here part of the Hayes Bequest was housed. Glass-framed around the walls ran the famous Hayes Papyri.

Although they had not dallied, the earnest young Egyptian was ahead of them. He was bending over an exhibit of early glassware.

The celebrated lamp occupied a small case by itself near the middle of the room. The lamp was in the form of a metal tripod some seven or eight inches high. The tripod supported a ring of some unknown substance. It had puzzled the specialists of America and Europe, but it was generally believed to be composed of an unidentifiable vegetable gum. The diameter of this ring was rather more than three and a half inches. Below it was a second and much smaller ring of the same substance. Incredibly slender wires—composed of an alloy of copper and some other, unknown metal—passed from the hollow legs of the tripod to the smaller ring and then, in an intricate pattern, up to the larger. At all points of contact they were delicately "insulated" by a covering of the strange gum. Many of them were broken or missing.

A few fragments of a substance resembling fine Venetian glass lay in a saucer beside the tripod. A "reconstruction," drawn by Dr. Bardolff (with acknowledgments to the late Thomas Edison and to Senator Marconi—both of whom had been deeply interested in the subject) occupied a small easel beside the tripod.

The card inside the case read as follows:

EARLY EGYPTIAN LAMP
(Old Kingdom, circa 2985-2500 B. C.)
Discovered by the Hayes Harvard Expedition, in 1921, in the tomb of an unknown priest near Sakkara (Ancient Memphis). The principle of this lamp is lost.

"You know," said the junior curator, producing a formidable bunch of keys, "there have been several attempts to steal this thing—heaven knows why."

"I know th-there was one, s-some years ago."

The junior curator opened the case.

"Let me lift it out," he said. "I'm responsible for the thing—and it's very fragile."

Excepting the earnest young Cairene, not another visitor at that early hour had penetrated to the Seventh Egyptian Room. The student, guidebook in hand, was absorbed in contemplation of a case containing rings, necklaces and other feminine decorations, forming part of the Hayes Bequest.

The assistant curator unlocked and raised the lid of the case containing the lamp at roughly the same moment that Dr. Bardolff came striding through a private doorway in the Fourth Room and crossed the Sixth. He had just arrived and had been notified of Stefanson's visit.

"Hayes Lamp"—as it was known to the museum staff—was a pet exhibit of the doctor's: he resented its being disturbed.

Dr. Bardolff had just entered the Seventh Egyptian Room when it happened.

THE junior curator, fragile lamp in hand, was on the point of turning to Stefanson, when the Egyptian student, who had approached very closely, uttered a strangled scream, clutched at his throat and staggered—

Foam was emitted from his lips. He threw his arms out, seeking support, missed the assistant's shoulders . . . but grasped the lamp!

Wrenching it free with the frenzied strength of an epileptic, he crashed to the floor. . . .

Writhing, foaming, he lashed about—and tore the delicate tripod to pieces between contorted fingers!

Emitting a wild-animal roar, Dr. Bardolff — big, bearded, powerful — sprang upon the Egyptian. The assistant curator joined in the attack. Ulric Stefanson, staggered by the suddenness of the thing, stood peering, blinking.

The victim of this dreadful ailment had, temporarily, the strength of a demon. Dr. Bardolff—his face white with despair—looked up at Stefanson.

"You!" he roared—"get a physician!"

Stefanson groaned and ran out.

The Hayes Lamp was a memory. Its fragments lay littered on the floor.

"That's Mr. Maguire," said Lincoln Hayes. "Open, Slim. Show him into the library."

Slim, the chauffeur, who had temporarily taken over butler's duties, crossed the lobby to open the street door. Hayes walked into the library.

(Continued on page 70)

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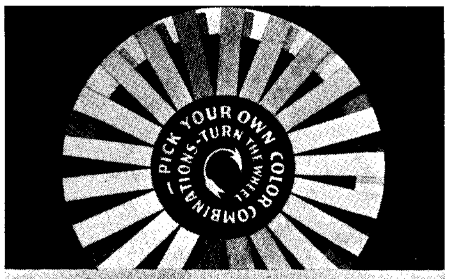
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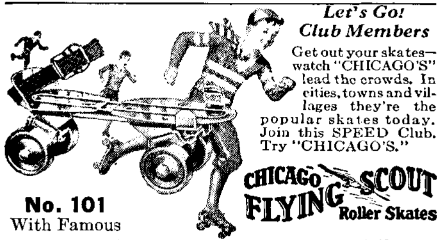
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MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

(Continued from page 69)

Paddy Rorke was there, reading a morning paper. He looked up. He was spruce but haggard.

"Hullo, Lincoln," he said, a ghost of the cheery grin appearing. "Seems I was first man in."

Lincoln Hayes slapped him on the shoulder.

"Had breakfast, Paddy?"

"Rather. Ham and eggs."

"Then don't talk cricket. World's dullest game. Maguire's here."

"Where's Stefanson?"

"Metropolitan. Joining us later."

He dropped into an armchair.

Maguire walked into the library.

"It won't have done that British butler any harm to cool his heels in a cell for a night," he remarked. "I guess they'll get no more evidence—but he's safer where we know we can find him. He comes from one of the big private agencies, but he won't admit it—nor would they. When this blows over, they'll just shift him to a different area."

"Morning, Maguire," said Captain Rorke. "Hope you slept well. Had a foul night, personally."

He leaned on the over-mantel, newspaper in hand. Lincoln Hayes, from the depths of the big armchair, watched the district attorney with no expression whatever upon his face.

"Glad you're here," he said, pointing to a laden wagon.

Maguire nodded and crossed in that direction.

"When the party broke up last night," Hayes went on, "you seemed to remain doubtful, Maguire, as to what reason Simon Lobb could have for employing detectives to shadow me and Rorke. We were all tired. The answer is simple. Stolen papyrus contains a formula for a system of lighting."

"What kind of lighting?"

"Don't know. Something better than any invented by modern science. If anyone knew how to do it and did it, Western States Electric and Lobb's Central could scrap their plants right away."

"Hell!" said Maguire. "That's talking big stuff!"

"It's big, beyond a doubt," murmured Captain Rorke. "Bigger, even, than I thought. It's my opinion, Maguire, that an agent of Simon Lobb was covering me in Egypt—"

"Sure of it," said Hayes. "Accounts for attempts which you outlined."

"It accounts for *one* of them," Rorke agreed quietly.

"Why not both?"

"WELL—I think I told you that the man from whom I got the thing was hauled out of the Nile on the following day. He was apparently a Copt. But the most curious feature, which the police never succeeded in clearing up, was this—" he paused to light a cigarette: "The ancient Egyptian hieroglyphic, *akhut*, meaning the rising sun, was branded on his body just over his heart."

"Branded?"

"Yes. That was what it looked like. I know the Cairo coppers very well. They thought this case would interest me. Hence my glimpse of the defunct."

"Had it been done before death, or after?" said Maguire.

"Long before. The doctor who examined him was of the opinion that it had been there for a great part of his life."

"You mean he belonged to some secret order?" Maguire suggested.

Captain Rorke nodded. Hayes noticed how haggard he had grown since the previous night.

"That man's murder," Rorke went on, quietly, "for he was certainly murdered, wouldn't be the work of a private New York detective agency, do you think?"

"No," said Maguire, "I don't think."

"The man who climbed into my window at Shepheard's one night was probably an agent of Simon Lobb. But whoever tried to hypnotize me, another night—"

"Hypnotize you. . . ?"

"Exactly—was out of another stable, I believe. And then there was a third attempt."

"Mentioned it before," came the monotonous voice of Lincoln Hayes. "Should welcome details."

"It occurred in the train to Port Said," Rorke went on, "when I was leaving Egypt. As I have already explained to you, Lincoln, when the steel box wasn't locked in the hotel safe, I never let it out of my sight. I had it now in a small suitcase which I carried, myself, and placed in the rack above my seat in the Pullman car. It was just about dusk; my ship sailed early on the following morning, and I intended to spend the night in Port Said. Very few people were traveling—in fact, it was not until the train was pulling out that anyone entered my compartment. Then a woman came in.

"A native porter was carrying some small baggage and the woman took a seat at a table only one removed from my own. Of her type, she was, I think, one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen in my life.

"She wore a coat with a turned-up fur collar which formed a frame altogether too harsh for her delicate features, which were flower-like; perfect. In spite of her almost unreal beauty, her hair was truly her crowning glory. It was neither Titian, auburn nor golden. I can only describe it as flame-colored—"

LINCOLN HAYES looked up sharply. Not one line of that Sioux-like face changed; nothing even vaguely resembling an expression indicated the fact that his heart was beating faster. Rorke had paused, but:

"Go ahead, Paddy," Hayes said tonelessly.

"You know now, Lincoln, why I said last night that I was beginning to wonder about the identity of the people anxious to secure possession of the papyrus. When the train started, this woman and myself were the only occupants of the car. This was peculiar. Perhaps only a man with an intense curiosity about details would have noted the fact that all the other tables were marked 'Engaged'!

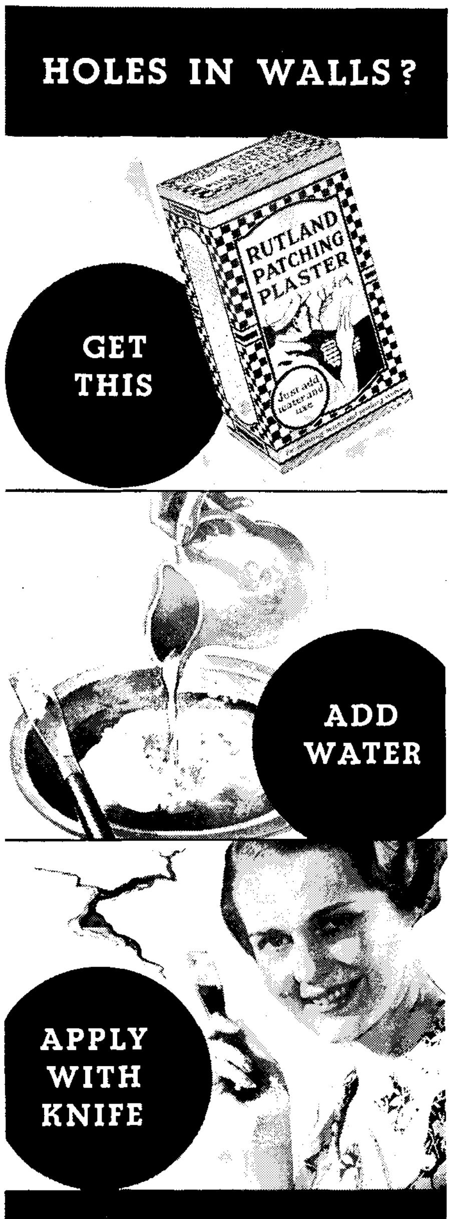
"After a while I rang for a waiter and ordered a whisky-and-soda. The tables had been laid for dinner. As I did so, I caught the eye of the beautiful traveler and she smiled quite unmistakably. I stepped along to her table, introduced myself and asked her to join me for dinner—"

"You're a fast worker," Maguire commented.

"A man who has traveled so much alone as I have done," Rorke replied, "learns that most conventions are stupid. She received the offer in the spirit in which it was made. But she said: 'Would you mind coming to my table, instead? If you will please sit down, I shall be delighted. It's so silly for two people to travel in solitude just because there is nobody to introduce them!'

"She was altogether charming. She spoke with a faint accent, the character of which quite eluded me. But it is certain that if I had not had other interests, I should have been desperately in love with her in the course of the next hour. She was one of the three most fascinating women I have ever met. She introduced herself as Mrs. Fulton, but volunteered no other particulars.

"She was sipping one of those gruesome cocktails, warm, and poured out of a glass bottle, which are served on



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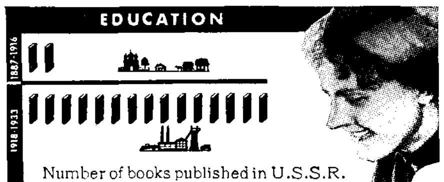

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these trains, and I was thinking about ordering another whisky-and-soda, at about the time that the train pulled into Helwân.

"I suggested that there must be a lot of air-force leave-going, or something, owing to the number of reserved tables, and that we might expect a crowded car at any moment. Then I discovered that I had left my cigarette case on my own table. I stood up to go back and get it.

"One look was enough. . . . The suitcase containing the steel box had disappeared!"

"Sympathize," said Lincoln Hayes; "every man is caught off his guard once in a while."

"I just made a plunge for the Arab attendant. My knowledge of Arabic served me; otherwise, frankly, I should have been done. A gentleman, he told me, from the adjoining car, who had lost a suitcase, had come in while I was talking to Mrs. Fulton and had claimed my case as his own."

"Was your case initialed?" growled Maguire.

"It was. But the stranger had assured the attendant that the initials were his! It had been all done without attracting my attention. Very clever! I barged into the adjoining car, the Arab at my heels. He pointed the man out: a stout Egyptian who was preparing to leave the car. He carried my suitcase in his hand!"

"What did you do?" Maguire asked.

"Very simple. There was no time for formalities—he might have been mistaken or he might not. I just grabbed the suitcase, and said, 'Excuse me, sir, you have made a mistake.' "

"What did the Egyptian do?"

"He was disposed to contest the matter, but I had got hold of the suitcase before the argument started! He left the car, and I went back."

"And—the woman?" Lincoln Hayes queried.

"She had gone, too! She had left by the other door, taking all her light baggage with her. I had the car to myself. Nobody came in. I stared out of the window, but I could see no trace of Mrs. Fulton nor of the ruffled Egyptian from whom I had reclaimed the suitcase. Somehow"—he stared at Hayes—"I don't think attempt number three was directed by a New York detective agency."

There was a short silence, and then:

"Nor do I," said Lincoln Hayes. "Any further trouble, Paddy?"

"No chance. I just lived with that box until I got here. It was locked in the manager's safe at the Eastern Exchange; it was locked up on the ship to Southampton; and I slipped right across to the New York ship, which was leaving in twelve hours, and locked it in the purser's safe on board. I drove down here last night with two ship's officers as escort. Lurgan served them a drink apiece—and they went uptown.

"There's more still, Lincoln. But the facts are these: We have *two* enemies—Simon Lobb is one of them."

ANN WAYLAND opened her eyes and, without stirring, tried to puzzle out why a kindly-looking old nurse was seated in the armchair by the window, reading. To Ann, this problem was very difficult. Why was a nurse in her room?

However, she liked the looks of the nurse very much, and so she decided that she must be there for some friendly reason.

She closed her eyes again and began thinking hard. She felt perfectly well; normal in every way. But she experienced some difficulty in recalling what had happened on the previous evening.

Paddy Rorke had arrived long after she had given him up. She glowed happily at the recollection of their meeting. There had never really been any doubt from the first time that she had set eyes upon him. But she had imposed one more journey to Egypt before she made her mind up. Because, in a way, she had believed herself to be in love with Lincoln.

Long before Paddy's return she had realized that her heart had followed him to Egypt. Yes—Paddy had appeared, after she had given up hope of seeing him until the following morning. And he had brought a wonderful papyrus in a steel box! A papyrus which, he had told her, was going to revolutionize science. She had seen his letters to Lincoln about it and had sent off long answers. Then, what had happened?

SHE opened her eyes and looked again. The old nurse was still reading by the window. Something very queer indeed must have happened. Ah! Of course! It began to come back to her. Lincoln had come home from the theater, bringing a strange Egyptian with him—a very dignified and courtly Egyptian who wore slightly tinted glasses. And then—what?

Of course! The most important thing of all! Just before Lincoln's return, and quite by accident, she had overheard Lurgan, in the telephone room, call Simon Lobb. She had heard him tell Lobb, whom she detested, that Paddy had arrived with a steel box.

From that point onward everything was clear enough, up to the time when that Egyptian, whose name she could not recall, had been summoned to the telephone.

When she and Lincoln had returned to the museum, the Egyptian had gone. After that, she had gone up to her sitting-room. Owing to Lincoln's abrupt manner she had had no opportunity of telling him about Lurgan. Lincoln was entirely absorbed in whatever he was doing in the library with Paddy and Ulric Stefanson.

Good heavens! The horror of what had occurred next reappeared before her mind terrifically.

She sprang up in bed. . . .

The nurse rose from her chair and crossed.

"My dear!" she said, and she had a sweetly sympathetic voice, "what is it? There's nothing to be frightened about."

Ann clung to her for a moment, trembling wildly. It was good to have her there. If she had been alone, Ann thought that she must have screamed at the recollection.

It was this:

She had found that she had no cigarettes in her room, and had then remembered that she had left them in her hand-bag in the museum. She had gone down to get it. There was no one in the lobby and she was just crossing when *something* had come out from the arched doorway which led to the museum. . . .

At first it had shown as a shadowy figure, so that she had pulled up sharply. Then, as the shadow had stepped forward into the lighted lobby, Ann had realized that the figure was that of an ancient Egyptian god—not a man in fancy dress, but a supernatural being!

He was a realization of one of the figures from the wall paintings that decorated the museum. His head was the head of some animal or bird—she could not be sure which. But his blazing eyes, which were like lamps, were fixed upon hers. She felt that if she sustained their glance for another moment she must become petrified.

She had screamed—turned—and run for the library.

There was no sound, but she knew that that presence was behind her . . . those green eyes blazing in the darkness, like the eyes of some nocturnal beast. . . .

(To be continued next week)

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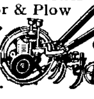

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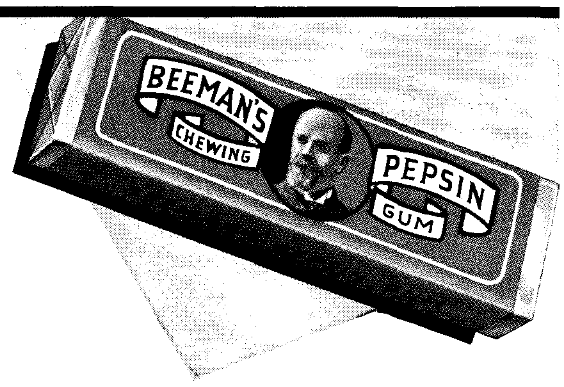

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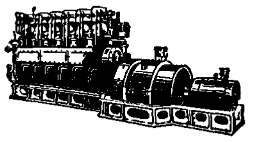

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The Bulls of Mauna Loa

Continued from page 24

mentioned the figures to another resident, who was not impressed. "Hell," he said, "it rained ten inches while I was eating breakfast."

The main business of the Parker Ranch is providing beefsteaks for the meat eaters of Hawaii, Maui, Lanai, Molokai, Oahu and Kauai, and as the population of the islands is about four hundred thousand, the ranch does a noble business. To be sure, there are other ranches and other cattle, but the Parker Ranch is the big shot, and no matter where you sit and order your beef à la mode, the chances are it began life on the slopes of Mauna Loa.

Wild and Bully

The steers are transported to Honolulu, to be made into meat balls, and the manner of getting them there is rather unusual. Cowhands swim them out to the steamer, anchored offshore, and the seagoing steers are gently picked up in a hammock sling and hoisted aboard for their first, last and only boat ride. Newsreel sharpshooters thought this interesting and desired to take movies of the cattle swimming, but permission was denied them. The ranch people thought that, to American movie audiences, it might look a trifle rough on the steers.

Located on this Parker Ranch is a herd of thirty thousand registered Hereford cattle and fourteen thousand sheep and, such is my colossal ignorance, I did not know what a registered steer was. I asked our local butcher, and he didn't know either. I suggested it was maybe so they could vote, but he said no, he thought not. You can't see all the fourteen thousand sheep at once —in fact, you can't see any of them in a casual daylight ride across the ranch, as they prefer the mountain heights and remain up aloft and far from the single-track motor road. But you can behold the registered Hereford steers, for they are all over the place.

Their saunterings are restrained by a high wire fence that keeps them from wandering into mountain ravines and never coming home again. Herefords are supposed to be the best in the bovine line. They come originally from England, are a pleasant red color, with white faces, legs and feet and a dab of white on the end of their tails.

Every so often a young and ambitious bull breaks through the wire entanglements and flees to the fastness of Mauna Loa, the mountain that lets go every so often. He has plenty of room to flee, for the mountain rises in a steady incline for fifteen or twenty miles, and so the young bull heads for the snow line and presently joins other escaped bulls, who compose a colony of rebels, a colony that intends not to be hamburger, now or ever. This escape process has been going on for years, despite the strongest fences, wherefore you have the famous wild bulls of Mauna Loa, and they are wilder than all get out. They live in inaccessible ravines, avoiding all contact with man. Sometimes of an evening they sneak down to confer with and probably gloat over the fenced-in cattle and their visits are regarded as demoralizing, so on occasions the local cowboys ride forth to rope a wild bull or two.

Roping a wild bull is pointed to as real he-man's sport in Hawaii, for the bulls are bellicose, have staring, red eyes and would frighten an ordinary tenderfoot half to death. As with golf, Sunday is the day given over to roping wild bulls, and only the most courageous and skillful cowhands join in the sport, for if a wild bull starts toward a cowboy, the latter is allowed only one miss with the rope. If he misses once, the bull sees to it that he doesn't miss any more bulls. These pugnacious animals spend most of their time above the ten-thousand-foot level and have no desire to rejoin civilization. They remain undefeated and uncaught and nothing can whip them, except an eruption or a sudden lava flow from Mauna Loa.

The business affairs of the ranch are ably managed by a trustee, who handles the details for the two owners. These are young Richard Smart, a tall, good-looking youth of twenty-two, and his grandmother, Mrs. Sam Wood, of Honolulu. The young owner is in receipt of a grand monthly income from the ranch —rumored at nine thousand dollars every thirty days—but, oddly enough, he is interested in other things than raising registered steers.

Young Mr. Smart has turned to the stage, the motion picture and dramatic art and he has been attending schools of dramaturgy on the mainland, trusting some day to identify himself with the fascinating world of make-believe. I inquired out there if it would be possible for me to have a short conversation with Mr. Smart about his many steers.

"No," they assured me. "You cannot, because he is in Hollywood, engaged in breaking into the movies."

On the ranch is a regulation race track and on sunny afternoons you can see the horses doing a brisk mile, with the clockers watching them, for the Parker Ranch breeds all kinds of horses and one of their racers has a price tag of fifty thousand dollars. English is not officially spoken on the property, although the cowhands may chat in any language, once they get off on the roundup. The formal tongue is Hawaiian, and when the foreman orders the boys around, he uses the language of the islands. During the year 1932, the cattle imports from the mainland, or the United States, were 261 head—a mere drop in the bucket.

Standing Room for the World

Nothing can do the Parker Ranch any great harm, unless Mauna Loa gets funny and cracks loose again, which will be bad news for those red-eyed bulls up beyond the snow line. Usually, Mauna Loa does not explode like a firecracker and shoot hot lava into the air like Vesuvius or Stromboli, but what happens is this: The mountain breaks open at a point somewhere along the slope and the lava begins flowing down to the sea—a molten mass such as you see in those Pittsburgh steel mills. The flowing field of red is often half a mile wide, fifty feet deep and slides along at eight miles per hour, and everything in its path is doomed.

During the last flow an entire village disappeared, trees bent over and slid hissing out of sight, and the last building to fade was the Catholic church, which disappeared with its bell ringing. The odd part is that when Mauna Loa erupts, everybody for miles rushes for Hawaii to see the wondrous sight. From every other island, the residents flock into Hawaii by steamer and airplane and stand as near as the heat will permit, and one of the finest spots from which to observe a lava flow is the Parker Ranch, which offers standing room not only for the inhabitants of the Islands, but for the rest of the world.

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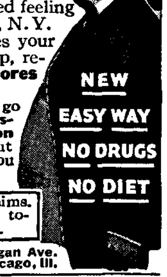

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Prices to Suit

Continued from page 15

most beautiful restaurant in the world for you. I have a place in mind. Your salary will be one thousand dollars a week—all year round. You will have to worry about nothing but food."

Lamaze looked into the quiet eyes of the quiet man and he did some rapid thinking. He knew the reputation of the quiet man—but he knew the reputation which the quiet man enjoyed among his own class of people. He was definitely a "right guy." He might have very little respect for laws which involved the drinking or the selling of liquor, but he had a great deal of respect for his own word. Before Lamaze could answer, the quiet man raised his head.

"Now that we are partners," he said, "tell me, what is your secret? Food is food. Why can you charge such outrageous prices and get away with it?"

An All-America Cook

"I feed the eye as well as the stomach," Lamaze said. "I serve food which tastes attractive, and that is not difficult. But I serve food that looks attractive. That is difficult. Never has anyone complained that I overcharged."

"I think we should get along good," one of the men said.

This seems incredible, perhaps, now, but it was not incredible ten years ago, especially in four places: New York, Chicago, Florida and Saratoga. It was the era in which the dingy speakeasy was being supplanted by decent, beautiful establishments which were speakeasies only in that drinks were sold there.

These speakeasies—not so much in New York; in fact, hardly at all in New York—in Palm Beach, Miami, Chicago and Saratoga were run as adjuncts to gambling houses. They were gambling houses that rivaled the gambling houses of Europe or of Agua Caliente. On the whole they were run honestly because, in the long run, the proprietor of a gambling house which is run honestly makes more money than the one which is run dishonestly. He does not have to pay his croupiers such high salaries; he pays no blackmail; he pays smaller amounts for "protection" and when a place gets a reputation as an honest gambling house the best people flock to it and keep coming year after year.

From then on Lamaze worked in speakeasies. The one in New York where he worked had perhaps the most beautiful dining-room in the world. It was decorated by Joseph Urban at a cost of something like fifty thousand dollars. It was not a fly-by-night, sawdust-covered barroom. You would never meet the President of the United States there but you might meet anyone else. It was that kind of place.

It was not long before the place was one of the three best known places in New York. Wealthy people came to dine there for two reasons. First of all, if they ordered a bottle of Chateau Yquem, 1923, they could be assured of getting Chateau Yquem, 1923, and not Mulberry Street cider and vichy. Second, they came there because they felt that the food served was the best food in the United States.

Lamaze himself is as interesting as the food he serves. He was born in Rheims but came here when a child, in 1893. His parents took him to Newton, Massachusetts, and he grew up there and went to Newton High School, where he was interested only in bicycle riding, football and baseball. He used to race bicycles at the Charles River Park in Cambridge and at the Waltham Track against such men as Eddie Ball, Jimmy Michaels, Bobby Nelson, Larry Tobin and Albert Champion. He later went to Brown University, where he hoped to become an All-America football player. He never dreamed that one day he would be an All-America cook.

A football injury ended his All-America dreams and he transferred to Lowell Textile to study—of all things—the texture of cloth. He lost interest though, and got himself a job in the Crown Hotel in Providence, Rhode Island. From there it was only a step to becoming wine boy at Martin's in New York. It was at Martin's that he learned to have a great respect for wines and to have a great knowledge of them too, which I suppose is much the same thing. As his knowledge of wines grew, so did his disrespect for water grow. His French blood told him that *L'eau n'est pas faite pour rester dans un verre,* which roughly, very roughly translated, means, "Anybody who puts water in a glass is strictly a sucker."

He became captain at Martin's and learned to cater to the whims of such distinguished guests as Ambassador Jusserand, J. P. Morgan, Theodore Roosevelt and an actor named Cohan. Rector's followed, and then he was given charge of Castle-by-the-Sea at Long Beach, where the incomparable Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle danced. The Holland House followed, and now Lamaze had learned his trade.

"Caruso always used to come to the Holland House," Lamaze says, "but he never asked for spaghetti. He always wanted chicken—hunter style."

Lamaze liked to see people enjoy their food. He even liked to see them eat the celery, the olives and the radishes he served them. It was seldom that anyone more than nibbled at those relishes and it worried George. An idea came to him. He would make those relishes look so attractive that people just couldn't resist eating them. He took a huge bowl and filled it with crushed ice. He molded the ice so that it emerged eight inches above the top of the bowl. Then he studded this mass of crushed ice with celery, with radishes and with olives. It did look lovely. The first time he served it this way the diners gave one look of pleased surprise and immediately went to work on the celery, the radishes and the olives.

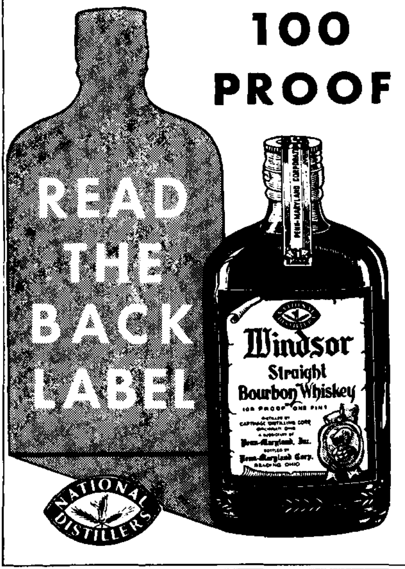
Thousands of Omelets

"So that's it," Lamaze whispered, almost in awe. "The secret is to feed the eye as well as the stomach. I will be a showman as well as a cook."

He conceived another similar idea. Ice was inexpensive. He got even a larger bowl than that he had used with the relishes. He filled it with ice as before and planted five smaller bowls in the crushed ice. In one he put shrimp; in another, crabmeat; in a third, lobster; in a fourth, ordinary cocktail sauce, and in a fifth, Sauce Lamaze. He called it (and still calls it) Sea Food Lamaze. Lamaze, trained in the best kitchens in the country, emerged not only as a great cook but as a culinary artist, which is something else again. He invaded Florida, running places of his own and going into partnerships with men like Wilson Mizner, who also had the instincts for food that Lamaze had. Then—came the war.

He joined the Navy, was put in the commissary department and eventually

(Continued on page 74)



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[NO. 2]

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Whose horns were worn and battered
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And so, to spare her ram, she bought
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It's a fact—you need a battering ram to loosen the ice trays in a refrigerator equipped with old-fashioned metal trays! But—with flexible rubber trays or grids—a finger touch releases the trays from the freezing unit. *And*—you don't have to *melt* the cubes out under the kitchen faucet! You *pop* them out right at the refrigerator. Insist on having this modern convenience in any refrigerator you buy. Leading makes come so equipped. See your refrigerator dealer.

The Inland Manufacturing Co.
Department B-4, Dayton, Ohio

Flexible Rubber Trays & Grids
ice cubes the modern way

(*Continued from page 73*)

wound up on the transport Martha Washington. This ship carried 3,500 troops, 150 officers and a crew of 600. That was a lot of people to feed. The men complained that the food was terrible. Lamaze went to Captain Shackleford in command and told him that the food was not terrible.

"No food is terrible," he said. "Food is beautiful, lovely—but cooks make it terrible. The food we have here is excellent but shoe clerks are cooking it and serving it. I know food."

"You handle the situation," the captain said.

"We had only the usual soldier rations on board," Lamaze says, "but they were good. I lent showmanship to my culinary ability. I made those soldiers believe that they were eating even finer food than they were eating. I fed their eyes. If we had to serve beans on two successive days I served them differently each time. Eggs? I did everything in the world with eggs. Half the time those boys didn't know whether they were eating eggs or chicken. I worked every day from four o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night, but I tell you when those men got off at Brest they were healthy and happy and well-fed. God knows they deserved the best—and I gave it to them. Once," and a proud note came into Lamaze's voice, "I served 3,500 Spanish omelets at a meal and every one was served piping hot. I am very proud of that. It was the same omelet you'd get in a place of mine now for—maybe two dollars."

The war over, Lamaze returned. He found prohibition here. It was a new world. One couldn't get the proper wines for white sauce. If one did get them they cost terrifically. He returned to Florida and that brings us to the day the two men came into the Patio Lamaze.

Since that time Lamaze has worked in such places as The Park Avenue in New York, The Arrowhead Inn in Saratoga, The Beach and Tennis Club in Miami Beach, where he is now, and the Clover Club in Hollywood. It was at the latter that I met him a few months ago serving the same food at the same old immoderate prices that he served ten years ago. And, as usual, the place was filled with the very best people—that is, the best people in Hollywood.

"Still fooling them, George?" I asked.

"I am still serving the best food in the world," he smiled. "I am still mixing my food with showmanship. I am still feeding the eye. . . ."

"As well as the stomach. I haven't heard you say that for years."

A Royal Dessert

"There's Jean Harlow over there with Bill Powell." Lamaze sat down. "She just asked me for my recipe for Strawberries Romanoff. It is her favorite dessert. Shall I tell you how to make it? It is very simple—even you could make it.

"You take a quart of fresh strawberries and pick them, clean them. Add some sugar—to taste. Then drop in two ounces of curaçao and two of brandy. Now, in a separate bowl, place a pint of vanilla ice cream and into the bowl put a cup of well-sweetened whipped cream. Mix this all thoroughly and pour over the strawberries. You have, at very small expense, a royal dessert for six people."

"And why," I asked, "is it Strawberries Romanoff?"

"Showmanship, my friend, showmanship," he laughed. "There's Rudy Vallee over there. Do you know what he had for dinner? He had Island Club Lamb Stew, which is absolutely the best stew ever made. I mean, really it is. He always asks for it. So does Arthur Brisbane. So does Jack Dempsey."

"How do you make it?"

"Here's how:

"Five pounds shoulder of spring lamb cut into three-inch squares, season with salt and pepper and a little garlic, one bay leaf. Place in saucepan and brown to a golden color, sprinkle a little flour over the meat, then add enough beef stock to cover the meat. Let simmer for about fifty minutes, then add a few carrots, a few small onions, four sliced parsnips, five ripe tomatoes. When done serve the stew and sprinkle some cooked new peas over the top. Serve new, small, boiled potatoes on the side.

In Small Packages

"Winston Churchill came into my New York place the night he landed here from England. He came back every night thereafter. He was crazy about my dressing for the lobster, shrimp or sea-food cocktail. That takes a bit of making but any housewife who is careful can put it together with the following ingredients:

One pint of mayonnaise
One pint chili sauce
One half-cup India relish
One chopped hard-boiled egg
One teaspoon chopped chives
One half chopped green pepper
One chopped pimento
Two tablespoons chopped celery
One tablespoon prepared mustard
Salt Black pepper
Add one tablespoon of A-1 sauce, a dash of paprika, mix well together, chill and serve

"A grand dessert is hot chocolate soufflé. Champagne goes nicely with it. So does anything else. It looks beautiful too—almost too beautiful to eat.

"Mix to a paste four ounces of confectioners' sugar, four ounces of flour and four ounces of butter. Stir in yolks of twelve eggs, six ounces of powdered chocolate. Add whites of twelve eggs, beaten stiff, pour in baking pan. Bake ten minutes in slow oven and serve at once with a thick vanilla sauce on the side.

"Max Baer always goes for my Chicken Sauté Clover Club. It's a tasty dish. Gary Cooper and Jock Whitney like it too.

"Here's how to make it:

"Clean and dejoint as for frying one two-and-a-half-pound fresh broiler. Dip, after seasoning, in flour, sauté in saucepan in four ounces of olive oil and butter mixed, cook until golden brown, add two chopped eschalots, six cleaned, large, sliced mushrooms, two cups chicken stock. Cover and cook five minutes more. Before serving add one wine glass of dry white wine, sprinkle with parsley and serve.

"They talk a great deal about Continental cooking," Lamaze continued. "That's the bunk. Every two years I go to Europe and tour the principal dining places. I haven't learned anything new in ten years. New York is the best eating town in the world, I think. Where can you get steaks and chops in Europe like you can at La Hiff's Tavern? Where can you get snails as good as at Jack and Charlie's? Sherman Billingsley, who runs the Stork Club, serves food that compares with that of any place in Europe. The New York hotels? No. Decidedly no. They are too big. They have to serve too many people. The food is good but only in the comparatively smaller places like mine and like those I've mentioned is food treated as though it were the raw material out of which masterpieces can be built. But honestly," Lamaze said with little conceit and with much honest pride, "I do serve the best food in the world."

Destroying Angel

Continued from page 11

Frere's study, designed to provide stimulus for concentration, was a miracle of comfort and efficiency. It was furnished with so many modern gadgets that it was impossible to think about anything but the multiple points of light reflected from chromium plate, white sycamore and sheets of beveled glass. Frere would not for the world have confessed that his mind worked best among surroundings with which he was so familiar as to be entirely unconscious. It would have been the rankest cruelty to Gloria to attempt to convince her that his old slipshod methods suited him better.

In her determination to school him into regular methods and hours of work (based on the routines of Wells, Bennett and Drinkwater) she wafted him off to his study after breakfast each morning and bade him enter and evolve. They had a mutual responsibility. His was to work and hers to point the way. She had no intention of allowing either Peter or Harry to supply the soil in which the fruits of his imagination should flourish.

PETER and Harry would keep dropping in. They could not realize that Frere was no longer an idler and a free agent. In they came helloing and asking if Frere was about.

"He is, but he's working."

Which was a little less than true. He had been commissioned to write a series of stories and had contracted to deliver a new book by midsummer. But he was not getting on. Could it be that his work was being too well regulated? He loved Gloria dearly, but . . .

Peter said to Gloria:

"He has every reason to work. He was a lucky devil to marry you. You've made this place darn' nice, Gloria."

She was glad he thought so. Appreciation is always worth having. Peter went on:

"But now that he always keeps his nose to the grindstone your time must hang a bit heavy, doesn't it?"

She had not thought of that until he suggested it. It was a shock to realize that her days were rather lonely.

"I don't mind, so long as I feel I'm of some use."

"All the same I wonder you don't have the odd round of golf with old Harry. But perhaps you don't play?"

"It's certainly an idea," she conceded.

Peter fidgeted with the tassel on a sofa cushion.

"If you ever have an hour to spare, I wish you'd pop into the studio and have a look at my stuff."

"I'd love to, Peter."

The result of this talk made all the difference to Gloria. It was absurd to hang around the house while Frere was working. She was much more usefully and healthily employed on the links arguing the theory of golf with Harry, or leading Peter into an appreciation of newer and purer forms of art than he had hitherto practiced. She perceived instantly that his precise methods were hopelessly out of date.

In Peter's pictures the sun shone on every feather in a bird's wing. That was why he contrived to sell them to a sporting clientele who demanded, by way of subject, wild creatures viewed between the ears of a hunter or along the barrels of a gun. It was Gloria who pointed to a more flighting fancy and devoted spare time and energy in trying to persuade Peter to capture it.

Her contacts with Harry Doone were no less inspiring. Harry's abilities were strictly limited, but she helped to extract the best from them. She induced him to adopt a newer way to better golf, her own improvement on the Mollison method. The result was to ungroove his swing and bring his handicap from a five to fifteen; but since every revolution is attended by casualties, this was to be expected.

Meanwhile, ignorant of what was going on outside his home, Frere concealed from Gloria the fact that his work had not progressed by so much as one finished article in nearly half a year. And then, one morning, his conscience commanded him to have done with pretense and speak the truth.

Gloria was at the study door ready to lead him in; ready to give him his working kiss; ready to shut him up. Her smile invited him. He did not move. He said:

"Ring up the golf club and tell them to keep us a couple of caddies."

Gloria hesitated.

"But it's the mixed foursomes today."

"Good. We'll play in 'em."

"But is it wise to break off work in the middle of the week? It's not as if it's Saturday or Sunday."

"I've written some of my best stuff on Saturdays and Sundays, holidays and Christmas days and nights and . . . I'll go and change."

She stopped him with:

"But I've arranged to play with Harry."

It was too bad of him to have forced an admission which made her feel guilty. She added:

"Why not work sensibly this morning and we'll have a game at the end of the week?"

"Because if I stop in that room another hour I shall drink the ink."

"Frere, what's the matter? I've never seen you like this before."

"Tell you later. I'm going to see Peter."

He went. She did not try to stop him.

Peter was at work on a canvas which presented an expanse of gray pierced by vermilion quills. At Frere's entrance he betrayed a natural impulse to stand in front of it.

"What on earth are you doing here this time of day?" he demanded.

FRERE was offended, for there are no closed hours in friendship. He pointed an accusing finger at the canvas.

"What sort of jamboree is that?"

Peter was awkward.

"It's an abstract. 'Wings' I call it."

"I call it rubbish."

"Very civil of you. Typical of the untrained mind in the presence of a new movement."

Frere recoiled, for Peter used not to talk that kind of jargon.

"What's it mean?"

Peter became a little more human.

"Oh, wings piercing the void and all that rot. How goes the book?"

"It doesn't. Can't write."

"My dear old chap!"

"Yes, you should sympathize. For you can't paint."

Peter stiffened.

"Just because you happen. . . ."

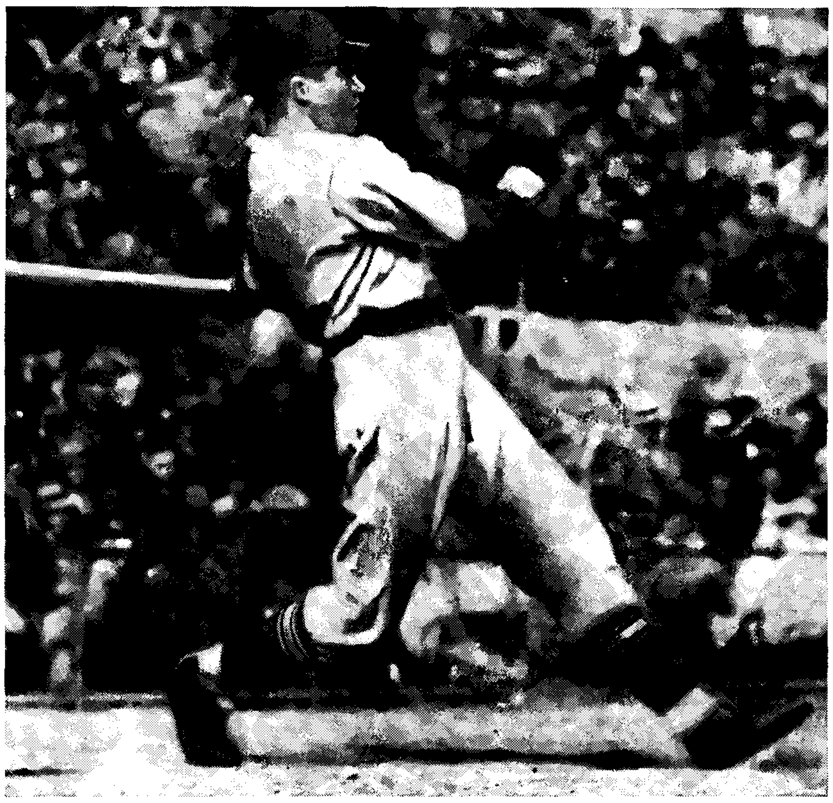
"Oh, shut up!" said Frere. "This kind of muck is suicide. I've nothing against the moderns, but you aren't made that way. The truth is you have come under some idiotic influence, and the sooner you cut loose from it the better."

"That," said Peter, "is the most disloyal thing I ever heard."

"What do you mean, disloyal?"

(Continued on page 76)

Men!



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Thermoid
BRAKE LININGS
Thermoid Brake Linings are Road Conditioned to Give Quick, Quiet, Even Stops
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(Continued from page 75)

"You must be aware that my progress in art is due to Gloria's inspiration."

"Oh, my stars!" groaned Frere and fled.

A nipping wind cut across the marsh and Frere walked into it. He had brought into his life and into the life of a friend what he believed to be an angel, and, behold, she had proved an angel of destruction. Ruthless of consequence, she had forced them to accept her views on art and system of living. And the result was disaster.

He struck the golf links at the short tenth, with its triple row of sand traps and plantation of thorn and bramble. A ball dropped into the plantation as he vaulted the boundary wall. The player hailed him.

"Hello, Bensley, thought you were among the missing."

"Your ball is," said Frere, sourly. "You'll have to pick out and drop."

The man muttered what was needful. He said:

"What's wrong with Harry Doone's game? He's in a foursome behind with your missus. Playing shocking tripe."

FRERE sat on the wall and waited. Presently the wind bore the sound of Gloria's voice—

"Buck up, Harry! We're only five down. If you tried going back a little slower . . ."

The players came into view. The two men went to the tee. The girls approached the green. Gloria's opponent said: "Mr. Doone *has* gone to pieces."

"Hush! Don't let him hear you say so. I've persuaded him to change his swing, and he hasn't quite got into it."

The girl looked at her with admiration.

"How marvelous! Fancy anybody having the nerve to tackle a five man!"

A ball dropped on the green and trickled towards the hole.

Then Harry stepped forward and took up his stance.

He was pathetically nervous. He shuffled his feet; fidgeted with his grip; tensed every muscle and stuck out his chin. Then—wham! It was a fearful shot. The plantation rose up to swallow the ball.

Frere dropped over the wall and ran.

When Gloria returned for lunch, he ignored her smile. He also ignored the invitation of the gong.

"We're going to have an understanding," he said.

"You are behaving in a very peculiar fashion, Frere."

"I haven't begun, yet."

The parlormaid came in to say:

"I don't know if you heard the gong?"

"We did. Please shut that door."

When she had gone Gloria said:

"Lunch will be spoiled."

"Who cares? It's not alone in that respect."

"Isn't this all rather silly and indistinct? Much better say what you mean."

But the writer does not exist who can have a showdown with his wife in natural terms.

He said:

"I love you—I always shall love you; but my stars above, how wrong you are!"

"I never thought I was beyond improvement," she said.

He brushed her humility aside.

"Since I married you, Gloria, in the language of the links, I've lost stroke and distance. Well, here's where I pick up and drop."

"Drop me?" she asked.

"I drop on to some fairway that I can play on. You've made a bid to organize my work and as a result I have done no work. I've sat and simmered in that nickel-plated prison with a blank sheet of paper before me."

"It would have been kind," said Gloria, "to have told me that a little sooner. I could easily have made arrangements that might have suited you better."

He clawed at his hair.

"I don't want to be arranged. I want to be left to work in my own fashion. I don't interfere with your pursuits. Why interfere with mine?"

"What do you suppose my pursuits are?" she asked, "or any other wife's? To neglect her husband's interests—to ignore him?"

He did not want to be led into that. He said:

"And not content with what you were doing for me you start a campaign against my two pals."

She shook her head.

"For, not against."

"My dear, darling child," he cried, "what expert knowledge do you possess of writing, painting and golf that justifies you in reversing the methods of men who have spent their lives at the job? It is such frightful cheek."

"Oh!" said Gloria, softly, and tears were not very distant, "then I was wrong to believe women should be an inspiration to men? It seems they can get along without them. How miserable!"

An uneasy feeling that he was going to lose the vote encouraged Frere to a final effort.

"I don't say that. But this I do say. From now onward I intend to work in my own way. I'm not going to let you starve. And one thing more. Lay off my pals. They haven't the wit or the guts to defend themselves. Give the poor devils a chance."

"You've had your say," said Gloria.

The study door closed behind him.

She heard a chair scrape as he dragged it towards the writing table. She heard and smiled.

"You would have thought he'd have gone out after all that. You wouldn't have thought he'd have gone in there!"

He had not reappeared when Peter looked in at five o'clock. Peter was trying to conceal excitement. He said:

"Old Frere about?"

She nodded towards the study.

"In his room. I peeped through the window an hour ago and he was writing furiously. Did you want him for anything?"

"Had a wire from my agent. He sold that thing I sent along last week for a pretty hot price. He wants a private show of the stuff in September."

"Peter, I am glad."

Peter nodded. He seemed to have become important.

"Of course I always knew that impressionism was my medium of expression. Tell Frere. It'll jog him up a bit."

A WEEK later Harry rang up. Gloria said:

"He won't thank me for disturbing him," but she put the call through. Rather treacherously she listened in. Harry said:

"Young fellow-me-lad, I want you on the links. I've grooved a new swing that'll annihilate you."

"Go and annihilate yourself. I'm working," was the answer.

"Yes, but listen. . . ."

"Listen be damned! I, too, have a new swing."

But neither confessed where he had got it from. Gloria didn't mind. Women don't. They are a cruelly neglected sex, but they get their way. Men don't seem to realize that. Gloria was perfectly content. She and Frere had had a row. He had put his foot down. He had refused any longer to be organized. And as a result of all that he had neglected to eat one lunch. For the rest everything was going according to plan. *Her* plan.

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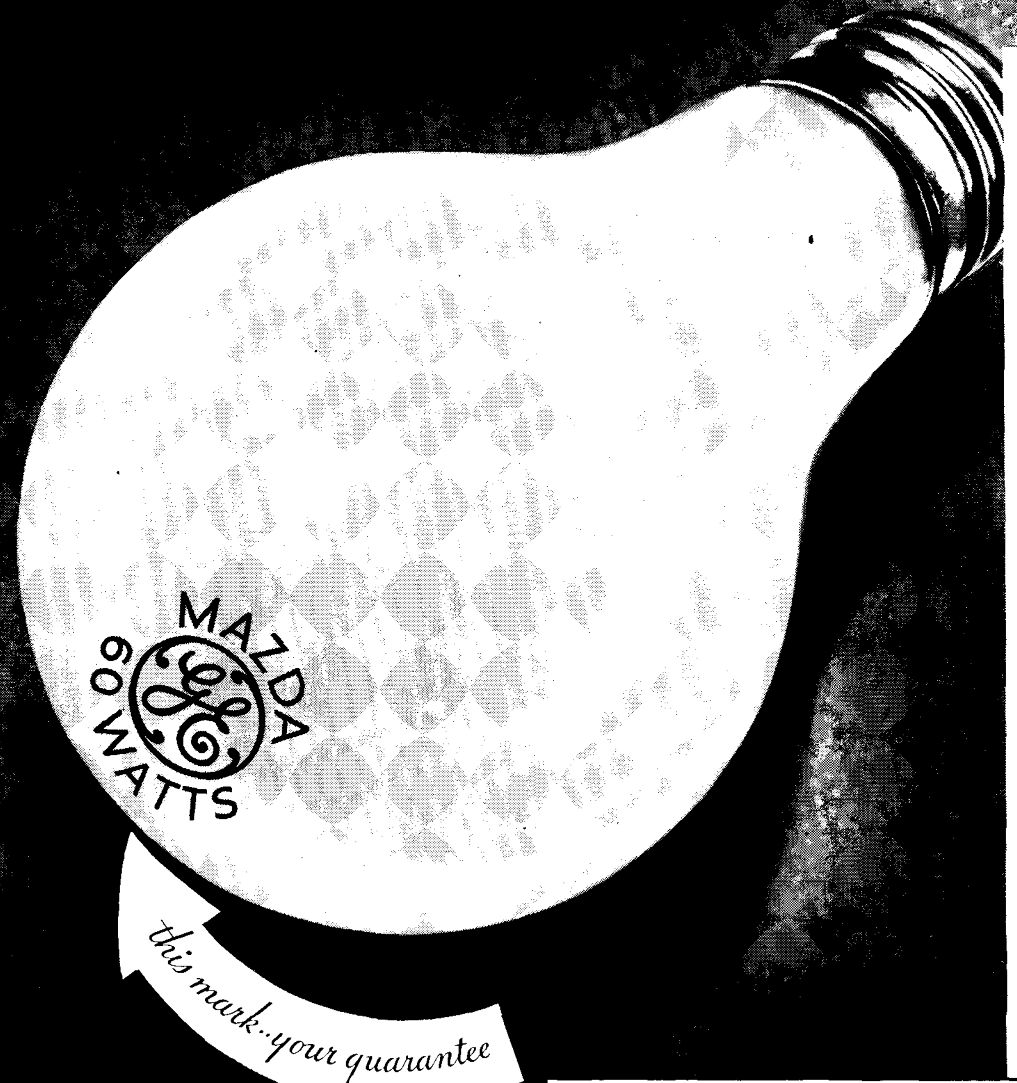

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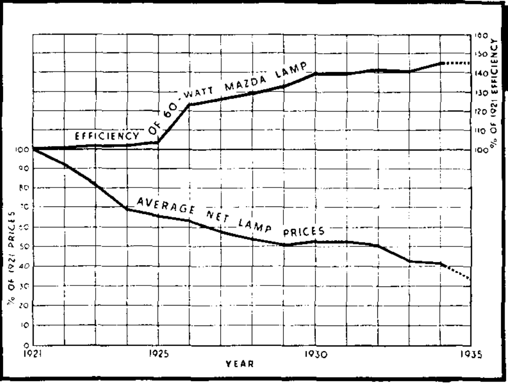
150-watt	" ~~50c~~	. . . "	35c
200-watt	" ~~70c~~	. . . "	55c
300-watt	" ~~$1.15~~	. . . "	90c
500-watt	" ~~1.75~~	. . . "	$1.55

SEVENTEEN times since 1921, the General Electric Company has been able to make major reductions in the prices of its MAZDA lamps—a total saving of 66 per cent. But even more important is the tremendous increase in efficiency of these lamps, made possible by a continuous program of research and development. The 60-watt MAZDA lamp of today, for example, gives 44 per cent more light than the 60-watt lamp of 1921.



Here you see graphically how the price of MAZDA lamps has gone steadily down, while efficiency—the amount of light produced per unit of current consumed—has gone up and up.

Everybody today can afford the best lamps—the kind that retain their brightness longer, use current economically, and do not burn out too soon. To punish your eyes with dim light is the worst of all false economies. Sight-saving sizes—100, 150, 200 watt—are now so cheap that you can afford to use them freely in place of the smaller sizes. For your own protection, be sure to look for this mark. More than ever it means good light at low cost.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Collier's
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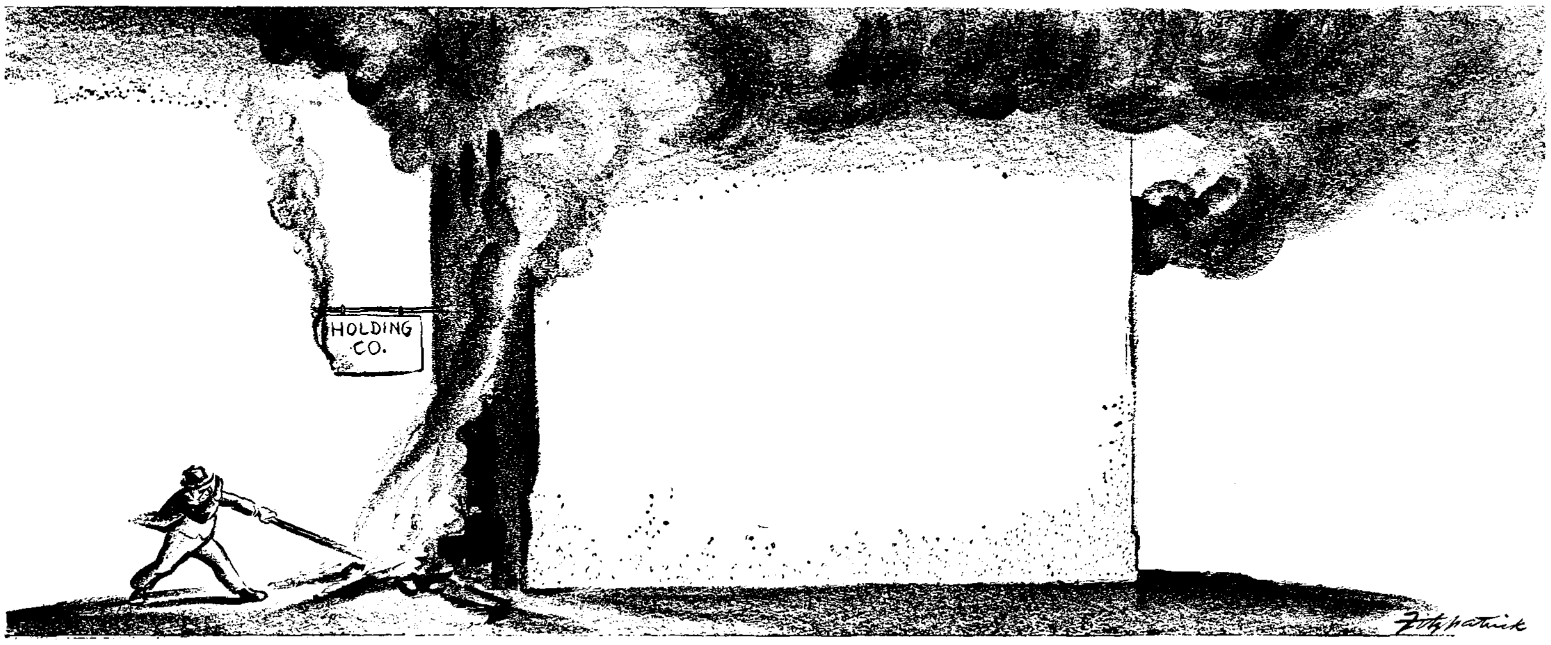


A Poor Way to Clean House

ONE persistent fallacy has run through our political struggles since the very beginning of our republic. We started off as a nation of individualists. Ninety-eight out of every hundred were farmers. The average—and so the ideal—American lived in the country and produced most of what he ate and much of what he wore.

As a rural individualist he feared all kinds of organized business. That fear bred prejudice. Prejudice against business organization has come to the surface in all of our political campaigns.

Decade by decade the names have changed, but the issue has always been the same. During a century and a half we have been forming companies and associations to do our work. During all the time we have been passing laws forbidding the formation of this kind or that kind of business organization. As business men we wanted corporations, but as politicians we have persistently and stupidly tried to kill them.

A New York bank a century and a half ago was given a charter as a water company because the New York legislature was prejudiced against banks. The public needed banks, however, and after a while the subterfuge was dropped.

Instead of trying to prevent their establishment legislatures began to make it altogether too easy for any incompetent to hang up a sign announcing himself as a banker.

Once we got rid of our political prejudice against banks we took up with corporations. During a hundred years politicians have been berating soulless corporations. Vast volumes have been filled with laws intended in one way and another to hamstring and throttle corporation business.

The struggle has not succeeded because the American people decided that the corporation was a useful working tool. In spite of every repressive statute, corporate business has grown. When the government itself takes up a new business activity, its first step is to organize a corporation.

The record of the various campaigns against corporations is the history of our productive life as a people. After we got over our early jitters about chartering any kind of corporate business, we decided that little corporations might be good but that big corporations were bad. This prejudice had little foundation in fact, but up to the moment it has drawn the fighting line for some of our bitterest battles.

During long decades we waged wars against trusts and passed anti-trust laws. Politicians prospered in the anti-trust campaigns. The crooks grew rich on bribes and the honest men consolidated their popularity as bold enemies of impersonal business organizations. The anti-trust laws changed the form of corporate business but failed completely to check its growth.

Instead of fighting trusts and pools the present campaign is against holding companies, the currently popular device for unifying the management of subsidiary corporations. A campaign to outlaw holding companies is now being waged in Washington.

If history is a guide to the future, the services performed by holding companies will be continued regardless of what laws are passed. Existing holding companies might be destroyed by drastic legislation and enormous losses might be inflicted upon the innocent as well as upon those who have betrayed the confidence reposed in them. In the long run, however, the vast corporate activity is destined to continue.

The explanation of the historic failure of legislatures and Congresses to repress corporate business goes to the very heart of our industrial life.

When science and invention put the great machines of modern times at our disposal it was inevitable that we use them. We won't walk if we can ride in motorcars or on railroads or in airplanes. We won't send messengers or act as messengers if we can use the telegraph, telephone or radio.

We won't do little local business at a time when it is more efficient to deal in national and international markets. The machinery we possess makes it practicable for men's minds to operate over large areas. Human imagination and ambition cannot be thwarted by legislation. Invention is too ingenious to be throttled by a statute.

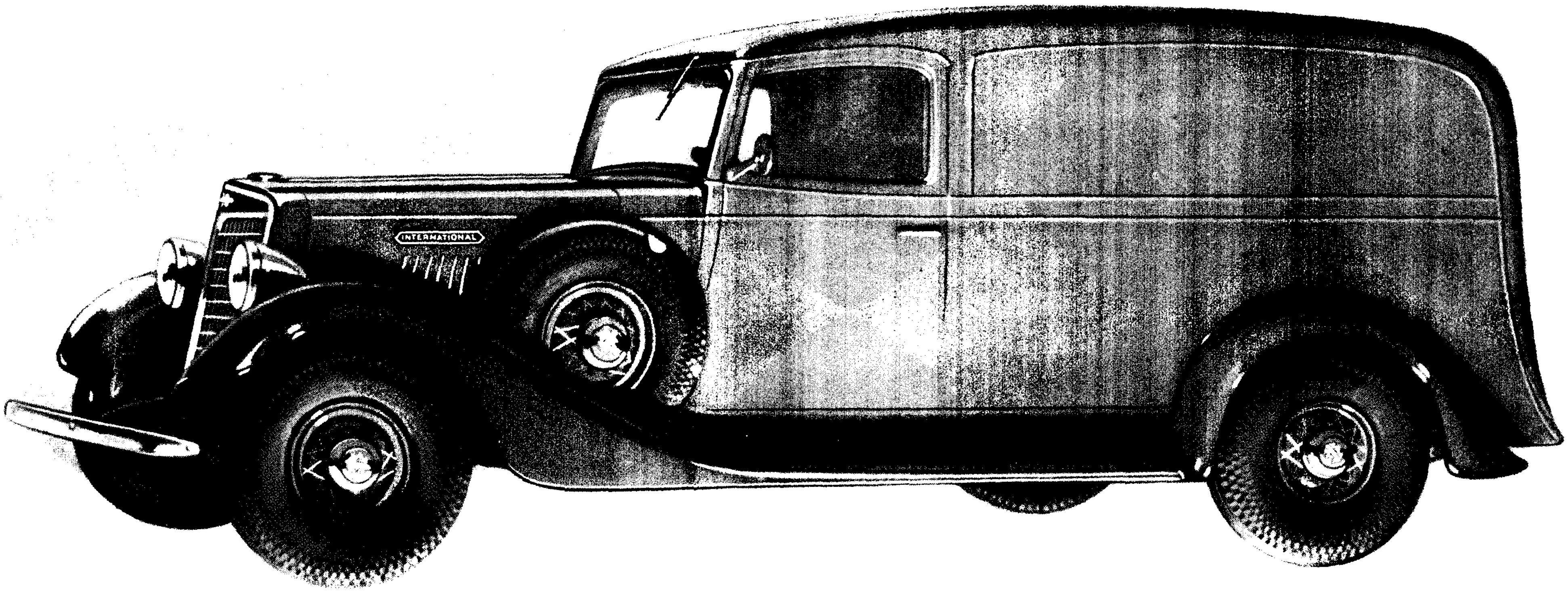
The tragedy is that politicians, and business men too, for that matter, so persistently misread the lines of economic development. Of course abuses were committed by corporations and holding companies. The memory of the misdeeds of such men as Samuel Insull is all too recent and too painful. Of course, wrongdoing by corporations, holding companies or individuals ought to be outlawed. Of course law-breaking or the betrayal of trust or responsibility in any circumstances ought to be prosecuted and punished.

But we have failed so often in our efforts to deal with the obvious abuses of corporate power because we refused to distinguish between a form of business organization and the offenses committed by unscrupulous business men.

So much intelligence and so much good will have been shown in many of the matters dealt with by this Congress and its predecessor that the revival of this ancient warfare is regrettable.

Congress ought to strengthen the law so that the abuses committed in recent years may be unequivocally forbidden and penalized. But it is futile and stupid to outlaw a form of organization in order to prevent the commission of a crime. We don't have to burn up the house in order to fumigate it.

We have kept our heads and used judgment during long and anxious years. It would be tragic, now that we have advanced so far on the road to recovery, to destroy agencies which rightly conducted will prove highly useful in the management of our business and the reëmployment of our normal productive powers.



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Above: The ½-ton International Model C-1, 125-in. wheelbase, with roomy panel body. Inside dimensions: length, 88½ in. at floor; width, 55 in. at belt line; height, 52 in. at center. Load capacity 126¾ cu. ft. Model C-1 is also available on 113-in. wheelbase, with panel, pick-up, canopy-top, and station-wagon bodies. Other models up to 10-ton.

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